THE

GLEANER.

A

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY CONSTANTIA.

Slow to *condemn*, and *seeking to commend*,
Good sense will with deliberation scan;
To *trivial* faults unwilling to descend,
If *Virtue* gave, and form'd the general plan.

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THE GLEANER.

N°. XXXV.

Wiſdom with careful hand her flow'rets ſtrews,
Knowledge in its perſuaſive charms ſhe ſhews;
She tempts the voyager o'er the deſtin'd way,
And wins him by indulgence to obey.
Blows, in her ſyſtem, ſeldom find a place,
True worth is not the offſpring of diſgrace;
The flexile plant bends to the vernal gale,
While in the blaſt, its leaves and bloſſoms fail.

"TAKE away this child," ſaid the late benevolent Dr. Cooper, while ſeated with the celebrated Dr. Franklin, in a little retired breakfaſting parlour—"Take away this child—her queſtions interrupt our converſation, and are an impertinent intruſion upon the enjoyments of an hour, devoted to an entertainment of the higheſt kind." "Nay, nay," cried the philoſopher—"let her ſtay, let her ſtay; ſhe is a ſtranger in our world, and ſhe has a right to make her inquiries relative to the manners and cuſtoms of the people, among whom, the probability is, ſhe has many years to ſojourn."

Men and women are too haughty, and form too elevated conceptions of the diſtance between them and the little race of mortals who are, *for a ſeaſon*, their dependants. There is a freedom of acceſs, and a chaſtized familiarity, which is very compatible with a due ſpirit of government; but *mild dignity* is an aſſociation too little known, and too rarely exemplified in the preſent order of things.

The truſt repoſed in parents and preceptors, is indeed important; the character of the riſing generation

is in their gift, and the peace or anarchy of ſociety muſt reſult from them. When we conſider how few parents are endowed by nature, or qualified by improvement, for the judicious diſcharge of duties ſo eſſential, we are almoſt ready to give our voice in favour of that plan, which, in a certain celebrated community, placed their youth under the tutelage of the State, commiting their education to perſons deliberately choſen, and properly qualified for their high office. Yet, againſt this arrangement, the authority derived from the Father of the univerſe, forcibly pleads! The feelings of the parent indignantly revolt; and my right to direct my own child, is, in my own eſtimation, unqueſtionable. Well then, there remains but one remedy—Let the cultivation of the minds of the man and woman, in miniature, be of that deſcription which will, in future, enable them to aſſume with advantage, the guardianſhip of their deſcendants.

Much, in this momentous department, depends on *female adminiſtration;* and the mother, or the woman to whom ſhe may delegate her office, will imprint on the opening mind, characters, ideas and concluſions, which time, in all its variety of viciſſitudes, will never be able to eraſe.

Surely then, it is politic to beſtow upon the education of girls the moſt exact attention: Let them be able to converſe correctly and elegantly, (in their native ſtrains) with the children they may uſher into being; and, ſince the pronunciation is beſt fixed in the early part of life, let them be qualified to give the little proficients a pleaſing impreſſion of the French language; nor, it is conceived, ought it to be conſidered as *unſexual*, if they were capacitated to render the rudiments of the Latin tongue familiar. An acquaintance with hiſtory would capacitate mothers to ſelect their nurſery tales from thoſe tranſactions which have actually taken place upon our globe, and thus uſeful knowledge would ſuperſede fairy legendary witches, and hob-goblins. Geography alſo might be introduced, and the little prattlers, by information that the great globe whereon

they

they move, has received the form of that orange which ſo pleaſingly regales their palate, would, ere they were aware, be uſhered to the avenues of inſtruction. Aſtronomy too may lend its aid; the blazing fire may repreſent the ſun, and the little bird revolving to its flame, on which they ſo impatiently wait to feaſt, under the direction of the well informed and judicious tutoreſs, may gradually account for light and heat, the grateful viciſſitudes of night and day, with the alternate ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons; and thus would the taſk of the future preceptor be rendered eaſy, a thirſt for knowledge created, and the threſhold of wiſdom ſtrewed with flowers.

But children commonly paſs from the hands of their parents to that of their tutors at a very early period; and was I inveſted with the powers of legiſlation, or was the gift of conferring honours mine, there is no order of citizens which I would ſo liberally endow, and raiſe to ſuch diſtinction, as thoſe individuals who devote themſelves to the education of youth. But then they ſhould be perſons unqueſtionably qualified for their office, and entitled beyond all controverſy to the approbation of their country. Arduous is the undertaking—the firſt abilities are requiſite—and it is impoſſible to rate too high the worth of thoſe who are thus ſuitably accompliſhed. Permit me, reader, to ſketch the outlines of the character of a Preceptor whom I ſhould delight to honour. Imagination this moment preſents him—he blends exquiſite ſenſibility with uniform patience—he is remarkably enduring—never haſty or impetuous—calmly deliberate in all his movements—carefully inveſtigating, nor ever inflicting puniſhments, but ſuch as both in *quantity* and *quality* are righteouſly due. *He poſſeſſeth extenſive knowledge of the ſcience* or *ſciences which he teaches*—he is free from every external blemiſh, and remarkable for no unfortunate ſingularity—his manners are elegant, and in the beſt ſenſe of the word deſcriptive of the gentleman. He is celebrated for benevolence—he is an indiſputable philanthropiſt—he poſſeſſeth the hap-

py ſecret of aſſimilating dignity and condeſcenſion—his inborn integrity is undoubted, and he is maſter of ſufficient addreſs to obtain an entire aſcendency over the minds of his pupils—a ſtranger to prejudice, he is, ſtrictly ſpeaking, impartial—and, to ſay all in one word, he embodies every virtue of which humanity is ſuſceptible: Nor is the ſketch too highly wrought, for it is aſſuredly true, that to accommodate the mind to the various diſpoſitions to be found in a large ſchool, and ſo to underſtand the intellectual arrangement of each individual as to be capable of rendering him the important ſervices, which are neceſſary, muſt indiſputably require every excellence, and the utmoſt perfection of our nature.

The auſtere man can never be ſucceſsful; he will baniſh ſmiles from the face of that ſeaſon which is made for joy; and if the ſtudent is not uncommonly endowed by nature, he will create in him an averſion to his book. Severity will always operate upon the opening mind, like the chilling blaſts of winter upon the tender plant; it droops its blighted head, its powers are rendered torpid, its ſtrength is proſtrated, and it is well, if the progreſſing principle (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) which is at preſent latent, doth not become wholly extinct. Blows are the moſt eaſy expedient, and are, perhaps for that reaſon, too often reſorted too—the *caſtigation of the boy, frequently gratifies the paſſions of the maſter*, and he is ſometimes vindictive and inhuman in his puniſhments. If the giving a *wrong ſound to a letter, or forgetting a ſentence, is to be marked by blows—what reſource, permit me to aſk, has the Preceptor in the event of capital crimes?* A man who is himſelf free from error, or, which will have the ſame effect upon his pupils, who is ſtudious to conceal his foibles from their knowledge, who is ſolicitous to attach them to his perſon, and who carefully impreſſes an idea of his own affection toward them, who labours to obtain their confidence, and makes free uſe of that *noble incentive, Praiſe*—ſuch a man will ſeldom, I imagine, find it neceſſary to have recourſe to ſeverity;

and

and it is inconteſtibly true, that puniſhments, *eſpecially blows*, ſhould be repeated as ſeldom as poſſible; for aſſuredly, nothing can be obtained by rendering the little offender *callous*, *familiarizing him to diſgrace*, *or baniſhing from his boſom the hope of unblemiſhed reputation*. *The firſt offences of children*, whatever may be their nature, ſhould invariably be conſidered as venial; and it would be always right, if practicable, to convict them *without a witneſs*—we cannot be too ſolicitous to ſpare the m he *firſt bluſh of guilt*; *the ſecond will not be ſo deep*, and they will too ſoon leap the boundaries of innocence. I would *affect* to ſuppoſe them incapable of the turpitude of a criminal action; and I would conſtantly repeat, while there remained the leaſt ſhadow of probability for ſuch an avowal, that I was confident they would never *debaſe* themſelves by the infamy of deliberate vice; thus, it is *poſſible*, that the fear of forfeiting our *ſuppoſed good opinion* would engage them *ſilently to tread back the path they have reprehenſibly entered*.

I remember, ſome time ſince, being greatly ſhocked at receiving an account of an arrangement (which I would fain hope is ſingular) in a certain ſchool of ſome celebrity, ſituated in one of our ſea-ports not far diſtant from the metropolis. Rewards are offered, and every method taken to prove a crime—ſay, for example, a falſehood. While the child, in all the ſimplicity of infantile confidence, remains unconſcious of the conſpiracy formed againſt him! Irrefragable conviction is at length obtained, and the culprit is immediately proclaimed throughout the ſchool—he is entered upon the *lying liſt*, and takes his ſeat upon a range which produces him a proper ſubject for the ill-natured ridicule of the whole flock. Nor is this enough—his name is written in capitals with the ignominious term, *Liar*, at the end of it. The defamatory ſentence is poſted up in ſome conſpicuous place, for the *inſpection*, *not only of the children*, *but of every individual who may happen to viſit the ſchool*; *and this mark of infamy once affixed*, *is not taken down as long as the aggreſſor continues a ſtudent in this ſeminary!!!* My face

glows with indignation, while penning this relation. What has the little wretch to hope for under ſuch tuition; after ſuch a procedure, (labouring under the weight of a moſt opprobrious verdict, and the victim of unwarrantable ſeverity) where will he find ſpirits to purſue, with the requiſite alacrity, his appointed ſtudies? Or how can he advantageouſly receive leſſons from the mouth of him, who has thus unmercifully bliſtered his reputation? Are not the ill effects of this arrangement both upon the *ſchool in general, and the offender in particular*, ſufficiently obvious? Is not undue degradation, envy, rancour, implacability, everlaſting diſgrace, and conſequent deſpair, thus ſyſtematized, and embattled againſt that order, harmony, and improvement, which would inevitably reſult from the adoption of a mild ſpirit of government? Gracious God!—but let me exerciſe the patience that I would recommend as the uniform companion and boſom friend of the preceptor, and of which a view of the ſituation to which the foregoing diſcipline, or, more properly ſpeaking, infamous tyranny, muſt reduce the offending ſtudent, had well near deprived me—and let me, with all due deference *to the general merit*, and *ſuperior abilities* of the gentleman, who will feel himſelf intereſted in this repreſentation, calmly aſk, would it not be more judicious to aim at acting the part of an *inviſible ſpy*, continuing a ſilent obſerver of every action until the tranſgreſſion *is evident* or *ſtrongly ſuſpected*, and even then would it not be well to follow the offender by *private admonitions*—to addreſs his reaſon; to enliſt his affections; to delineate in forcible language his error, and energetically to deſcribe the tremendous conſequences of an obſtinate adherence to guilty purſuits? *Public ſhame, in the receſs of a private interview, might be flaſhed in his face;* probably he would ſhrink from its horrors, and the *hope of eſcaping ſo indelible an evil*, might engage him to return to the haunts of virtue—might enſure his dereliction of vice.

Many of my readers will recollect the method purſued by Ganganell, when an inferior Eccleſiaſtic, for the

the recovery of a beloved and notorious offender; and all who do, will not fail to applaud. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that theſe mild efforts will not always procure a reformation. But ſurely, previous to a *publication of diſgrace*, a conſultation of parents or guardians ſhould be obtained; and as thoſe deeply intereſted characters ought invariably to *coaleſce with the preceptors in whom they confide*, no important ſtep ſhould be taken, without their knowledge and approbation. I am aware that this precludes the idea of *ſecrecy* in regard to ſchool diſcipline; and I muſt confeſs, that I ſeriouſly wiſh the *telling tales out of ſchool*, was no longer held up as a bug-bear to children, and that the terror it has ſo long excited, was entirely aboliſhed. Rectitude ſubmitteth its adminiſtration to the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny; the more it is known, the more it is admired; and the arrangements of equity ſoliciteth inquiry.

The magnitude of my ſubject, bars the ſuppoſition that it can be too warmly expatiated upon. Children, I inſiſt, ſhould be brought forward with gentleneſs. The wiſe king of Iſrael was not *always wiſe*; and when he is found ſo *petulantly* exclaiming, "*Spare the rod and ſpoil the child*," the probability is, that, crowded upon by the *ill-regulated offspring of his illicit and multifarious amours*, he had loſt that balance of equanimity, which is ſo proper to the philoſopher. The tutor ſhould never be permitted to act the part of a deſpot; he ſhould ever be free of acceſs, and while he uniformly preſerves a mild ſpirit of government, the pupil, under proper regulations, ſhould be permitted a ſufficient latitude of inquiry.

Every anxious parent experiences the difficulty of obtaining a preceptor, to whom he can confide the care of his children. But if the emoluments of the office were proportioned to the ſolicitude and importance of the undertaking, if it was more honorary, and if there were greater diſtinctions annexed thereto, an adequate number of candidates, of meritorious candidates, would preſent. Countleſs advantages would

accrue,

accrue to families, and conſequences the moſt beneficial, would reſult to the community at large.

The ancients, we are told, formed ſuch juſt ideas of the nature and momentous conſequences of education, as to eſteem the cultivation of the minds of their young people among their moſt dignified offices; and perſons of the firſt conſideration, poſſeſſing affluence, and obtaining general confidence, engaged in the arduous taſk, delighting to employ themſelves in ſhaping the principles, and pointing the views, of thoſe who were to ſucceed them in the great drama of life. And was not this perfectly right? The good preceptor is of courſe ennobled; and no juſt reaſon can be given why he ſhould not take rank in the higheſt grade of the community. For my own part, I again repeat, that deliberate reflection upon the nature of his duties, and the magnitude of thoſe effects which frequently depend upon his regency, has conſtrained me to regard him as more conſequential, and of higher importance, than even the authority which is conſtituted ſupreme in any country; nay, further, that ſchool dame, reduced by adverſe circumſtances to confer the rudiments of inſtruction, and to call into action the latent ſeeds of worth, is of more value (ſuppoſing ſhe judiciouſly and faithfully performs the truſt repoſed in her) in the great ſcale of excellence, than ſhe, who, from conſiderations of wealth or beauty, receives the adulation of gathering crowds. This is an obvious truth, inaſmuch as it is the exertions of the tutoreſs, ſucceeded by the more extenſive operations of the preceptor, that will render eaſy the ſeat of the magiſtrate, and ſupercede the neceſſity of coercive interpoſition, giving univerſal order to take place, as naturally as the hours ſucceed each other, or as the bleſſings of light proceed from the orb of day. From whence is derived the felicity of families? Undoubtedly from a due regulation of the individuals of which they are compoſed, and particularly from a proper arrangement of the young people who conſtitute ſuch important parts thereof. From what ſource reſults the well-being of the great

body

body of the people? Indiſputably from the information, correct movements, and order of its members. And is not the due qualification of teachers, and the faithful diſcharge of the duties of their office, the broad and ſolid baſis, on which is erected the ſuperſtructure of whatſoever is neceſſary in the economy of private life, public uſefulneſs, or general celebrity? I ſay then, *if theſe things are true*, let us encourage by every means the *worthy preceptor;* let us cheriſh him as the origin of virtue; and while we diſcountenance every veſtige of tyranny, let us firmly reſolve to ſtrengthen the hands of thoſe, to whom we have *deliberately* confided the care of our children.

No. XXXVI.

My ſon muſt ſtudy—*Learning is a prize*—
Her ample ſtores the mental fund ſupplies—
And firſt a *parent language* he muſt trace,
Its ſubtleties, its value, and its grace:
The various parts of ſpeech diſſect, combine,
And in their ranks the govern'd words confine:
Thus the foundation takes its proper place,
Emboſom'd ſcience riſing on its baſe.

"GOOD Mr. Gleaner," ſaid a rural friend of mine, "I think you *loſe ground* by the prolixity of "your numbers; and, to ſay truth, you often remind "me of Farmer Straggleford, who whimſically erect- "ed a number of huge enormous granaries, which, "when completed, remained monuments of his oſten- "tation, for having rendered himſelf, by his prodig- "ious exertions, and the extenſiveneſs of his plans, an "inſolvent debtor; his buildings, of courſe, contain "nothing of value, indeed they are nearly unoccupied, "and he is regarded as a poor bankrupt, who has been "the fabricator of his own *conſpicuous inſignificancy*. "Now, had neighbour Straggleford contented him- "ſelf with a ſnug little barn, he might have kept his "grounds, and, ſtoring it every year with the ripened "produce of the ſeaſon, he might——"

Say

Say no more, Brother Thrifty, cried I—ſay no more; I perfectly underſtand you, although it muſt be confeſſed your illuſtration is rather far fetched; yet, truſt me, it ſhall be my endeavour in future to circumſcribe, as much as poſſible, my excurſive rambles; and agreeable to this determination I abridge a number of ſheets, that I had entitled an eſſay on education, confining myſelf to a few obſervations, which I moſt unfeignedly wiſh may be duly conſidered.

The queſtion whether private or public education is of the moſt general utility, has agitated the minds, and employed the pens, of many ingenious writers; but the ſubject, as far as I am informed, ſtill remains problematical; nor ſhall I arrogantly pretend to decide where thoſe Doctors of literature ſo widely diſagree. Yet the Gleaner, without incurring the charge of temerity, may perhaps be permitted to aſk whether it would not be wiſdom to defer the choice of public or private tuition, until the diſpoſition of the child is aſcertained? The modeſt, diffident mind, may ſtand in need of all thoſe ſtimulatives that are in the gift of a large ſchool. Retiring efforts are often rouſed to action by emulation; and that fame which a conſpicuous ſituation frequently confers, may at once allure, and give a motive to ambition. There are minds, peculiarly attuned to all the ſenſibilities, which are at once the cement, the ornament, and the ſource of thoſe gentler virtues that connect, that meliorate, and that actuate beings who combine, and who are formed to cultivate the endearing charities, the elegancies, and the bleſſings of ſocial life. To accommodate an intellect of this deſcription to the multifarious and frequently diſcordant ſcenes that are to be encountered in a world, where ill-judged aſperities too often wound the exquiſitely delicate feelings of ſuſceptibility, a various and extenſive intercourſe with mankind may be neceſſary. But the boy, whoſe bold aſpiring temper precipitates him upon an undue aſſumption of importance, who ſuddenly ruſhes forward to thoſe diſtinctions, which are only proper to maturity; ſuch a boy, methinks, ſhould

receive

receive the checks of retirement; ſhould be formed to knowledge and to virtue, amid the ſhades of ſequeſtered life; care being taken to furniſh him with thoſe views, which may gradually accuſtom him to a proper eſtimation of himſelf.

My wiſhes, relative to the inſtruction of young people, compriſe every thing which can be conſidered as uſeful or ornamental; but I am eſpecially ſolicitous, that they ſhould be made *critically* acquainted with that language, in which they are deſtined to *converſe, tranſact buſineſs*, and *adjuſt their pleaſurable purſuits*. Some of my acquaintance have made greater proficiency in many branches of ſtudy, than in their mother tongue; and I know perſons who can paſs rapidly through a Latin author, who cannot eaſily trace the lineage or deſcription of the ſeveral parts of ſpeech in their native Engliſh; who cannot readily decline a noun; who heſitate with reſpect to the caſes nominative, poſſeſſive, and objective; and who are at a loſs to follow the verb through number, perſon, mood, and tenſe.

Latidius ſhould be a good Latin ſcholar; he has received the honours of a univerſity; and yet it is a fact, that Latidius cannot write a billet, in which an Engliſh grammarian will not be able to point out, I had almoſt ſaid, as many errors as there are lines! Is Latidius cenſurable for this deficiency? Perhaps he is much leſs ſo than thoſe who had the direction of his education. Great care was taken to uſher him into the world, perfectly accompliſhed in every requiſite except his vernacular tongue; but, while engaged in the ſtudy of the *dead languages*, he was never taught a due deference for, or proper eſtimation of, his own.

I ſhould not be ſatisfied, if my ſons and daughters did not ſpeak, read, and write Engliſh, *grammatically, critically*, and even *elegantly*. Perhaps the accurate obſerver may, at this moment, ſhrewdly remark—"*Surely, he who takes upon himſelf the character of Dictator, or arrogantly aſſumes the ſeat of the Cenſor, ought to be perfectly free from the errors which he condemns.*" This is aſſuredly

assuredly true; and, to the well-meaning and candid objector, I calmly answer—*I have no where proposed myself as a model: It may be, that I am experimentally qualified to descant upon the disadvantages attendant upon early inattention. For aught thou knowest, the Gleaner may have been doomed to the toilsome drudgery of gleaning his information, when years, diminishing the flexibility of the mental faculties, have rendered it difficult for them to receive impressions;* and, if I am thus circumstanced, I may be allowed to delineate the inconveniences of, and energetically to lament a deficiency from which I so essentially suffer. Admitting, I say, this to be the case, I may, with the strictest propriety and the utmost consistency, proceed to point out the shoals which too often impede, and frequently wholly arrest my progress.

One thing is certain; for the rising generation, the devout orisons of my spirit are daily breathed. I have written *primarily* for my amusement—Truth is my pole star—I would contribute my mite to benefit my fellow-mortals—I have not designed ill—and, if I err, I humbly entreat those who confer on my pages the honour of a perusal, to impute my errors rather to my head than to my heart.

The modern literati are generally sufficiently liberal in the eulogies which they bestow on the ancients; and, as *imitation* is commonly the offspring of *admiration*, is it not wonderful, they do not more frequently tread in their steps? Neither the Greeks nor the Romans incumbered themselves with a variety of tongues; their own language always obtained a just *pre-eminence*, and never failed of engaging their earliest and most unremitted application. The result was, natural children were qualified to converse, and to express themselves on paper, with elegance and accuracy; they were initiated, in the morning of their days, into an acquaintance with all the varieties of grammar; they could delineate the several parts of speech; the intricacies of their language were rendered familiar to their understandings; they were capable of determining its compass,

paſs, and of analyzing every ſentence; they could, with the greateſt preciſion, reſolve each component word, placing it under its original head or deſcription; And hence, it is ſaid, (and the conjecture is founded in reaſon) proceeded thoſe works of *educated genius*, which have ſtood the teſt of time, extorting a tribute of applauſe from every ſucceeding generation.

If I miſtake not, (and upon this occaſion I do what I ſeldom do—truſt to the tenacity of my memory) there were periods, when the Romans, meaſuring the importance of their language by the dignity of their national character, *diſdained the ſtudy even of the Greek tongue*. Victors are fond of impoſing their laws, their cuſtoms, and their language; and the univerſal prevalence of any particular mode of ſpeech, would be one ſtep toward the introduction of univerſal dominion. National attachment ſhould, therefore, dictate the ſtudious cultivation of a national language; and it may be worthy the exertions of an enlightened legiſlature, to erect a ſtandard, to raiſe, to dignify, to perfect, and to poliſh a common tongue.

Is the ſtudent deſigned for the profeſſion of any particular art or ſcience, a vernacular language muſt be the vehicle of his ideas. Gentlemen at the bar deliver their harangues in their mother tongue; in native ſtrains they addreſs the impannelled jury, and juſtice frequently hangs upon their forcible, intelligent, and well conſtructed periods. The ſacred Orator addreſſes his liſtening audience in familiar accents. The Repreſentatives of our free, ſovereign and independent States—Senators enrobed with power—Chief Juſtices delivering their ſolemn charges—and our auguſt Preſident, the Patriot WASHINGTON, inveſted with all that authority which *virtuous liberty* can confer, with every intervening grade—are all found delivering their ſentiments, and arreſting attention, in the well known ſounds which deſignate the Engliſh tongue.

Letters are indiſputably the elements of language; and the due arrangement, and fit conſtruction of thoſe words which they compoſe, is the broad baſis on which

towers the arts and ſciences, forming, in their ſeveral orders, a ſuperſtructure replete with elegance, beauty and uſefulneſs. It is from this ſource that the orator muſt draw his materials; poets too ſubmit to its admeaſurement; and the grave hiſtorian muſt be tried by its rules. Indeed, an early acquaintance with the nature, conſtruction and latitude of a vernacular language, is of ſuch importance to every claſs of people, that it is wonderful there ſhould be found parents and preceptors who can preſerve their equanimity, while conſcious that thoſe committed to their charge are, in this truly eſſential part of education, almoſt totally neglected.

The train of reflections introduced by my ſubject, at this moment preſents to my mind a perſon, who is now ſuffering much from this unnatural omiſſion; and, as examples often enforce conviction more effectually than general remarks, I preſent him by way of illuſtration.

Leontius, born in the midſt of affluence, was nurſed in the lap of plenty; and being the only ſon of deſerving parents, who were generally judicious in their arrangements, his education was regarded as a matter of the greateſt moment. No expenſe was ſpared; and his preceptors were rewarded for their exertions not only with a liberal, but with a laviſh hand. He had hardly completed his ſixth year, when it was judged neceſſary he ſhould commence his ſtudies of the Latin tongue; and from that moment, hurried on from one ſtage of erudition to another, no portion of time was found to attend to his progreſs in that language, from which he was in a great meaſure to derive his future reſpectability. It was abſurdly ſuppoſed, (if indeed it ever obtained a place in the reflections of either parents or tutor) that Engliſh would be a matter of courſe; and thus the boy was left to form unto himſelf a ſtyle, juſt as whim or caprice might direct. For a place at a celebrated ſeminary he was early preſented a candidate; his acceptation was full and honorary—he paſſed through the univerſity, attending the accuſtomed

tomed routine of inſtruction, and, enriched with academical applauſe, he received his firſt degree. Thus endowed, he made his *entrée* upon ſociety, better qualified to figure in any walk than as an Engliſh ſcholar. Without arrogating the gift of prophecy, it was eaſy to predict an event, which was preciſely that which reaſon would have calculated. Awkward and untaught, his education had in effect produced him a ſtranger to thoſe ſcenes in which he was hourly called upon to take a part. If he aſſayed the, to him, arduous taſk of entertaining his friends with an Engliſh book, falſe pronunciation, emphaſis, and accent, were viſible in every paragraph; comma's aſſumed the diſtinction of full ſtops, while the finely turned period loſt all its beauty: Colons, ſemicolons, notes of interrogation and admiration, theſe were all promiſcuouſly huddled together; and while by one continued monotony of ſound, ideas were jumbled, and the auditory nerve diſguſted, it was in vain that his hearers fatigued themſelves by an expectation of the ſentiment of an author. Harmonious accents, delicate inflexions of voice, and that animation, or energetic propriety, which is the vehicle of intelligence—of theſe he had no idea; he ſeemed in effect the determined foe of good reading, and he ought to have been arraigned as the murderer of ſenſe. Candour would, however, have appeared as his advocate; and ſhe might truly have ſpecified, that ſuch erroneous concluſions had obtained in his boſom, as taught him to regard every thing *merely Engliſh* with a ſenſation bordering upon contempt; and, ſhe would have added, that he had been unavoidably precipitated upon theſe concluſions, by the total ſilence of his preceptors. As a writer, too, Leontius is highly deficient; and a girl who is dependent upon her needle for her ſupport, ſuppoſing ſhe has been properly educated, ought to bluſh if ſhe could not ſurpaſs him in the correctneſs of her epiſtolary productions.

Yet it was expected that our young gentleman would attain eminence, deſerve well of his country, and make his way to popularity among a race of beings who

ſpoke,

ſpoke, wrote, declaimed, and tranſacted their commercial concerns, altogether in Engliſh. Leontius was bred to no buſineſs; he was, as has been intimated, born to high pecuniary expectations, and it was preſumed that his natural and acquired abilities would raiſe him to diſtinction. His exterior is dignified and prepoſſeſſing; and, notwithſtanding his deficiencies as an Engliſh ſcholar, high ideas of his literature are entertained. He early wedded the diſcreet and beautiful Henrietta, and ſoon became the father of a family; his parents and the friends of his youth have ſunk into the grave, and misfortunes have robbed him of that patrimony, which, in the warmth of a youthful imagination, he had calculated as exhauſtleſs.

For Leontius what now remains? Education hath unfitted him for the preceptor of his own children—he is unqualified for every thing that is *ſimply Engliſh*; and while nature has endowed him with abilities which might capacitate him to become the bard, the eſſayiſt, or even the hiſtorian of his country, education interpoſes its effectual barriers.

The want of an early and critical knowledge of a vernacular tongue, is deeply felt by a writer; an employment, which might otherwiſe be advantageous and pleaſing, becomes real drudgery, and the experience of perſons thus circumſtanced, will oblige them to confeſs that it is ſomething late to begin the ſtudy of a language, after the age of adoleſcence hath paſſed away.

Neceſſity, however, hath called into action the faculties of Leontius; ſome beautiful eſſays, with infinite labour, he hath completed; but he bluſhes at every line, leſt the critic ſhould detect him in doing violence to the ſubtleties of grammar; and each revolving day witneſſes his lamentations that he was not early taught his mother tongue.

I condemn not the extenſive ſtudies in which our youth are engaged—far from it—French, Latin, Italian, and whatever elſe the underſtanding can attain, theſe are all little enough; but while my mind continues under the dominion of reaſon, I ſhall ever contend for a de-

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cided preference as indiſputably due to the mother tongue; and under this perſuaſion the neceſſity of entreating parents, guardians and preceptors of every deſcription, continually to bear in mind what country is deſtined the theatre of action to thoſe committed to their care, becomes apparent.

The Engliſh language is by inheritance ours. It is that in which we firſt breathe forth our filial gratitude; in thoſe ſentences which it compriſes, we manifeſt our family attachments—expreſs our amities—ſhape our devotional oriſons—tranſact buſineſs—form the moſt tender of all ties—addreſs an infant family—faſhion the lives and manners of that family—and, finally, embody that laſt ſolemn adieu, which is to precede our exit from the preſent to a higher order of exiſtence.

The advantage of acquitting ourſelves, on theſe occaſions, with propriety, muſt be obvious to every thinking mind; and the Gleaner imagines he can hardly be too importunate on a ſubject of ſuch magnitude.

No. XXXVII.

At length to correſponding friends we turn—

IT is with ſuperior pleaſure, I appropriate this Gleaner to the performance of my promiſe, of long ſtanding, made to my ſeveral correſpondents. Having arranged in order ſuch of their letters as are admiſſible, I proceed to publiſh them, exactly according to their dates; preſuming that the reaſon heretofore urged, will apologize for a delay which has in truth been occaſioned by a multiplicity of avocations. They follow *verbatim*, as they came to hand.

To the GLEANER.

{From my Eſtate in the Country, October 18th, 1794.

KIND SIR,

AS Miſs Melworth, now Miſtreſs Hamilton, was unfortunately engaged previous to my application to

you; as my plans are all under the direction of prudence, and as I suppose you have some influence over her sister, Miss Clifford, if you can insure me, that she will not be so foolishly conscientious as to hold herself bound by a sort of a promise made to the boy William, who, it appears, is now in comfortable circumstances; and you must recollect, Mr. Vigillius, that you became a sort of a surety for the girl; these are your words, which I shall transcribe just as they stand in your twenty-eighth number. "*Fear not, gentle reader—by virtue of the patriarchal dignity which I have assumed, I will, upon a proper occasion, grant unto the said Serafina Clifford, a full and free absolution from this her inconsiderate vow, which I shall take care to impute to the irresistable influence of an impassioned moment.*"

Now I say, Mr. Vigillius, if you do in reality possess such a power, and if you will absolutely and *bona fide* clear Miss Clifford, and the heirs lawfully born of her body, *from all claims whatsoever, which the Hamiltons may, on any future emergency, find it convenient to lay to her estate, I will pass over the queer manner of her birth*, and the odd way in which her true father contrived to smuggle her into his family, and she shall forthwith become my *true* and *lawful* wife *until death*. You know, friend Vigillius, there are some men of not *half my property*, who would be more *squeamish*; but so that I do but secure the *main chance*, I will not lose a bargain, although its instrument may not chance to be stampt with other people's ideas of legitimacy, and all that. To say truth, I think I cannot do better than to enter into your family; and, as you seem to have so much authority over Miss Clifford, (and she is now, by all account, the sister-in-law of Mrs. Hamilton) I consider her all one as a girl of yours; and being more and more determined to marry, I am in downright earnest in this business.

I have lately lost a sister, who, though she was what is commonly called an old maid, was nevertheless a very good house-wife, and managed my matters *to a fraction; nothing was lost*, and every *penny* was disposed of

of to the *beſt* advantage; and yet, Mr. Gleaner, ſhe ſtood me in no more, take one year with another, excluſive of her board, (and, by the way, ſhe would *live upon next to nothing*) than *fifteen pounds per year*. Was I to take a houſe-keeper, who would not conſider my intereſt as her own, ſhe might *waſte a great deal, and in the long run ſpend much more than a good, ſober, diſcreet wife*, while I ſhould have not one of the comforts of matrimony. I know, Mr. Gleaner, that you are fond of ſaving, and that you calculate theſe things; and I therefore take it for certain, that you will think with me. It is true, I have a number of other ſiſters—ay, and brothers too, for there are a pretty many of us; *the Plodders are a numerous family*; but what of all that? they are every mother's ſon of them married and ſettled; and, having all of them children, ſome of whom are grown up, they reckon upon me as free plunder. I can ſee by the twiſt of their features, that they have already divided my acres among them: They viſit me, it is true, very often—are very complaiſant, and all that; but I can ſee, plain enough, it is for the *leaves and fiſhes*, and that were it not for the *legacies* for which they are hunting, I ſhould ſee but very little of them. I have a thouſand reaſons, all clear as day light, by which I am aſſured they do not care *three braſs farthings for me*. I have lately recovered from a dangerous illneſs, and although they imagine they have *topped their parts* very well, and that they are as *ſecure as a thief in a mill*, yet I could ſee, plain enough, under all their pretended grief, that they were ready to *ſing for joy*, when the *phyſicians* pronounced my diſorder *incurable*; and, moreover, I *overheard their converſation when they ſuppoſed me in a delirium*; and their *long faces*, now that I have, contrary to the expectations of every one, got about again, is as *plain as that two and two make four*; however, if I do not contrive effectually to diſappoint them, my name is not Timothy Plodder.

I think, therefore, Mr. Gleaner, conſidering (as I obſerved to you in a former letter) my age, that Miſs

Serafina

Serafina and myſelf have no time to loſe; and ſo if you will out of hand propoſe the matter, and let me know when I may ſee the young woman, or yourſelf, or her brother Hamilton, we will conclude the bargain with all poſſible diſpatch, before my relations *get ſcent* of the buſineſs; for they abſolutely grow very ſaucy, and I am determined to *ſhow them ſome little Plodders, whom they little expect to ſee;* and then we ſhall know who is to be reſpected, and all that. I will make Miſs Clifford a good huſband; ſhe ſhall have every thing ſhe can *reaſonably deſire;* and I will continue, kind and reſpected Sir, your's to ſerve, *until death,*

TIMOTHY PLODDER.

To the GLEANER.

DEAR GOOD MR. GLEANER,

MISS Primroſe and myſelf have *wagered* two five-dollar bills about dear Margaretta's new father; Miſs Primroſe thinks that you knows ſo *ſupereminently* well how to write about *loveyers* and *novels*, and all *them there ſort of things*, and that you have ſuch a little million of pretty *phantaſticks* about you, that you will, after a while, bring old Mrs. Melworth out of the tomb; and that, having got ſome *curous* Engliſh doctor to bring her to life again, ſhe will, *ſome how* or *ſome how*, come over here to *this here* country of America, where they will be all *happified* together. Now, though I *thinks* this would be delightful, yet, having heard my papa and Miſs Sabina ſay, that ſuch a *denomong*, I *thinks they calls it*, would be a *cataſtroſe* that would have too many *inadmiſſibles* to be *admitted*—*thinks* it cannot be—and ſo I have *wagered* two five-dollar bills with Miſs Primroſe, that you will, out of hand, marry Mr. Melworth to Miſs Serafina Clifford; for, *ſays I*, who would matter his being a few years older, when the man is ſuch a *heroiſm man*, as a body may ſay, and is beſides ſo *ſuperexcellent;* and, *as I ſays*, who will Miſs Serafina have, if ſhe does not have this *here* Mr. Melworth; for now, *ſays I*, that Mr. Hamilton is

proved

proved to be her true and *deeden* brother, *born of her own father*, it is certain she can never have him, even suppose dear Margaretta, *which I pray may never be the case, should do otherways than well.*

Now I mentions Miss Clifford's brother, I will tell you, Mr. Gleaner, about my own brother, our Valentine—Why you must know, that my papa says, *how that* he has almost broken his heart; and I am sure for it, that he has made me cry as bad, every bit and grain, as if I had been reading a *tragedy*, or a *novel*. I will tell you how it was—why he would be gone from our house whole evenings together, and sometimes *e'en a most all night*, and my papa could never get out of him where he was, or what he was about; and so, at last, he *abdicated* himself from his own home, and his *natural-born father* altogether, and my papa could not tell where to look for him, and we never *knowed* till *tother* day we *adventitiously* found out, that he was privately married to Molly Brazen; to whom he used to write love-letters and *epitaphs, and those sort of poetricks*, directing them every one to Miss *Clarinda Paragon*, and signing himself her *everlasting adorer, Valentine Lovelong*—for my part, *I thinks* it is a *burning shame*, that he should bring such an *indeliating* disgrace upon names which is so *monstrously fine*. My papa says *as how* that it is all owing to your *historettas* and your *commedies*, and your *plays*; but I wont believe it; I knows its no such thing, and it makes me cry, out of pure vexation, to hear *learning* and *demeanours*, and all these *gentilities and handsomenesses*, which are taken out of *these here* kind of books, spoken of in so *metrepositerous* and so *absorbed* a manner. I knows better, Mr. Gleaner, I knows that Molly Brazen is a very bad girl; she is not—God forgive her—*one morsel better than she should be*; and she would have had my brother, if she could have *cotch him*, though he had never looked into a book in the *universal world*. I *knows* too that I have read all the books that I could possibly get, and a *great, great* many they have been, more, two to one, than our Valentine ever heard of in his born days,

and

and yet no *desolate* deceiving man, has ever come with his *deceptionary* tales for to *traduce* me. *It may be*, (as I am very sure I should find him out, and soon give him his own) that I should have no *objections to hear* what such a sad *depopulating* gallant might have to say for himself; but no matter for that—this is a *secret*; for my papa would never forgive me if he knew I had such a thought; but as I am resolved that I will not date this, any more than my last letter, and as I shall still sign by my *fiction* name, my papa, unless he had to do with the *black art*, will never find me out.

Do then, dear Mr. Gleaner, tell Miss Primrose and I, whether Mr. Melworth is to have Miss Clifford? Whether Margaretta and Serafina dress their waists as short as *Mrs. Modish*, (who positively assures both me and Miss Primrose, she makes, with her own hands, all their apparel) says they do? What the ladies think of *naked elbows*, and whether they have thrown aside *their modesty pieces?* An answer to these questions, will *insurmountably* oblige your ever loving, and truly *obligated* servant to command,

MONIMIA CASTALIO.

To the GLEANER.

Dissipation Hall, October 21st, 1794.

OLD FELLOW,

I AM willing to believe, as you say, that your girl was absolutely disposed of, before you received my letter, making known my designs in regard to her; and I can tell you, old Gentleman, it is well for you that I am—yes, Sir, *it is well for you that I am*—for I am connected with a set of high-blooded blades, every individual of whom, have all reasonable attachment to my person and my interest; and we are, moreover, bound to each other, by the most solemn engagements, to aid and abet each other, upon all occasions, and to render to every member of our invincible community all possible assistance; and 'fore gad, old Square Toes,

if

if you had not given unequivocal demonſtration, that your Margaretta was abſolutely and *bona fide* ſhackled, before you was apprized of the *honour I intended her*, we would have made nothing of *toſſing your Worſhip in a blanket*, and of leaving you, after your aërial elevation, handſomely ſouſed in the firſt horſe-pond in our way. I give you this information for your future government; and, as I have a new propoſal to make, I expect it will be properly influential. Do not deceive yourſelf, good Mr. Prig, with an idea, that the paradoxical myſteries, in which you have contrived to wrap yourſelf about, will much longer avail you; for Dick Bluſter, Tom Pompous, Ned Mettleſome, and the reſt of us, are expert at finding out the ſecret haunts of you *fly ones*; and we are, moreover, whatever you may think of it, poſſeſſed of a *clue to your caſtle, which will lead us directly upon the ground*, and we are both able and willing to turn *knight-errants, to ſtorm enchanted caſtles, fight magicians, and deliver all the diſtreſſed damſels, who may be found within the territory of the United States.*

Thus you are forewarned, and if you are but forearmed, that is, if the weapons of your warfare are not carnal, but ſpiritual; if you enliſt only under the banners of reaſon, we may adjuſt matters amicably enough. Serafina Clifford is a fine girl, by Jupiter—my intentions are honourable matrimony, and Miſs Clifford is my object; for although her *birth is not quite the thing*, yet ſhe is a good generous girl; and as ſhe appears to be in poſſeſſion of the *ready*, I very gladly make a transfer of my *penchant* for her little meek ſiſter to her fair ſelf; and I expect ſhe will not find much difficulty in ſubſtituting as her heir apparent, a gay, handſome young fellow, inſtead of the little chap of whom ſhe has appeared ſo paſſionately fond—her huſband will very naturally ſucceed to her *affections*, and all her other *goods* and *chattels*; and if ſhe continues her fondneſs for the ſmiling brats, *y'clepped the comforts of matrimony*, I may poſſibly furniſh her with a plenty of them, while ſhe, continuing to ſupply me with

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the *ready*, we ſhall thus very handſomely reciprocate obligations.

But, in the mean time, as I have already been fooliſh enough to inform you that my eſtate was a little embarraſſed, and as her ſage brother may not be over and above fond of the ſcrapes into which that miſerly and deſpotic old curmudgeon, Poverty, is ſo ungentlemanly as to lead the ſubjects of his ragged empire; he may probably think it becomes him to make a few pragmatical inquiries, and as I do not wiſh to be at odds with the brother of my ſpouſe elect, you may inform Edward Hamilton, that I have a handſome eſtate in poſſeſſion; it is true, it is encumbered with a few mortgages, but the *ready*, which I take it for granted the young lady has in her gift, will eaſily clear off all theſe, and we ſhall then be as handſome and as faſhionable a pair, as any of the gay circles in or about town can produce. But Edward is a ſober dog—Well, hang it, ſo am I—and all this I am able and willing to demonſtrate at whatever moment, and in whatever place, you and brother Hamilton may appoint. Pleaſe to preſent my *humble duty* to Miſs Clifford, and aſſure her, that I am now *immoveably fixed*—that I am the moſt *enamoured* and *impaſſioned of her adorers*; and that I will ever continue her *true* and *faithful* Bellamour.

P. S. Although *I have never ſeen* Miſs Clifford, I can ſwear to the charms of her perſon; and her *generoſity, preſuming ſhe may be perſuaded to change its object*, will fix me eternally her's. Do, old fellow, ſpeak a good word for me, and thus ſecure to yourſelf the good will of a ſet of honeſt bloods, who will always be upon the *ſcent in your ſervice*, and who will furniſh you with abundant matter *for ſermonizing*. Farewel—be *faithful*, and reſt aſſured of the *protection* of

BELLAMOUR.

To

To the GLEANER.

{State of Maſſachuſetts, County of Hampſhire, November 8th, 1794.

GOOD MAN GLEANER,

YOU have at laſt got the weather-gage of us; for you have contrived for to *ſteer the little tight yawl* Margaretta, into *ſafe moorings*; while we, d'ye ſee, the worſe luck ours, are at the *mercy of wind and tide*. You have proved yourſelf, Mr. Gleaner, an able and experienced *helmſman*: Many a time have I ſweat for you, taking it for certain, that you would *run a-ſhore upon the ſands, or ſplit upon the rocks*, which, during *one whole glaſs*, ſeemed to *loom* for your deſtruction; but, howſomever, you have *worked your traverſe* well, and have, in a wonderful manner, underſtood *to a lee, ſtarboard, port, bear up, or right the helm, juſt as the wind has chopped about*. But, mayhap, you would not have been ſo well off, had not your *ſhip-mate* have kept ſo good a look out *aloft*. There is nothing like mounting the *top-gallant-maſt*, when the *breakers are a-head*.

Lord, Lord!—if I had but been ſuffered to take the *command of my own ſhip*—but not a *rope have I veered out*, without orders firſt had and obtained from *lubbers* who never yet underſtood *plain ſailing*, and who are, over and above, forever *fiſhing in troubled waters*. A thouſand and a thouſand times have I told Deborah Seafort what her *yaws* and her *veerings* would bring her to; and, ſure as St. Peter's at Rome, ſhe hath now run *faſt a-ground* upon a *lee ſhore*, and here we muſt remain, *wearing* our *ſides*, and *beating*, mayhap, againſt the *rocks*, if you, Sir, who ſeem to know every *rope in the ſhip*, do not *lend a hand* to help us off. You muſt know, that when, by the orders of our *ſelf-created* captain, Deborah Seafort, we *crowded every ſail* for the land of matrimony, as we had a *gallant ſhip* under foot, we fooliſhly enough hung out ever ſo many ſtreamers; and, not having taken on board a ſufficient quantity of ballaſt, we ſhipped, in lieu thereof, ſuch a cargo of *ſelf-conceit*, *affectation*, *prim-oſity*, and

other femalities, as rendered us ſo *crank*, that we were many a time within *an ame's-ace* of overſetting.

But, mayhap, Mr. Gleaner, if you have never ploughed the ocean, you may not underſtand theſe ſea terms; and ſo, *d'ye ſee*, I will endeavour *for to let myſelf down* as much as poſſible. Why, you muſt know, that our girl Molly—for may I receive the *cat-o'nine-tail upon my beam timbers*, in preſence of the whole ſhip's crew, if I ever call her Mary, or Maria, again.—I ſay, Mr. Gleaner, our girl Molly, being a good tight little huſſy, and, withal, handſomely *built*, *rigged*, and, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, *properly ſound*, was judged a fit match for any *ſea-boat* whatever. I did not, as I have hinted above, like her manner of ſailing, or the way which ſhe made. Frequently has ſhe flung out *falſe colours*, and after bringing to her lure many a *gallant ſail*, ſhe has *up jibb*, and borne away, quite in another direction. This I have pronounced daſtardly, and have thought fit to enter my proteſt; but I have been charged with fomenting a mutiny, and *belayed* faſt in the cabin, or the ſhip's hold, as a meddling, dangerous and officious fellow. You will underſtand, that I ſpeak by way of metaphor, ſimile, or the like of that. It is in vain that I have, upon theſe occaſions, run over a whole catalogue of ſea oaths, that has frightened many a Jack Tar into obedience. The women, as they ſay, have got hardened to them, and they do not value them a *rope's end!* Deborah was above conſulting her compaſs, and I have looked every moment when we ſhould *ſplit to pieces*. At length they have ſprung a maſt, and, entirely ignorant of their *chart*, and not knowing which way to *wear the ſhip*, and being brought to their wit's end, they have condeſcended to place me at *the helm*. But, Mr. Gleaner, this being a kind of navigation at which I am not expert, I am much in the ſame ſituation of your land-lubbers, who find themſelves at ſea in a ſtorm; and I am, as it were, obliged to bend my courſe to the *harbour of your experience*: You have erected a *beacon*, and if you can but *warp us out* of the preſent

difficult

difficult ſtrait, in which we are *becalmed*, you ſhall be our *land-mark* in future.

It goes to the heart of me, Mr. Gleaner, to ſee our Molly opening the ſluices of her eye-pumps, and pouring forth ſuch a torrent of ſalt-water ſorrow. You muſt know, Sir, that after ſhe had kept *at bay ever ſo many pickeroons*, ſhe was at laſt brought to, by a ſmart, well-built *brigantine*, who ſeemed to underſtand every point of the compaſs, who was wonderfully *trim*, and furbiſhed out to the beſt advantage. Molly, knowing how to calculate her own force, would not immediately *ſtrike*, and, to ſay truth, our ſpark rather played *faſt* and *looſe*, as the ſaying is—not chooſing to come to an open parley. Howſomever, he contrived, *d'ye ſee*, to be conſtantly in *the girl's wake*; if ever ſhe hoiſted ſail, he was ſure to follow, and like the old Roman Mark Anthony, who we read of at ſchool—who, by the bye, was as little of a *ſailor* as a *ſoldier*—he ſeemed to think the *world well loſt for our Cleopatra*. Well, but after Molly had ſtood out *many glaſſes*, Deborah, who is as *yare* as any old ſea-boat need to be, having the watch, and having, as ſhe ſaid, thoroughly overhauled the *lifts* and the *braces*, *the clew-lines* and the *bunt-lines*; having *top't her yards*, and d'ye ſee, got every thing in readineſs, thought proper to heave out a *white flag*, by way of concluding upon terms of capitulation. But no ſooner had we begun to *veer* out our *faſts*, than, zounds, Mr. Gleaner—for, d'ye ſee, it is enough to make the beſt miniſter in the United States ſwear—if the cowardly, raſcally pickeroon, did not *ſlip his cable*, and ſheer off, when, hoiſting every ſail, he was nearly out of ſight before we knew he had *weighed anchor*. We immediately called a council, when, according to our *reckoning*, the ſhip had ſailed too many *knots* for a purſuit; and, moreover, our fair weather ſpark had ſo *managed* his *tack*, as to put it out of our power to *libel the ſhip*; and, over and above all this, it is deemed contrary to all rule, to *give chace* in this kind of navigation.

Well,

Well, here then we are—and faith and troth, all in the dumps—Deborah is conſtantly *ſnivelling*—I can ſcarcely keep above water; and poor Molly, like a diſabled weather-beaten yacht, is laid up. For forty years did I follow the ſea—ay, and many a tough gale have I been in; but, *ſplit my timbers*, if I ever knew what trouble was until now. Poſſibly, Mr. Gleaner, as you have already ſhown yourſelf wonderfully ſkilful at *refitting*, you may be able to *ſplice us* together once more, and then, with both *wind* and *tide* in our favour, mayhap we may yet bear a good ſail, and after all theſe ſtorms and tempeſts, arrive ſafe at the deſired port. But, Mr. Gleaner, by my ſoul, you muſt *bear a hand*, for our poor *wave-broken invalid is almoſt a wreck*, and ſhe will be ſpeedily *paſt repairing*. I am, Sir, until death, your ſorrowful friend,

GEORGE SEAFORT.

To the GLEANER.

From the Saloon of Solitude,
December 15th, 1794.

WORTHY SIR,

IT is juſt two years and four months, this day, ſince I had the preſumption to addreſs you before. I have ſeen with pleaſure the gradual progreſs of your Margaretta; ſhe ſeems to poſſeſs every ſexual virtue, while her attainments render her in every view ſuperior. A ſuperſtructure ſo rare, however excellent the materials, could not have been accompliſhed without the ſuperintendence of uncommon abilities. The lot of the lovely orphan has been highly diſtinguiſhed; and may ſhe, as far as humanity will permit, be happily exempted from every future evil.

Yeſterday my girl completed her twelfth year, and while every moment grows more and more intereſting, my mind is ſtruggling under the preſſure of a thouſand anxieties. Sophia Aimwell—tears ſtream from my eyes while I make the confeſſion—is not exactly what I could wiſh! It is true her gentle boſom harbours no

particularly

particularly alarming propenſities, and, that nature has endowed her with a good underſtanding, is alſo evident; but notwithſtanding the variety of expedients to which I have had recourſe, I have never yet been able to impreſs upon her mind, the neceſſity of *application*. She ſeems unalterably oppoſed to *uniformity*; nor doth ſhe ever, by her own choice, purſue either her book, her needle, or her pen, or even thoſe lighter matters to which her attention is required, with the *regularity* which is, I have conceived, abſolutely *eſſential* to any *conſiderable proficiency*. My wiſh has been to produce her in ſociety an accompliſhed female; but, alas! the execution of our plans remain not with us. Sophia is particularly averſe to reading and writing; novels have not yet come under her obſervation. I have thought it too early to entruſt thoſe faſcinating volumes to her inſpection. It appears, Sir, that you do not altogether approve of novels, although, ſubmitting to the impoſition of neceſſity, you have put them into the hand of your daughter. Pray, Sir, did you not exerciſe diſcrimination in this reſpect, or was Miſs Melworth indulged with the free uſe of thoſe books? Is it not poſſible to *create, by habit*, a taſte for reading, where, unhappily, it is not inherent?

If it is conſiſtent with your plans, you would do me a particular favour, if you would furniſh me with copies of a few of thoſe letters, juſt by way of ſpecimen, which paſſed between Mrs. Vigillius, and her amiable charge, by the poſt that was eſtabliſhed between their reſpective chambers; and, any hint of direction which you may condeſcend to favour me with, will be received with much gratitude.

Sophia has never appeared ſo deeply intereſted in any thing, as in the ſtory of your Margaretta; and a word from the Gleaner, will go farther than volumes written by any other pen. I am, worthy Sir, with high eſteem, your conſtant reader, and ſincere admirer,

Rebecca Aimwell.

Succeſſive Gleaners ſhall pay the requiſite attention to the letters inſerted in this number; and, in the interim, impreſſed with all poſſible conſideration for my reſpectable correſpondents, I offer them that gratitude which is ſo eminently their due.

N°. XXXVIII.

Joyleſs the man, who hails no boſom friend,
Whoſe ſteps no lovely woman waits to greet;
In his lorn ſelf, whoſe pains and pleaſures end,
Concentrated where all his wiſhes meet:
How comfortleſs his ſolitary home!
In cheerleſs gloom he wears life's hours away;
Around his board no ſmiling cherubs bloom,
Nor voice of pleaſure wakes the opening day.

THE picture which Mr. Plodder has given of his ſituation, is truly pitiable; and I am ſo far from regarding it as a *caricature*, that I am induced to believe its moſt prominent features will generally ſtand confeſſed, in the life of thoſe, who live and die bachelors. I, however, once knew a happy exception to this concluſion, who, I confidently conclude, has now taken his ſtation in a higher ſtate of being. His departure out of time was marked by the *orphan* and the *widow*, with the deepeſt regret—ſighs and tears were a tribute which his virtues neceſſarily drew forth, and his memory is embalmed by the richeſt perfumes which gratitude can beſtow. But the dwelling of this ſingular character was not a *dreary ſolitude*; it was *irradiated* by the *ſmiles of infancy*; and while the ſons and daughters of penury, of every deſcription, ſhared his bounty, the numerous offſpring of a widowed ſiſter, with their truly amiable mother, who was endeared to him, as well by kindred virtues, as by conſanguinity, graced his board, became unto him as the children of his youth, and not only threw into action thoſe paternal feelings which were inherent in his boſom, but furniſhed alſo an ample field for the exer-

ciſe

cise of those uncommon abilities, which were largely drawn out in the course of their education. All who knew John Parker, esquire—generally distinguished by the name of Sheriff Parker—of Portsmouth, in the State of New-Hampshire, will readily acknowledge, that the voice of panegyric can hardly swell too high a note, when sounding the praises of this great and good man, who lived and died a bachelor.

But it is true, nevertheless, that the life of a bachelor is almost invariably gloomy, or thinly strewed with rational pleasure. My friend Oswald may serve as an epitome of this class of men; he was bred a lawyer, and his youth passed in literary application; he either regarded *la belle passion* as below that dignity of character at which he aimed, or his moments of leisure were not sufficient to those attentions which its refinements require. Years rolled on, and succeeding seasons still found him busily engaged in scientific pursuits, until he attained the sober age of sixty, without having made a *single attachment* which could *interest the heart*, or forcibly engage the tender affections. The classics were enchanting; they still continued the fascinating companions of his studious hours; and, although highly social by nature, his *ruling* propensities seem to have been, for a course of years, strangely *over-ruled*—but when once they were set afloat by reflection, he was roused to a melancholy view of his situation, and could not forbear regarding himself, in a very essential sense, *alone in the universe*. The guides of his youth, those persons whom he had been accustomed to revere, were mostly removed out of time, and the companions of his juvenile years were, to a man, "*doubled in wedlock and multiplied in children.*" Oswald was solicited to pass a month at the villa of Myrtilus, who had been his class-mate; he obeyed the summons, and he found the mansion of his friend the seat of domestic happiness.

During a period of twenty-five years, the life of Myrtilus had been ameliorated by the sympathies, corrected sentiments, endearing tenderness, and faithful attachment, of a lovely and elegant woman; a numerous

rous and beautifully promiſing family of ſons and daughters ſeemed to emulate each other in their filial attentions; eagerly they watched every turn in his countenance, and while their animated features were impreſſed by glowing and duteous affection, they delighted to anticipate his wiſhes, and were on the wing to fulfil his commands. Thomſon's family piece was ſtrikingly exemplified; the union of Myrtilus and his charming wife was cemented by ſacred love; the holy prieſt had witneſſed their plighted faith; and, enriched by his pious benediction, their mutual tenderneſs confeſſed the righteous ſanction. "*The world, its pomp, its pleaſures and its nonſenſe,*" were to them comparatively of ſmall eſtimation; poſſeſſing in each other whatever they accounted tranſcendantly excellent, "*ſome-*
"*thing than beauty dearer, both in the mind, and mind illu-*
"*mined face—truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony and love.*"
In natural ſucceſſion their ſmiling "*offspring roſe*
"*around*"—tranſcripts of either parent—"*by degrees thoſe*
"*human bloſſoms blew, while each ſucceeding day, ſoft as it*
"*rolled, evinced ſome new charm, the father's luſtre, and*
"*the mother's bloom*"—the ſkilful hand of kind aſſiduous care, had formed their opening minds; "*to rear*
"*the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to ſhoot.*
"*To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind—to breathe the*
"*enlivening ſpirit, and to fix the generous purpoſe in the*
"*glowing breaſt.*" This had been, of theſe bleſt parents, the "*delightful taſk.*" Perhaps they would have found it difficult to embody, by language, the ſenſations of their enraptured boſoms, when, glancing round upon their little family, "*Nothing ſtruck their eye but*
"*ſights of bliſs—All various nature preſſing on the heart:*
"*An elegant ſufficiency, content, retirement, rural quiet,*
"*friendſhip, books. Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,*
"*progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven;*" and perhaps, on ſuch occaſions, the tear of luxury which ſtrayed adown their cheeks, was the moſt expreſſive teſtimony they could give of their ineffably exquiſite feelings.

On the contemplative mind of Oſwald nothing was loſt—the paſt, the preſent, and the future, crowding

to

to his view, combined to furniſh a moſt *humiliating compariſon*; and ſpontaneouſly he exclaimed—"*Theſe "are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love; and thus their "moments fly. The ſeaſons thus, as ceaſeleſs round a jar-"ring world they roll, ſtill find them happy; and conſent-"ing Spring ſheds her own roſy garland o'er their heads: "Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild; when, after "the long vernal day of life, enamoured more, as more "remembrance ſwells with many a proof of recollected love— "together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep; together freed, "their gentle ſpirits fly to ſcenes where love and bliſs im-"mortal reign.*" What an enchanting view! how beautiful, and how highly finiſhed! Did poet ever pen ſuperior lines?

Our bachelor heaved a ſigh—a contraſt ſo glaring was forcibly felt. "No young props," ſaid he, "lift "their green heads for my ſupport; not an indi-"vidual of the riſing generation is bound to me by the "ſilken bands of attachment, and this is a conſequence "of the arrangements of nature and of juſtice; for no "mode of reaſoning will inveſt me with a title to the "fervours of that mind, which I have not particularly "contributed to form, and in whoſe flexile dawn I "have not been ſolicitous to obtain an intereſt. No "deſerving female honours me with her diſtinguiſhing "regards—no gentle boſom ſwells for me the ſigh of "affection. I have not ſought to lay the foundation "of happineſs; and it is in vain that I look for the "ſuperſtructure of enjoyment. I have lived in vain, "alas! for me *it is now too late to form advantageous "connexions, or to enter into engagements which ſhould be "the growth of many ripening ſuns.* When I expire, "my name will be extinct, and all remembrance of "me will ceaſe from the earth!!"

Our comfortleſs old gentleman was perfectly right in his concluſions; and we would adviſe friend Plodder to take the hint—ſhould any mercenary female, caught by the lure of that eſtabliſhment in his gift, caſt her lot with him, we are apprehenſive his chance for happineſs will be ſmall. It is too late in life for

him

him to begin that career, which ſhould at leaſt commence in the meridian of our days; and, beſides, we think his motive for wiſhing to become a married man, is rather invidious. Revenge is rarely ever the parent of that tenderneſs, which is ſo indiſpenſably requiſite in a matrimonial connexion. We think he may have judged erroneouſly of his kindred; it will be ſtrange if in a family ſo numerous he cannot find a worthy object; we adviſe him to make the experiment, to cultivate thoſe attachments which nature authorizes, and to reſign, at this *late period* (for we have good and cogent reaſons to believe him turned of *ſixty* inſtead of *fifty*) all pretenſions to wedlock.

But however Mr. Plodder may determine, it cannot affect Serafina. The name of Clifford is now abſorbed in that of Seymour; and the accompliſhed maiden, who wore it with tranſcendent honour, has added one more to the liſt of thoſe matrons, who give dignity to, and beſtow the brighteſt ornament upon humanity. I will own that ſome months have elapſed ſince the receipt of Mr. Plodder's letter; and, farther, that the marriage of Miſs Clifford was not then ſolemnized; but as I was apprized of her engagements to a *worthy* man, and as neither his epiſtle, nor that of the facetious Mr. Bellamour, contained any thing which was conſidered of ſufficient importance to *ſtop proceedings*, I did not think it abſolutely neceſſary to derange my plans, by an earlier attention to their letters. Uninfluenced and undiſmayed by the threats of Mr. Bellamour, I might have contented myſelf with ſimply announcing the marriage of Miſs Clifford; but feeling a degree of compaſſion for Mr. Plodder, and ſincerely wiſhing every man and woman judiciouſly diſpoſed of in holy wedlock, before they have fully completed their thirtieth year, I have produced a more copious exordium, than is perhaps neceſſary; and, as I know a *wedding* is a very grateful ſubject to moſt of *my fair readers*, I will, after briefly narrating a few preliminary articles, invite them to that of Miſs Clifford.

The

The reader will have the goodneſs to recollect the important advantages which Edward Hamilton received, during his ſouthern tour, from a friend, reſident in the State of South-Carolina; he will remember alſo, the ſubſequent embarraſſments of that friend, and that circumſtances induced a belief that the ſtate of bankruptcy, into which the generous Seymour was precipitated, if not *procured*, was at *leaſt accelerated* by his efforts in favour of Edward Hamilton. Ingratitude can never take root in a noble mind; it could therefore find no place, either in the boſom of Mr. Hamilton, or that of the father of his Margaretta.

The abilities of Mr. Melworth were, on this occaſion, commenſurate with his wiſhes; and, after devoting a few days to paternal claims, and making ample proviſion for the complete adjuſtment of Hamilton's affairs, he haſted upon the broadly philanthropic wings of benevolence, to South-Carolina. His dignified mein, conſpicuous merit, and letters of addreſs, procured him a free acceſs to the creditors of Mr. Seymour; and, with that diſpatch which evinced the thorough accomptant, their ſeveral claims were examined, and a fund appropriated fully adequate to the reimburſement of every juſt debt, while the unfortunate debtor, unconſcious of the ſteps taking in his favour, wore away his melancholy hours immured within the walls of a priſon.

The misfortunes of Seymour were not the reſult of miſconduct; if there was a fault in his arrangements, the *principle* which produced it, conferred thereon a luſtre which gave it, both in *appearance* and *effect*, the rich colouring of the moſt ſplendid virtue. It is impoſſible but he who ſuffers by his extenſive benevolence, and his commiſeration for the unhappy, muſt carry with him his *credentials of ſuperior worth*—muſt exhibit unequivocal teſtimonies of the juſtice of his title to *admiration*. It is true that the injunction to be *juſt* before we are *generous*, is worthy of obſervation; but if I endow a fellow creature with the means of obtaining a competency to-day, and to-morrow the ſhip in

which

which was contained my remaining property, is, by a ſtroke of Providence, whelmed beneath the waves, I do not ſee that I am *greatly cenſurable* becauſe I did not, in the dread of this evil, withhold the ſolace which it was *yeſterday in my power to give.* Mr. Seymour was of that claſs of men who never ſhut their ears againſt a tale of woe, and by conſequence he could not lay up to himſelf much treaſure; and when his ſhips of merchandize were either wrecked or captured, he had no means of ſatisfying thoſe rapacious creditors, who, operated upon by principles the reverſe of thoſe which actuated his boſom, purſued him with unrelenting ſeverity.

It was not until Mr. Melworth had procured a regular courſe of proceedings; until every thing was in train; legal documents obtained, and the formalities neceſſary to his liberation completely adjuſted, that he waited upon Mr. Seymour in his confinement; and he introduced himſelf to the then, (in his own eſtimation) unfortunate man, by words to this effect:—

"My name, Sir, is Charles Melworth. I am no ſtranger to the feelings of the unhappy. I am perfectly acquainted with the hiſtory of your rectitude, of your misfortunes, and of your generous munificence. But, Sir, you muſt not expect to contribute ſo nobly to the neceſſities of an Edward Hamilton, and to exerciſe toward that young man ſuch unexampled forbearance with impunity: *The day of retribution is at length arrived; the ſon of Charles Melworth, the huſband of his Margaretta, muſt not ſubmit to unreturnable obligations. Here, Sir, is your diſcharge in full; you are, from this moment, exonerated from a preſſure, which muſt have been truly irkſome to a mind like your's; and you receive this exoneration as a debt, which is your incontrovertible due.* At liberty to purſue your own wiſhes, you will, doubtleſs, be expeditious in departing from a place ſo little ſuited to your feelings and your character. *But, ere you go, as we are now upon even ground, I requeſt a leaſe of your good opinion, to be continued or forfeited, as I ſhall, in future, merit.*"

Melworth

Melworth might have proceeded uninterruptedly to a much greater length; the underſtanding of Seymour underwent a kind of temporary petrifaction; aſtoniſhment abſorbed his every faculty. Melworth pauſed in vain, and it was not until he had taken a variety of methods to rouſe him to attention, that he was capable of liſtening to a regular eclairciſſement. But to ſketch his feelings, when the liberating truth firſt opened upon him, were a fruitleſs attempt; as well might I delineate to mortal view a diſembodied ſpirit, as give the form of language to thoſe exquiſite ſenſations which then pervaded the boſom of Seymour; he however ſtruggled not againſt the extricating hand of his nobly generous friend—his compoſition contained not a particle of *falſe delicacy*—he was conſcious that a change of circumſtances would have produced in him a ſimilarity of exertions; and his unexpected enlargement, while it confounded his enemies, reſtored to his numerous friends that peace which his misfortunes had chaſed from their boſoms.

His emancipation, giving him an opportunity of an accurate inveſtigation, he diſcovered many frauds by which he had been groſsly injured; theſe he expoſed, and debts to a conſiderable amount were recovered, while the *return* of ſeveral cargoes, that had been *detained by the Britiſh for adjudication*, by putting him in poſſeſſion of conſiderable property, once more unfurled for him the golden wings of ſucceſsful commerce! Again he floated buoyant upon the ſtream of proſperity; and the expanding buds of hope obtained in his boſom primeval vigour. Hardly had he completed his twenty-eighth year, ere he had witneſſed all thoſe viciſſitudes which I have thus haſtily ſketched; and he may in truth be conſidered as an early proficient in the ſchool of adverſity. That he embraced the firſt poſſible opportunity of viſiting Hamilton-Place will not be doubted; and it will readily be conceived that his arrival there was expected by his friends with uncommon impatience. Seymour was not only an accompliſhed man, but he had performed the part of a

guardian angel to Edward; and both Margaretta and Serafina regarded the moment which was to introduce them to a character whoſe virtues were unequivocal, and to whom they were eſſentially indebted among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of their lives. Margaretta advanced to meet the *protector of her huſband*, with that chaſte and elegant freedom which the dignified matron knows to aſſume, nor did ſhe conceive ſhe tranſgreſſed any rule of propriety when her ſnowy hand was extended to his manly preſſure, and her lovely cheek was modeſtly bent to his ſalute. Serafina acquitted herſelf with more timidity—her manner was characteriſtic of virgin delicacy; and while Seymour preſſed her hand to his lips, "*a higher bloom*" ſuffuſed her animated features; and ſhe permitted thoſe civilities to which as the ſiſter of Hamilton ſhe was entitled, with ſilent complacency: Admiration and tender gratitude were, however, evinced in her every geſture; and her expreſſive eye beamed thoſe unequivocal tokens of welcome which her tongue refuſed to utter.

Edward ardently wiſhed to reward the deſerving Seymour, by ſome ſignal token of his grateful affection. He regarded the hand of his ſiſter as an ineſtimable prize—too rich, in his eſtimation, to be conſigned to the poſſeſſion of any but his friend; and Seymour, on his part, from the moment he beheld Miſs Clifford, became the moſt impaſſioned of men. But Serafina, devoted to the family of her brother, had repeatedly declared her *abſolute* and *unalterable* predilection for a ſingle life. Seymour was privately advertized of this reſolution, and *its motive*, by Edward and Margaretta; and thus obtaining a *ſecret clue to her affections*, he made his approaches with that addreſs, which, in this age of *fineſſe*, ſeems to be a neceſſary part of the character of a finiſhed gentleman. Had he directly attacked the fortreſs, by the common methods of aſſailment, the poſſibility is, that, prepared for an event, an expectation of which might have been induced by a variety of circumſtances, ſhe would reſolutely have maintained her ground; but, proceed-

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ing covertly to undermine, he ſlowly made his advances, until, gradually ſapping the foundation of her reſiſtance, a coalition became an event in courſe. *Hamilton and his charming wife; the little gentleman, whom Serafina regarded as a prodigy, with the infant Margaretta; theſe were the themes of panegyric, on which the enamoured deſigner copiouſly dwelt, during thoſe interviews that were frequently extended far beyond the limits which would have anſwered the wiſhes of common amity.* The hours paſſed unheeded by; they were ſentimental and refined; the heart of Serafina was deeply impreſſed; ſhe was conſcious of her ſituation, and ſhe ſecretly exclaimed—"*Yes, theſe delicious moments, ſnatched with the man who hath thus imperceptibly intereſted my beſt affections, are productive of more highly zeſted pleaſures, than I have ever yet experienced.*"

Edward and Margaretta ſaw that their utmoſt wiſhes for their lovely ſiſter was on the point of gratification, and they felicitated themſelves on the proſpect of an eſtabliſhment for Miſs Clifford, that was every way commenſurate with her beauty and rare qualifications. They were careful not to interrupt the progreſs of a union they had ſo much at heart. *Apparently unconſcious* of the growing importance of a friend, to whom they were ſo warmly attached, not a ſingle obſervation eſcaped them; and thus was Serafina *entrapped* and *captivated*, before ſhe had received the leaſt ſuſpicion of the combination formed againſt the ſingular reſolution ſhe had avowed.

Seymour is one of the moſt accompliſhed men I ever beheld; his perſon is uncommonly handſome, and wonderfully prepoſſeſſing; his manners are eaſy and dignified; his morals are unexceptionable; and, meliorated in the ſchool of adverſity, he unites, in himſelf, every requiſite which can inſure felicity to a confiding female. To Serafina he every moment became of ſtill more conſequence, until, imaged upon her every thought, *that hour was marked by frigid inſipidity, that preſented not the man of her heart*—that witneſſed not his indefatigable and tender aſſiduities.

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It was after his return from one of thoſe little neceſſary abſences, which Seraſina ſecretly lamented as real misfortunes, that, finding her alone, with his accuſtomed freedom, he took a ſeat by her ſide; and, after relating a new inſtance of the benevolence of her brother, he fixed his fine eyes tenderly upon her; the ready tear, at the recital of Edward's virtues, had ſtrayed unbidden from its chryſtal ſource, and was making its pearly way adown her lovely cheek, when, unable longer to reſiſt his feelings, he took her not reluctant hand, and impreſſing upon it the *ſecond kiſs of love*, he ardently exclaimed—"Ah! Madam, *how happy is your brother! I love you, Miſs Clifford—paſſionately love you—and every faculty of my ſoul does homage to your peerleſs perfections: Forgive, loveliеſt of women, the freedom of a declaration, which I can no longer withhold. Surely, the ſiſter of Edward Hamilton may ſtill preſerve that enviable character, and yet condeſcend to wear the title of the tender friend of Seymour. Turn not, I beſeech you, from my ardent gaze—if I am reprehenſible for devoting my every thought to you, thus, on my bended knees, ſweet arbitreſs of my fate, I ſupplicate forgiveneſs—while, with the ſame breath, I ſolemnly proteſt, that an error ſo extatic, can never be relinquiſhed, but with my life.*"

Seraſina, overcome by a declaration which ſhe had long fervently wiſhed, had averted her face for the purpoſe of regulating thoſe tender emotions, that, riſing in rebellion againſt their lovely miſtreſs, crimſoned her face, and filled her eyes with the moſt delicious tears ſhe had ever ſhed. Soon, however, reſuming her native fortitude, ſhe wiped from her cheeks thoſe officious drops; and, ſmiling with more beauty than poets ever yet attributed to the dewy morn, with mild dignity (having previouſly entreated the ſupplicating Seymour to quit his humble poſture) ſhe thus reſponded: "You are, Sir, entitled to my utmoſt frankneſs—the confidence which you repoſe in me, inveſts you with this claim. I had formed a reſolution to continue ſingle: Penetrated by the virtues of my brother, and my not leſs amiable ſiſter, I knew not that the univerſe

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produced ſimilar excellence—But you, Sir, appear to me to poſſeſs a mind fraught with thoſe perfections I have delighted to trace. To adhere to my plan, *after conviction of the error which originated it*, would draw upon me the accuſation of obſtinacy. True, I imagined myſelf unalterably attached to it; but why ſhould I bluſh to find—why heſitate to confeſs—*that juſtice neceſſitates me to relinquiſh it*—that I relinquiſh it to the virtues of a Seymour—and, that I can have no rational objection to binding, by yet added ties, merit ſo unequivocal to a family, to which I am, by affinity, gratitude, and inclination, unalienably attached? *Accept, Sir, this attachment, as a pledge of that, which duties, yet ſuperior, will impreſs upon my boſom.*"

Serafina ceaſed to ſpeak—ſhe trembled exceſſively; and, by a kind of involuntary motion, threw her handkerchief over her glowing face—Seymour caught her hand in extaſy——But it was not our deſign to finiſh this ſcene; and not a ſtep further will we proceed therein.

The now affianced lovers received the congratulations of their friends, with their accuſtomed dignity of character; no unneceſſary delays were permitted; a few revolving weeks produced the bridal morn; Seymour plighted his faith with Serafina at the altar. Mr. Melworth, with that delicacy and propriety, for which he is remarkable, officiated as the nuptial father of Miſs Clifford, and the venerable Urbanus *received, while bending angels regiſtered, their vows.* Serafina was a beautiful tranſcript of Margaretta; her dreſs was white muſlin, wrought after the ſame elegant pattern of the robe, which had been worn upon a ſimilar occaſion by her friend. But our party was not ſo ſelect as that which had graced Margaretta's wedding-day. Some choice ſpirits attended the relations of Mr. Seymour, from South-Carolina; and they were reſolved, as they ſaid, to make a day of it. Their boiſterous mirth, however, did not eſſentially impede the pleaſure of the ſentimentaliſt. Margaretta, aided

by Mary, preſided; and it is unneceſſary to obſerve, that hilarity was chaſtiſed by delicacy. The evening was concluded by an elegant rural ball, and every arrangement announced the ample fortune and capacious heart of the munificent Hamilton.

Mr. Seymour has erected a neat edifice in the neighbourhood of Hamilton-Place; he has diſplayed much taſte in his buildings and his gardens; but his elegant fancy has been no where ſo conſpicuous as in a beautiful grove, on which he has beſtowed every embelliſhment of art and nature; and his ſeat, principally diſcriminated by this enchanting ſpot, is beſt known by the name of Seymour-Grove.

Mr. Melworth too, has tried his talents at architecture, and he has diſtinguiſhed the paradiſiacal retirement which he has completed, by the appellation of the Cottage of Amity. Thither, when we would inhale pleaſures of the pureſt and the higheſt kind, our reſpective families collect; and if mortality is ever the abode of felicity, this manſion is, upon theſe occaſions, its reſidence.

Serafina's attachment to the family of her brother, is, if poſſible, augmented ſince her marriage, and her regards are abundantly reciprocated.

Margaretta has introduced into being her third infant, to whom ſhe has given the combined names of Mary-Auguſta. Serafina continues her predilection in favour of the little William; but Mary whiſpers me, that a few months will probably produce a new candidate for the affections of Mrs. Seymour, who will, doubtleſs, generalize, or render leſs marked, her attachment to the children of her brother; and, in the mean time, ſhe has perfect complacence in her matrimonial connexion; ſhe regards her huſband as the firſt of men, and heſitates not to confeſs herſelf the happieſt of women.

No. XXXIX.

Say, cruel trifler, whence the pleaſure flow'd—
See'ſt thou that face which once in ſmiles was dreſt?
Where is the roſeate hue that radiant glow'd?
Whence are thoſe ſighs which ſwell that ſnowy breaſt?
Where are the dimples of that lovely cheek,
Which now ſo wan and worn by grief appears!
Tell me, if juſt remorſe will let thee ſpeak,
What is the ſource of that poor maniac's tears?
Hail, doughty hero—trophied victor, hail!
Deeply intrench'd, or, phalanx'd by thy art,
Thou ſpeed'ſt the arrow, pointed to prevail,
Skill'd to transfix the fond defenceleſs heart!

HONEST Captain Seafort is in poſſeſſion of the full commiſeration of our reſpective families. The Melworths, the Hamiltons, the Seymours, with Mary, and myſelf, ſwell for him the ſigh of regret. We wiſh indeed he had taken the *command of his own ſhip*, and we would gladly lend our aid to furniſh the *hawſer, which ſhould warp the bark into ſmooth water.*

If we comprehend Captain Seafort, when he ſays—"*frequently has ſhe flung out falſe colours, and after bringing to her lure many a gallant ſail, ſhe has up jibb, and borne away quite in another direction*"—we cannot altogether acquit Miſs Seafort. It is true, a weak, inconſiſtent, and irregular mode of conduct in the commerce between the ſexes, from its *ſuppoſed characteriſtic* features, hath been hitherto tolerated, or has not excited that degree of contempt, and ſeverity of reprehenſion, in the *female*, as in the *male* world. But in this enlightened period, when the ſex ſeem emerging from the clouds which have hitherto enveloped them, and the *revolution of events is advancing that half of the human ſpecies, which hath hitherto been involved in the night of darkneſs, toward the irradiating ſun of ſcience*, we *had hoped* that women would have been contented to have reſigned their charter for abſurd and cruel trifling, and that a *female coquette* would have been held in as much deteſtation as a *male*. We allow, however, that

that *old habits* are not eaſily relinquiſhed; gradually the morning breaks, and we are willing to wait, until mid-day, for the meridian perfection of the ſex.

For Miſs Seafort, we hope ſhe will call into exerciſe the heroiſm of the female character. Upon the glaſſy ſtream of tranquillity, her own efforts muſt again produce her. It is ſurely a pity to yield a *coxcomb ſuch a triumph*, as her continued inaction, and melancholy *wearing away, upon the flats of apathy*, would beſtow. She will conſider that by the "*falſe colours ſhe has hung out*," ſhe has in ſome meaſure provoked the attack, that ſhe is in one view *the aggreſſor*—that if ſhe *hath ſuffered*, ſhe hath alſo *inflicted ſufferings*; and that although it is evident ſhe hath not merited the neglect of him for whom ſhe mourns, yet it is rare that retaliation is conſigned to the individual hand of him, who was originally aggrieved: The paſt, we know, cannot be recalled, and we counſel Miſs Seafort to view her accounts with the world as adjuſted, the balance ſtruck, and her arrearage fully paid. We recommend it to her to *begin her traverſe anew, to place her worthy father at the helm, and to hoiſt every ſail, and keep a ſteady courſe, until ſhe once more makes the harbour of rectitude.*

It may be an alleviation of her misfortunes, to conſider, that the ſilly fellow, who, without ſuffering his words to inveſt her with a legal claim upon him, has barely amuſed himſelf with her eaſy credulity, would, had it ſuited his convenience to conclude with her a matrimonial bargain, have become either *neglectful* or *domineering*; the character of an idle, unprincipled, and diſſipated young fellow, is not *neceſſarily* ameliorated by marriage; and a *virtuous woman has no reſource but her tears*. Miſs Seafort cannot *eſteem* her "*fair weather ſpark.*" His conduct is not calculated to give a favourable impreſſion of his mind. Let her remember that *love, not grounded upon*, nor *invigorated by eſteem*, is more evaneſcent than the ſtructures reared by the aërial illuſions of fancy. The life of a woman of *ſentiment* and *virtue*, wedded to a man ſhe cannot *eſteem*,

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is a conſtant warfare. *Alas! that the welfare of ſociety, and the laws of our country, admit no remedy for ſo common an evil!*

A man, thus circumſtanced, it is notorious, is in poſſeſſion of various means of diſſipating his chagrin, and of eluding the ſhafts of diſappointment—but a woman, (ſuch are the laws which *propriety enact*) muſt waſte her life in *ſilence*, and in *ſolitude*. Miſs Seafort may be aſſured, that firſt attachments are *frequently ill-judged*; that *they are not indelible*; and that a *woman* of *ſpirit*, if ſhe commit the *conflict to reſolution*, will aſſuredly entitle herſelf to the honorary wreath of victory. *The homage paid to firſt love is a pernicious idolatry.* The ſentiments entertained of the *durability* of *la belle paſſion*, have *uſurped* a prevalence, which hath conſigned the hours of many an amiable female to unavailing regret. I contend that *love, in a good mind, will aſſuredly expire, if not nurtured by eſteem*; nay, further, *I aſſert that it is in fact a ſhort lived paſſion*, that its diſſolution is unavoidable, its own intenſe ardours naturally procure its deſtruction; and *meliorating eſteem is the Phenix which aſcends from its aſhes.*

How deplorable is the ſituation of that wedded pair, who are not endowed with the requiſites to inſure mutual eſteem; their conduct is neceſſarily under the daily obſervation of each other, and to the penetrating eye of keen and momently inveſtigation their minds are frequently unveiled. How careful then ſhould the ſexes be to endow themſelves with thoſe intellectual qualities, which will procure mutual confidence and mutual complacency. Let Miſs Seafort cultivate the worthy propenſities of her nature; let her either continue ſingle, or wed a man of a ſound underſtanding and cultivated mind, of pleaſing manners and *mild integrity*, and I hazard my reputation on the trial. I pronounce poſitively, that her ſituation will be *much more eligible*, than if ſhe had given her hand to the fop who now probably derides the aggravated anguiſh he hath originated.

I will,

I will confeſs, that my reſentment is forcibly excited againſt an idea which hath committed ſuch devaſtation on the peace of ſociety. I am determined that my children, the little Margaretta, and Mary-Auguſta, ſhall receive timely impreſſions of the impotency of that *chimera*, endowed by imagination, with invincibility; and they ſhall be early taught, that diſcretion ought never to quit the helm of a female mind; that *reaſon* is ordained to triumph over every *weak idea*. In one word, *we will help them to attain the government of their paſſions*.

The poor Lavinia is a melancholy inſtance of the fatal conſequence of an unlimited indulgence of thoſe ſenſibilities, which, under the requiſite control, frequently make the felicity, and are always the ornament of humanity. She poſſeſſed a heart, glowing with every ſentiment which is dictated by benevolence; ſhe was eminently capable of friendſhip; diſdaining ſuſpicion, her confidence in the *appearances* of virtue was exactly what it ſhould have been in long tried worth, and her ſuſceptibility was extreme. Born to an opulent fortune, ſhe had multiplied opportunities of gratifying the propenſities of a munificent mind, and ſhe was regarded by the ſons and daughters of penury as the angel of conſolation. She had loſt her father in her infancy, and ſhe continued the only prop of an amiable mother, of whom ſhe was the richeſt ſolace; ſhe was beautiful in her perſon, of a pleaſing underſtanding, and highly accompliſhed; her manners were a tranſcript of her mind, open and undeſigning; and a man of feeling would have ſuffered death, rather than have purloined the tranquillity of a boſom ſo exquiſitely attuned, or betrayed the confidence repoſed in him by ſuch tranſcendent excellence. I think I have never ſeen a more amiable female than Lavinia; I recollect attending Mary and Margaretta, on a viſit made to her and her worthy mother. Margaretta was then a child—ſhe had been with us only one month; but young as ſhe was, the prepoſſeſſing Lavinia captivated her little heart. A large party was aſſembled, La-

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vinia extorted general admiration; her *equal attentions* to her numerous gueſts, the elegance of her movements, her ſolicitude to contribute to the pleaſures of every individual, her duteous attention to her mother, the eagerneſs with which ſhe haſtened to diveſt her of every care, while the eyes of her enraptured parent followed her with an expreſſion of extacy, which I have ſeldom ſeen equalled, and never ſurpaſſed; all this was calculated to produce the higheſt degree of approbation, and ſhe neceſſarily received the homage of every eye. At our requeſt, ſhe played and ſung, and her execution gave general ſatisfaction; dancing conſtituted a part of our entertainment, and the movements of Lavinia were attuned by harmony. Every heart congratulated the mother of ſuch a daughter; and we became aſſured that Emly-Houſe was indeed the abode of felicity.

From this ſketch it will be imagined that the education of Lavinia had not been neglected; and indeed, the truth is, that her anxious and tenderly intereſted mother had ſpared, in the cultivation of her mind, neither pains nor expenſe; nor was there any deficiency, except in thoſe *cautionary guards* with which young people ſhould invariably be furniſhed, particularly when their ſenſibilities are manifeſtly glowing, and their brilliant imaginations are ſketching ſcenes, which, alas! the preſent lapſed ſtate of humanity will never give them to realize. To throw a reſtraint upon the confiding innocence, the fine feelings, and generous propenſities of the opening mind—*to plant the germ of ſuſpicion* in that ſoil which hath hitherto produced only a growth of the moſt ſweet ſcented flowers, is an act which ſeems to wear an invidious aſpect, and it is undoubtedly a painful effort; yet, ſuch is the imbecility of our nature, and ſuch, in many inſtances, its depravity, as to render it the duty of every preceptor, to endeavour as early as prudence will permit, or reaſon can digeſt the information, to give his pupils an accurate view of "*man as he is.*"

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It will not be doubted that the perſonal charms, fine accompliſhments, and *independent fortune* of Lavinia, produced many candidates for her favour. In fact, ſhe was ſurrounded by a little army of admirers; but although her heart refuſed to ſurrender to any of thoſe paſſionate declarations, which aſſailed her ear, (and ſhe invariably received every one who diſtinguiſhed her by his regard, with that ingenuous frankneſs, which, upon theſe occaſions, always marks the conduct of an amiable woman) they ſtill perſiſted in their ſolicitations, affirming that her avowed preference of an individual ſhould alone conſtitute a period to their purſuit. Among the acquaintance of Lavinia, figured conſpicuouſly an accompliſhed youth, for whom her gentle boſom had long ſighed. All her ſecret wiſhes were breathed for Alphonſo, but Alphonſo had never taken rank among the number of her declared admirers. This, however, was, by the enamoured Lavinia, imputed to an *exceſs of delicacy*; and often did ſhe whiſper a ſelection from a favourite ballad:—"*Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd, but never talk'd of love.*" Mean time, every day, and almoſt every hour, gave new energy to the aſſiduities of Alphonſo; and no opportunity paſſed unmarked by his diſtinguiſhing attentions. In thoſe rural walks, in which it was the cuſtom of Lavinia to accompany her juvenile companions, Alphonſo was ſtill by her ſide; for her the ripened berry was culled, the elegantly fancied bouquet was preſented with a modeſt and impreſſive air, and, to encircle her auburn treſſes, he enwreathed a garland of the choiceſt flowers.

He was careful to procure for her every new publication, and he would paſs whole days in reading to her thoſe volumes which he judged worthy her attention; *every impaſſioned ſentence* he would render ſtill more glowing, never forgetting, by *emphaſis* and *geſture*, to point to the *heart* of Lavinia each moving ſentiment. Often did he fix his eyes, *apparently beaming with love, on her glowing face; on theſe occaſions he would aſſume a tender air, ſigh deeply, place his ſpread hands upon his*

his heart, anon claſp them in a kind of enthuſiaſtic rapture; and rarely ever did he conclude this well acted farce without a tear, which he affected to conceal, and which the too credulous Lavinia never failed to impute to delicacy, ſtrength of affection, and unexampled reſpect. He was invariably her conductor to places of public reſort; and he ſeemed to regard every gentleman who offered himſelf by way of eſcort, as an invader of his prerogative.

Thus rolled on the halcyon months. Lavinia's attachment every hour augmented; all her ſenſibilities were in full force; her unbounded confidence was engaged, and her higheſt complacency enſured. Of duplicity ſhe had formed but a vague idea; ſhe had heard, it is true, of the exiſtence of a propenſity which ſhe eſteemed *monſtrous*, and it ranked in her mind, with the ſtories of giants and hobgoblins, which ſhe had received from her nurſe, in her days of childhood. To have imputed nefarious purpoſes to Alphonſo, ſhe would have regarded as a moſt cruel outrage againſt the brighteſt aſſemblage of virtues, which ever irradiated a human boſom; *and to reſtrain the expanſive flights of an ardent and luxuriant fancy, ſhe had never been taught.* She eſteemed—ſhe loved—and at the ſhrine of tender friendſhip, ſhe offered the moſt impaſſioned vows. The numerous friends of Alphonſo and Lavinia, gave them to each other; the world announced their marriage as an event which would ſpeedily take place; her profeſſed admirers, conceiving ſhe had made her election, decently withdrew their pretenſions, avowing a manly reſolution, to act, in future, "*a brother's part.*" Alphonſo continued to evince himſelf in every action, and in every arrangement, the moſt *impaſſioned of lovers;* and yet, ſtrange to tell, his tongue had never uttered a *ſingle ſentence*, which announced what *his eyes were continually proclaiming;* which amounted to the ſimple declaration—*I love you.* The mother of Lavinia beheld with approbation the growing attachment of her beloved child—ſhe regarded Alphonſo as a man every way worthy of her daughter; and ſhe anticipated a rich harveſt of domeſtic felicity,

when Lavinia, wedded, ſhould augment her joys, and probably give to her embraces a blooming offſpring, amid whoſe endearing careſſes ſhe ſhould breathe her laſt maternal ſigh.

At length, however, the wary matron could not forbear to queſtion—"It is ſtrange, my dear Lavinia, that Alphonſo is not *more explicit*—you have received his attention with all that indulgent complacency, which is proper to a modeſt and a decent girl; he cannot doubt your approbation; what then can ſuſpend his moſt unequivocal declarations? What delays his application to your mother?" Lavinia *bluſhed expreſſively*; but it was not, however, a *bluſh of conviction*. The doubt, implied in the obſervations of her mother, ſhe conceived derogatory to the *immaculate honour of the man, whom ſhe deemed incapable of error*; and ſhe had never before felt ſo much inclined to arraign the candour, and even the juſtice, of her, who, from the firſt dawn of reaſon, ſhe had regarded as a perfect model of every excellence. "Alphonſo," ſhe replied, "is the moſt "*delicate of men*—of his ardent love I have had *incon-* "*teſtible proofs*—a thouſand times has the moſt une- "quivocal declarations trembled upon his lips; but "that *uncommon reſpect* which inmingles with his re- "gards, his tender *awe of me*, hath hitherto reſtrained "the fervour of an avowal, which is *but delayed*. Ought "I to regard as reprehenſible a mode of conduct, "manifeſtly the reſult of his *conſideration for my feelings?* "Alphonſo, Madam, is not to be influenced by *common* "*principles*; he is affectionate, amiable, and diſinter- "eſted; his paſſion is *ſentimental*, preciſely of that de- "ſcription which I wiſh; and ſo eligible is my preſent "ſituation, indulged, as I am, with the preſence and "tender approbation of my dear mamma, and amply "gratified by the full enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures, "which I derive from contributing to the relief of the "neceſſitous, that, provided the aſſiduities and tender "friendſhip of Alphonſo is allowed me, I cannot form "a higher idea of earthly felicity."

Thus

Thus was the matron ſilenced; and ſhe the more readily acquieſced in the ſentiments of her daughter, as her upright mind could not conceive of turpitude ſo *enormous*, as that which muſt excite a being, *deliberately to perpetrate the murder of the peace of a fellow creature, without a ſingle apparent motive to ſtimulate to a deed of ſuch atrocity.* She alſo knew how to eſtimate the value of her daughter; ſhe was conſcious of her exquiſite beauty, and rare accompliſhments, and ſhe was ſenſible that her fortune was amply ſufficient to gratify the moſt ambitious views; an impartial deciſion would, ſhe confidently imagined, pronounce her in every reſpect the equal of Alphonſo, and ſhe therefore gave to the winds her maternal anxieties.

In this train matters continued many weeks longer: Alphonſo contrived to extend his treacherous entanglements to the utmoſt poſſible duration. Perceiving, however, that he had at length attenuated the thread to the very point of breaking, he thought proper ſuddenly to decamp; and having made up his mind, he announced to the family, quite in a careleſs manner, his intention of taking a journey, mentioning it as a thing of courſe, and, quaintly enough, expreſſing his wiſhes that he might ſoon meet again, friends, whom he ſhould *ever value.*

The mother of Lavinia now ſaw clearly the fate of her beloved child; but ſhe heſitated to make a diſcovery, an apprehenſion of the conſequence of which, filled her with immeaſureable dread! while Lavinia ſtill continued ingeniouſly reaſoning away appearances. Alphonſo was ſtill the beſt, and moſt undeſigning of men—ſhe confidently expected his ſpeedy return; nor did ſhe experience any other regret, than what his abſence occaſioned, until many ſucceeding poſts paſſed without bringing her a ſingle line; then, indeed, her utmoſt tenderneſs and candour was put to the teſt, to invent apologies, or to account for a conduct ſo ambiguous. Still, however, *the particular days in which the poſt returned, might have ſlipped his memory; his letters might have been written; his ſervant might have delayed*

to put them in the office; the courier might have been unfaithful. In ſhort, ſtruggling to detain the deluder hope, there was ſcarce an abſurdity which ſhe would not have admitted, rather than ſuppoſe that boſom, where ſhe had treaſured up her deareſt expectations of earthly bliſs, ſhould have relinquiſhed every good. Conviction, however, could not be delayed; it perforce obtained; and when ſhe learned that the beautiful Monimia had become the object of his purſuit, ſhe could no longer doubt.

She received the information with a ſteadineſs and compoſure, which was more terrifying to her mother, than the moſt violent exclamation of grief. She ſhed no tears, nor uttered a ſingle complaint; but, folding her ſnowy arms, with a look expreſſive of the deepeſt woe, and all the aggravated anguiſh of a broken ſpirit, ſhe meekly bent her head in token of reſignation; and while evidently aſſaying to arm herſelf with fortitude, overpowered by the magnitude of the ſtruggle, ſhe fainted in the arms of her agonized parent! On her return to life, ſhe gave evident tokens of a deranged intellect; and the diſorder of her mind hath hitherto baffled the power of art. For a time, her lucid intervals cheriſhed the hope of a perfect reſtoration; but her ſenſibility was extreme; and, *unaccuſtomed to yield the control of the paſſions to the regency of reaſon, is it wonderful that, upon an occaſion ſo cruelly calamitous, ſhe became unequal to the combat?*

Let the Monimia's of the female world beware, however meritorious they may be—they do not, they cannot ſurpaſs the amiable, the highly accompliſhed Lavinia; and an Alphonſo who could meditate the deſtruction of a happineſs ſo well founded, as was that of the now deſolate ſufferer, is abandoned enough to harbour the moſt atrocious purpoſes.

The glimmerings of reaſon which Lavinia diſcovered, during the firſt weeks that ſucceeded her misfortune, were tranſient, and more and more unfrequent; and the faint traces of recollection which ſhe evinced, produced the moſt heart affecting melancholy that

can

can be imagined. She is now a confirmed maniac; and ſo total is her derangement, that ſome months have elapſed ſince ſhe has manifeſted the ſmalleſt attention even to her mother. She frequently holds long ideal dialogues with Alphonſo, reſponding for him, and it is obſervable that ſhe utters the anſwers which ſhe ſhapes for him *preciſely in his tone of voice*. According to the caprice of the time being, ſhe alternately upbraids and ſoothes him; and ſhe is, by turns, grave and gay. Now with floods of tears ſhe weeps his exit, chanting at his ſuppoſed obſequies, the funeral dirge; and anon, in an extacy of joy, ſhe felicitates herſelf on his reſtoration to virtue and to her; not a ſentiment does ſhe utter in her ſtrongeſt paroxyſms, but is chaſtiſed by delicacy, but is deſcriptive of the purity and benevolence of her ſoul. The ſcattered gems glitter with tranſcendent luſtre upon the dark clouds in which ſhe is enveloped; and it is hardly poſſible to conceive a more calamitous ſituation, than to be marked down the hourly witneſs of her plaintive ſorrows. Yet this taſk is aſſigned to a fond, an aged, and a widowed mother. To other hands ſhe refuſeth to relinquiſh the care of her poor unfortunate! "No mercenary hireling" ſhe exclaims, "ſhall inflict upon my gentle child, unneceſſary ſufferings. It is enough, that the bloſſoms of her youth have been thus untimely blighted. It is the part of her mother to ſoothe, as far as circumſtances will admit, her woe ſtricken ſpirit; and no earthly conſideration ſhall induce me to yield my melancholy charge, or quit for a ſingle hour my faultleſs mourner!" Every night her bed is prepared in the apartment of her daughter; and ſhe takes no ſuſtenance but what ſhe receives in her preſence. Alas! alas! what a heart piercing contraſt is momently exhibited, to thoſe ſcenes which ſhe had contemplated as unveiling to her declining life, when, in the full enjoyment of her complacent hours, the children of her beloved daughter paſſed in viſion before her.

Lavinia, like another Maria, is ſuffered to wander over the grounds which make a part of her paternal inheritance. Her inſanity being of the melancholy and pathetic kind, ſhe is never boiſterous or unruly; her mother, and her woman, are continually the companions of her rambles; of theſe ſhe takes no other notice, than barely to petition, in the moſt ſupplicating tone of voice, for any article of which ſhe happens to fancy herſelf in want: She is particularly fond of ſtraying amid thoſe walks to which Alphonſo was attached; and every tree and ſhrub is addreſſed by her in the moſt pity moving ſtrains!

When death ſhall deprive Lavinia of her guardian parent, the augmentation of her calamity will be incalculable. Nor can this event be far diſtant—accelerated by the ſad cataſtrophe of her daughter's once luminous expectations, and by her hourly ſufferings, it muſt ſoon take place. She will ſink into the grave; a diſtant branch of her family will ſucceed to her inheritance, who, very probably, regarding the deranged Lavinia as an incumbrance to the acceſſion which awaits him, will, by *pretended neceſſary ſeverity*, haſten the demiſe, which it will be his intereſt to procure!!!

I viſited Emly-Houſe not long ſince—great God, how changed is the aſpect of every object which preſents! The ſervants, the apartments, the ſuperb furniture, every thing ſeemed to partake the general gloom! In a remote chamber I beheld the aged mother—her head white as ſnow—on her bended knees, with ſupplicating hands, and ſtreaming eyes, ſhe was conjuring her daughter to relinquiſh a purpoſe, which ſhe had recently declared, of putting an end to an exiſtence that (with greater manifeſtations of reaſon than ſhe had demonſtrated for a long period) ſhe affirmed was no longer to be endured. I joined, *with an aſſumed authority*, the entreaties of her mother, when, waving her hand, in a manner deſcriptive of inexpreſſible anguiſh, ſhe bowed her aſſent to our united remonſtrances. Never did I behold lovelineſs ſo proſtrated; ſhe is aſtoniſhingly emaciated—her pallid cheek

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is wan as death—the dimples which played around her enchanting mouth, are ſucceeded by the cavities of woe—no expreſſion of gladneſs beams from her ſky tinctured eye, a fixed melancholy is brooding there; the lines of her fine face are deeply ſunk—a premature old age ſeems rapidly advancing; *and her folded arms, (a poſture ſhe generally prefers)* while they indicate reſignation, proclaim her, alſo, in the ſame moment, irretrievably the child of unrelenting misfortune! ! ! !

Could Alphonſo now behold her—even Alphonſo would pity.

N°. XL.

Yes, if I may the anxious parent aid,
To ſteps maternal point the better way,
Aſſiſt to ſhield from harm the guileleſs maid,
And ſcatter o'er her paths the beamy ray;
Then, with re-kindling joy, I will retrace
Thoſe ſcenes on which ſo oft before I dwelt;
To retroſpection, once again, give place
To days when I have all the father felt.

IT appears that the declaration of Miſs Clifford's marriage, has anſwered only one part of the letter of my fair correſpondent, Miſs Monimia Caſtalio; and, as I make a point of paying the moſt minute attention to the epiſtles addreſſed to me in my official capacity, before I commence my reſponſes to the worthy Mrs. Aimwell, I will briefly reply to the remaining query contained in that addreſs.

Let me ſee—Miſs Monimia Caſtalio and Miſs Primroſe wiſh to know, what the ladies Hamilton and Seymour think of *naked elbows*; whether they have thrown aſide their *modeſty pieces*, and whether they dreſs their *waiſts as ſhort* as *Mrs. Modiſh* ſays they do? Now, that I may give to my anxious inquirers every poſſible gratification, I ſhall anſwer their queries both *generally* and *particularly*: And,

Firſt, *generally*. It is not true, that the ladies are in the habit of employing *Mrs. Modiſh*. It is notori-

ous,

ous, that this *ſometimes* excellent modeller, at *all times pertinaciouſly* inſiſts upon her own whims, however abſurd and fantaſtical they may chance to be, and that ſhe frequently precipitates her determined votaries into the moſt ridiculous vagaries. Margaretta and Serafina take a curſory view of her followers, and adopt only ſuch regulations as are proper and becoming; they are never fond of extremes; and hence the ſudden tranſitions of faſhion cannot produce them *outrée figures*. If a particular colour is ſaid to be the *rage*, and it does not happen to ſuit their complexions, they do not impoſe upon themſelves the neceſſity of wearing it; their ambition is, to diſplay their fine features and perſons to the beſt advantage, and this their predominant wiſh in dreſs is never proſtrated to any inferior conſideration; they have no violent deſire to be conſidered as the *ſtandards* of mode, or to be exalted to the *ſummit of taſte*; they have heard a favourite poet ſay, that

"Beauty, when unadorn'd, is then adorn'd the moſt;"

and, following the example of all other commentators, they contrive that the text ſhould ſquare exactly with *their own ideas previouſly conceived*; they produce it as an antidote to all extravagance in the materials or modification of their habiliments; diſcarding *pomp*, they adopt *elegance*, and generally appear as if attired by the Graces.

Secondly, *particularly*. I have never heard them give an opinion relative to *naked elbows*; but, ſince the requeſt of Miſs Monimia Caſtalio, I have accurately obſerved their ſleeves, or, to ſpeak more technically, the dreſs of their arms, and with the aſſiſtance of my good Mary, I may perhaps preſent an intelligible view of this ſection of their garments. It ſeems they have never worn long ſleeves, except when riding; and hence, it will rationally enough be concluded, they have no violent predilection for a long ſleeve; but I will whiſper in the ear of my fair readers, a truth to which they may not perhaps immediately recur—

they

they have uncommonly fine arms: Their ſleeve, then, deſcending one quarter of an inch, more or leſs, below that well turned curvature *y'clepped* an elbow, there receives its graceful ſlope, the extreme edge being ornamented with muſlin, ſlight gauze, blond, or Bruſſels, as may ſuit the quality of the gown, or the occaſion on which it is to be worn. They have not thrown aſide *their veils of modeſty*—God forbid they ever ſhould—but with regard to *modeſty pieces, ſo called*, in all their varieties, or thoſe parapets upon parapets, behind which breaſt-work the fair intrencher ſeems to challenge the attack—as a ſubſtitute for all theſe, their delicate muſlin, ſimply edged with a border, varied agreeably to the elegance of their fancy, is drawn round the neck, and faſtened with a knot of ribbon behind, over which the handkerchief receives a form ſomewhat conformable to the reigning taſte. For their waiſts, as they never appeared like *inverted cones, ſo their ſkirts have not yet obtained an additional half yard in length, for the purpoſe of uſurping that part of the body where the blond tucker formerly obtained a ſtation.* If the ladies make up a new dreſs, they ſo far condeſcend to the then faſhion, as not to render themſelves conſpicuous for their non-conformity; and I believe this piece of accommodation makes up the ſum total of their compliance with the faſhionable world.

Thus having adjuſted, as I conceive, this *important* particular, I turn with pleaſurable alacrity to the maternal epiſtle of the truly deſerving Mrs. Aimwell. Tremblingly alive to every thing which can affect her beautiful charge, does not Mrs. Aimwell too readily admit thoſe corroding apprehenſions which undermine her peace? She confeſſeth that nature hath been liberal, and that the mind of her daughter is exempt from thoſe adverſe inclinations which too often, even in the boſom of childhood, become fearfully productive. Ought ſhe not then to felicitate herſelf upon the happy diſpoſition of her Sophia? I pronounce that patience and perſeverance will perfect her wiſhes. Miſs Aimwell hath but recently attained her twelfth year. It is

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rather early to expect a love of uniformity, and a purſuit of regularity, *as a matter of choice.* The ſeaſon of youth is happily marked by vivacity; and the playful candidates for more ſubſtantial good are filled with intereſting wonder at every novel ſcene that comes under their obſervation. They love to walk, ſet, or ſtand, preciſely as an imagination which does not readily ſubmit to the ſober agency of reaſon, ſhall dictate. The young lady in queſtion at preſent, takes rank among this little eccentric claſs of beings; but under the judicious auſpices of Mrs. Aimwell, ſhe will eventually become that accompliſhed female, who will exhibit an exact tranſcript of the model already formed in the mind of her excellent mother.

Yes, indeed, I do conceive that the hand of ſkilful cultivation may implant an ardent thirſt for knowledge; or, in other words, a love of reading in that mind of which it was not the original growth; nay, further, I affirm, upon the authority of experience, that the uſeful and fertile exotic will take as deep root, flouriſh as luxuriantly, and produce as plentiful a harveſt, as in its native ſoil; and perhaps the conformation of this artificial taſte, is one of the *moſt eligible uſes which can be made of novel reading.* Curioſity in the minds of young people is generally if not always upon the wing; and I have regarded curioſity, combined with neceſſity, as the grand ſtamina of almoſt every improvement. Narrative, unencumbered with dry reflections, and adorned with all the flowers of fiction, poſſeſſes for the new plumed fancy a moſt faſcinating charm; attention is arreſted, every faculty of the ſoul is engaged, and the pages of the intereſting and entertaining noveliſt are almoſt devoured. Thus an attachment to reading is formed, and this primary object once obtained, in that paucity of thoſe kind of writings, *which the watchful parent will know how to create,* the entertaining biographer will become an acceptable ſubſtitute; the tranſition to hiſtory will be in courſe; geography conſtitutes an eſſential part of hiſtory; and the annals of the heavenly bodies will ultimately

timately be ſtudied with avidity. Pope's Homer may originate a taſte for poetry, even in the very ſoul of frigidity; and a peruſal of the beautifully diverſified and richly ornamented numbers of the Adventurer, induces a perigrination through every eſſay which has been written, from the days of their great primogenitures, Steele and Addiſon, down to the ſimple numbers of the humble Gleaner. In this view, novels may be conſidered as rendering an important ſervice to ſociety; and I queſtion whether there is not leſs riſk in placing volumes of this kind in the hands of girls of *ten or twelve years of age*, than during that intereſting period which revolves from *fifteen to twenty*. The mind is inſtructed with much more facility, at an early age, than afterwards; and I have thought that many a complete letter writer has been produced from the ſchool of the noveliſt; and hence, poſſibly, it is, that females have acquired ſo palpable a ſuperiority over us, in this elegant and uſeful art. Novels, I think, may very properly and advantageouſly conſtitute the *amuſement* of a girl from *eight to fourteen years of age, provided always that ſhe purſues her reading under the judicious direction of her guardian friend:* By the time ſhe hath completed her fourteenth year, (ſuppoſing the voice of well-judged and tender premonition has occaſionally ſounded in her ears) I am miſtaken if her underſtanding will not have made ſuch progreſs, as to give her to riſe from the table with proper ideas of the lightneſs of the repaſt; of the frivolity of thoſe ſcenes to which ſhe hath attended; of their inſufficiency, as ſources of that kind of information which is the offſpring of truth, and of their inability to beſtow *real knowledge*, or thoſe ſubſtantial qualities that nerve the mind, and endow it with the fortitude ſo neceſſary in the career of life.

Under the requiſite guidance, ſhe will learn properly to appreciate the heroes and heroines of the noveliſt; repetition will create ſatiety, and ſhe will have riſen from the banquet before the conſequences of her intoxication can materially injure her future life. She will have

have drank largely, it is true, but revolving hours will give her to recover from her inebriety, and happily those hours will intervene ere yet she is called to act the part assigned her; and she will have extracted every advantage within the reach of possibility, from this line of reading, while the pernicious effects attributed thereto, can in no respect essentially hurt her.

When a torrent of novels bursts suddenly on a girl, who, bidding adieu to childhood, hath already entered a career, to her of such vast importance, the evils of which they may be productive are indeed incalculable! aided by a glowing imagination, she will take a deep interest in the fascinating enthusiasm they inspire; each gilded illusion will pass for a splendid reality; *she will sigh to become the heroine of the drama; and, selecting her hero, it is possible she may be precipitated into irremediable evil, before she may have learned to make a just estimation of the glittering trifles, by which she is thus captivated.* I say, therefore, I would confine novels to girls from eight to fourteen years of age; and I would then lay them by, for the amusement of those vacant hours, which, in advanced years, are frequently marked by a kind of *ennui*, the result, probably, of a separation from those companions, with whom we have filled the more busy scenes of life.

I grant that novels, under proper direction, might be made much more extensively subservient to the well being of society, than, *with a very few exceptions*, they have ever yet been. Was not *love, unconquerable, unchanging, and omnipotent, their everlasting theme*, they might abound with precepts and examples conducive to the best of purposes. This remark leads to the consideration of the question proposed by my anxious correspondent. *In my toleration of novels, have I not exercised a discriminating power?* Most assuredly I have. There is a class of novels, and of plays, which it appears to me should be burnt by the hands of the common executioner; and were it not that the *good natured world* generally takes part with the sufferer, I could with

wiſh to ſee ſtrong marks of public odium affixed upon the authors of thoſe libidinous productions.

But it is as painful to dwell upon ſubjects of reprehenſion as it is pleaſurable to hold the pen of panegyric—let me haſten, therefore, to a ſelection which I have conceived indiſputably worthy of preference; and, in the firſt grade of thoſe writings, that take rank under the general deſcription of novels, and that are entitled to the higheſt notes of eulogy, I have been accuſtomed to place the hiſtory of Clariſſa Harlowe.

In my decided approbation of this admired production, I have the ſatisfaction to reflect that I am not ſingular. My paternal grand-father, who was one of the moſt reſpectable characters of the era in which he lived, indulged, perhaps to exceſs, an invincible averſion to novels. Yet, the Holy Bible and Clariſſa Harlowe, were the books in which he accuſtomed his daughters to read alternately, during thoſe hours in which he attended to them himſelf. The Rev. James Hervey, Rector of Weſton Favell, in Northamptonſhire in England, celebrated as well for an exemplary life and purity of manners, as for the elegance and piety of his literary compoſitions, in a treatiſe written upon the education of daughters, recommends Clariſſa, as a ſuitable preſent to thoſe young ladies, who are to be trained in the paths of virtue and propriety; and a *late writer*, has aſſerted, that Clariſſa Harlowe is the *firſt human production now extant.* He heſitates not to place it, for *literary excellence, above the Iliad of Homer, or any other work, ancient or modern, the ſacred oracles excepted.*

But without taking it upon me to defend this opinion, I will only ſay, that it appears to me admirably well calculated as a uſeful companion for a female, from the firſt dawn of her reaſon, to the cloſing ſcene of life. It has been ſaid that many a Lovelace has availed himſelf of plots, fabricated and developed in thoſe volumes, which would never elſe have entered his imagination—be it ſo, I only contend for the placing them in female hands; and I affirm that they con-

tain the beſt code of regulations, the beſt directions in every ſituation which they exemplify—in one word, the beſt model for the ſex, that I have ever yet ſeen pourtrayed. The character of Clariſſa, it has been aſſerted, is too highly wrought: but I aſk, what perfection did ſhe poſſeſs that we ſhould be willing to diſpenſe with, in the female, who we ſhould delineate as an accompliſhed woman? Was I to advance an objection againſt a work of ſuch acknowledged merit, I would ſay that it is the character of Lovelace, and more particularly of the Sinclairs, the Martins, the Hortons, and the Harlowes, of thoſe pages, which are *too highly wrought*. It is ſurely much more eaſy to conceive of an amiable woman, acting preciſely as did Clariſſa, than of that degree of turpitude and inexorable ſeverity, which muſt have preceded the perpetration of actions ſo black, and the manifeſtation of rigour ſo ill founded and unrelenting.

It has been generally imagined that Clariſſa's only deviation from ſtrict propriety, conſiſted in her flight from the protection of her father; but a moment's reflection will evince the error of this concluſion—*that cannot be a fault to which I am compelled.* Clariſſa met her betrayer with a deſign to remonſtrate, and to conciliate, but with a *determined reſolution not to abandon the paternal manſion;* it appears that ſhe was precipitated upon that fatal ſtep, and, environed by the deep laid machination of the deceiver, her eſcape would have been miraculous, yet ſhe continued to ſtruggle, and even at the moment ſhe was hurried away, the beauteous ſufferer ſtill vehemently proteſted againſt accompanying the wretch, who was armed for her deſtruction. Clariſſa's *error* (*if indeed, all circumſtances conſidered, ſhe was ever in any ſort reprehenſible*) muſt be traced further back; it conſiſted in her *correſpondence after the parental prohibition, and in her conſenting to meet the treacherous villain.* Yet, when we take a view of the *motives* which ſtimulated her to thoſe deciſive meaſures, we can ſcarcely deem her cenſurable; and

ſhe extorts from every boſom that kind of applauſe, which we ſpontaneouſly yield to perſecuted merit.

Love, in the boſom of Clariſſa, was always ſubſervient to virtue. It would never have taken the lead of duty; and, had ſhe been left to the free exerciſe of her fine faculties, had ſhe been permitted to call into action thoſe rare abilities of which ſhe was miſtreſs, ſhe would have *completely extricated herſelf from every embarraſſment*. Love, in the boſom of Clariſſa, was the *nobleſt of principles*; it was uniformly ſolicitous for the *genuine felicity, eſtabliſhment and elevation of its object*; but it would never have permitted her to have allied herſelf to a man, who could *barbarouſly triumph in the deſtruction of that ſweet peace of mind, which is the boſom friend of the innocent and of the good; who could inhumanly meditate the ruin of thoſe confiding females who were entitled to his pity and his protection*. Liberated from the reſentment of her hard hearted relations, and moving in that enlarged and elevated ſphere, to which her matchleſs intellect and uncommon information entitled her, ſhe would doubtleſs have inveſtigated. The libertine would inevitably have ſtood confeſſed, and would as aſſuredly have been diſcarded from her favour. In one word, love, in the boſom of Clariſſa, was what I wiſh, from my ſoul, it may become in the boſom of every female.

The deportment of Clariſſa, after Lovelace had ſo artfully betrayed her into a ſtep which her judgment invariably condemned, has been the ſubject of much cavilling; ſhe is accuſed of undue haughtineſs; but ſurely ſuch cenſurers have not well weighed either her character and ſituation, or that ambiguous mode of conduct, which the deſpoiler ſo early aſſumed. How often did he *hold her ſoul in ſuſpenſe*, and how neceſſary was it for his nefarious purpoſes thus to do.

But I am not now writing a criticiſm upon Clariſſa; the foregoing hints will inform Mrs. Aimwell what claſs of novels I particularly approbate; and I proceed, agreeably to her requeſt, to ſelect a few of thoſe letters, which made a part of the correſpondence between

tween Mary, and Margaretta, during an early part of Miſs Melworth's life.

To MARGARETTA.

NO courier ever produced a letter with an air of greater importance than did our boy Plato, when, ten moments ſince, he handed me yours. Indeed he ſeems much elated with his new office; and I freely own to you, my dear girl, that I am fond of giving pleaſure even to Plato. When pleaſure reſults from duty, as in the preſent inſtance, it can hardly be enjoyed too luxuriantly. Thoſe beings who are frequently ſubjected to the caprice of the petty tyrants whom they ſerve, derive their exiſtence from the ſame ſource with their maſters and miſtreſſes; their deſtination is alſo ſimilar to ours; and, conſidering the natural love of liberty which predominates more or leſs in every human boſom, and the pangs which muſt conſequently reſult from ſervitude, it is a duty incumbent upon us to render that ſtate of ſubordination in which ſervants are providentially placed, as eaſy as poſſible. Reflection will ſuggeſt the policy of this conduct, conſidered in every view; and as the face of things is continually changing, and it is difficult to ſay what events time may produce—our fate may, in future, remain with him, who is to day under our direction: At any rate, if we would inſure to ourſelves a fund of pleaſing reflections, we muſt treaſure up thoſe proper and becoming actions, which will alone ſtand the teſt of accurate inveſtigation.

I thank you, my love, for your letter: It is a charming ſpecimen of what I am to expect in future; and as you have ſo well profited by my premonitory addreſs, I calculate upon your continued docility, and anticipate from this correſpondence the moſt deſirable conſequences.

You are captivated by the Count de Poland, by his generoſity to his niece, by Olivia, and by the ſprightly Lady Morpeth; and this is preciſely what I expected from my Margaretta. The young mind embraces with extacy

extacy the moſt prominent excellence, and, with endearing ardour, delighteth to expatiate thereon; *but I too* am an admirer of the *conſiſtent* goodneſs of the Count de Poland; his *fraternal virtues* diffuſe over my boſom the moſt exquiſite ſenſations of which it is ſuſceptible; I mark, with penſive ſympathy, his agitation at the view and ſubſequent recollection of the faithful Ananette, with the *poor bent ſix-pence in her cloſed hand;* and, if there is a melancholy luxury in tears, my penetrated ſpirit partakes thereof, as I follow him to the chamber of death, as I behold his emotions at the emaciated appearance of his angel ſiſter, and as he bedews the hand of the expiring ſaint with thoſe teſtimonials of attachment which, doubtleſs, were moſt conſolatory to her fleeting ſpirit!

His renewed and aggravated ſorrow at the ſight of the work-bag, the gift of bliſsful days—his emotions as the laſt offices were performing—the night paſſed in the chamber of the beatified Maria—the extreme anguiſh of his ſoul, as he peruſed the woe-fraught recital, addreſſed to his *ſtill confided in affection*, by the pen of his injured, his matchleſs ſiſter—all this is beautifully pathetic; and, when he folds to his throbbing boſom, the ſmiling legacy of departed excellence—when he commences the parent of the intereſting little orphan—when he vows, upon the clay-cold hand of her deceaſed mother, to fulfil every wiſh which her maternal heart (while yet it beat in its mortal tenement) had expreſſed—when he recognizes this his ſolemn vow, as regiſtered in the awful preſence of the Almighty, and calls upon his juſtice to deal with him according to the exactneſs with which he ſhall perform it!—when I trace him in the execution of the duties he had ſo naturally aſſumed—when I view him by the bed's ſide of the lovely ſlumberer, and mark with what fond complacency he contemplates the features of ſleeping innocence—when I ſee him bending one knee on the floor, his face cloſe to the heart-affecting cherub, and preſſing her forehead with the careſſes of manly affection—in every of theſe ſcenes, the correſponding

feelings of my ſympathetic boſom are beyond expreſſion. The deſcription of the waking infant is highly finiſhed: I behold, in idea, the long dark eye-laſhes, ſuddenly contraſted by thoſe mildly beaming ſplendors, which produced upon the paternal Count ſuch enchanting effects. In ſhort, the whole of that animated page is truly charming; and I will confeſs to you, my dear, that it is with paſſages of this complexion, I am moſt pleaſed in the Count de Poland.

Ah! my Margaretta, I once had a brother!—queſtion me not relative to this brother. His fraternal boſom is now as inſenſate as the clod by which it is covered; his mind was the ſeat of every virtue. Had he lived—but I forbear——Let me not preſs upon the ſweet bud of your opening youth, with thoſe deeply ſurcharged ſorrows, which a retroſpect would occaſion—let me drop over them the impenetrable veil of ſilence!!!

With the maternal character of Mrs. Oſmond, and with the diſcretion of Lady Edgerton, I am much pleaſed: But it is not the fault of noveliſts, to be niggard of the virtues or the graces to thoſe characters which they produce as objects of admiration. Holding the pen of diſtribution, it is eaſy for them to command an aſſemblage of every excellence; and theſe ſplendid habiliments, *never impaired by uſe*, will ſuit as well the hero or heroine of the preſent era, as thoſe who figured centuries ago. *The pecuniary fund of the noveliſt is alſo inexhauſtible*, and the liberality of thoſe endowments, drawn therefrom, is only bounded by that ſenſe of probability, which happens to exiſt in the mind of the munificent conferer of thoſe aërial beſtowments. To ſay truth, my love, that particular, which ſeems leaſt to have commanded your attention, in the Count de Poland, is preciſely *that which, in my opinion, conſtitutes its principal value;* it is a trait rarely met with in works of this kind; but it is, nevertheleſs, ſuſceptible of high improvement; and was it often dwelt on, exemplified, and richly coloured, it would probably produce, upon the mind of the youthful reader, the

moſt

moſt beneficial effect. Are you at a loſs to comprehend me? I will be more explicit. *I mean the complete triumph, which Lord Harenbrook and Lady Morpeth obtained over an inconſiderate attachment, that ſeemed violently to have tempeſted the mind of the enamoured ſwain, and to have made no inconſiderable impreſſion upon the heart of the faſhionable nymph.* Her recovery from thoſe paths of diſſipation, into which ſhe had been betrayed by a pernicious plan of education, is truly acceptable to the intereſted reader; and the *grateful attachment*, which, it is apparent, ſhe ultimately conceives for Lord Morpeth, is a completion of her character.

Indeed, nothing can be imagined more abſurd, than the endowing a haſty predilection, formed in *childhood*, or at beſt, in the days of *inexperienced youth*, with *invincibility!* I do not ſay that ſuch attachments are always improper: If they are approved of, after accurate inveſtigation, and crowned by the ſanction of guardian friends, their permanency is deſirable, and we ought ſtudiouſly to cultivate every ſentiment which can contribute to their eſtabliſhment. But the *election* of the *uninformed* mind is ſeldom *judicious*, and the *immortality* which we confer thereon, exiſts no where but in an over-heated imagination. *A happy marriage* is nothing elſe but the *higheſt ſtate of friendſhip*, of which the ſons and daughters of mortality are capable; and, in the choice of a companion for life, *perfect eſteem* ſhould point the election. If you diſcover either of the young ladies, to whom your gentle boſom is already ſo tenderly attached, to be unworthy of your regard, although ſhe may ſtill be followed by your anxious wiſhes for her reſtoration to virtue, yet you will no longer confer on her your *confidence*; and, was the ſame *reſolution* in exerciſe, a diſcovery of the want of merit in the object, *until then beloved*, would as eaſily *obliterate* the attachment exiſting between the ſexes, and we ſhould ſhrink from the idea of embarking on the important voyage of life, without the rich cargo of eſteem.

May

May Heaven guard from every evil, my lovely child—this is the continued prayer of your affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLI.

The glowing ardour of the youthful mind,
By no admeaſurement of years confin'd,
Dwells all extatic on the notes of praiſe;
In fervid hues each common act pourtrays:
And when, by gratitude and love impreſs'd,
The boſom's avenues are thus poſſeſs'd,
Bending obedient to the forming hand,
As Reaſon points, the faculties expand.

TO arreſt the warm affections of the youthful voyager, very little addreſs is requiſite. Eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions, the opening mind generally eſtimates perſons and things, with the benefits which accrue therefrom, agreeably to its own vivid imagination; and its calculations, accumulated by a productive fancy, highly o'ertop the judgment of reaſon. Gratitude, if not ſpontaneous, is implanted in the glowing boſom, almoſt without an effort; and *affection, ſtamped by gratitude*, is a ſubſtantial baſis for the ſuperſtructure of education. To convince young people of our entire attachment, and that all our views, and every arrangement relative to them, are directed to their preſent and future advancement, is *indiſputably* of the greateſt importance. Children will receive leſſons with confidence and advantage, from the lips of thoſe whoſe tender attachment they do not conſider as problematical; and reciprocity of regards, between the teacher and the taught, is abſolutely indiſpenſable.

Happily, in the mind of Margaretta, an indelible conviction of our unalterable and diſintereſted attachment was early produced; and a reciprocation of regards, a decided preference, and even veneration, for our characters, with that calm repoſing confidence,

which

which naturally reſults from affection ſo entire, and eſteem which ſhe conceived ſo well grounded, originated in her gentle boſom the warmeſt ſenſations, and ultimately procured the very beſt effect. Many of her letters are too expreſſive of the impaſſioned feelings of a fervid and enthuſiaſtically grateful heart, to meet the public eye; and, as Mrs. Aimwell requires only a ſpecimen, I am at liberty to ſuppreſs them; ſelecting others, as they may happen to occur, without attending to the order in which they were written. The following are, however, in courſe.

To my honoured MOTHER.

DEAR MAMMA,

I DO not know that there is ſo happy a being in this world, as your little Margaretta. Your letters, beſt of friends, are more pleaſing to me than I can find words to expreſs. Alas! alas! who would have thought it?—When my aunt Arbuthnot uſed to weep over me, apprehending that ſhe ſhould leave her poor child quite friendleſs, ſhe would ſigh as if her heart would burſt; and I, for my part, had no wiſh, but to go to ſleep on the dear boſom of her, whom I ſuppoſed to be my mother, and never, never more to wake in a world, where I thought there was no one to cheriſh and to love the poor little creature, who was ſo ſoon to be deprived of her only friend! Were any one now to ſee the rich joyful Margaretta, as happy as the days are long, would it be poſſible to conceive her the ſame little deſtitute child, who ſhed ſo many tears in Mrs. Thrifty's houſe in Charleſton? Dear me!—the *big waves ſwallowed up my father!—my mother broke her poor heart!—and my aunt too, very ſoon followed to that better world, whence ſhe can no more return, and every body ſaid, there was no one remained to take care of me!*—But God has ſent two bleſſed angels to take charge of me; and for this I will proſtrate myſelf before him every morning and evening, and love and honour him all my days.

Well

Well now, I think, if I ſhould be a third time orphanaged, I ſhould never again hold up my head: You know, mamma, *you have taught me* to make *obſervations* and *compariſons*; and ſo, ſtanding in the bow window the other day, I could not help weeping at the fate of the plant, which we have ſo long cheriſhed and watched with ſo much care. It was the laſt ſtormy day—and, although it had ſtood upright during the burning heat of ſummer, and the heavy rains of autumn, yet, the torrent that burſt upon it from the firſt wintry ſtorm, ſtripped it of all its leaves, and levelled it with the earth, from which it has never ſince lifted its head. Juſt ſo, thought I, it would fare with thee, Margaretta; thou haſt ſurvived the loſs of thy parents, and of thy ſecond mother; but, if envious death ſhould deprive thee of thy preſent guardian friends, thou muſt never think to look abroad again; thou muſt lie down with the proſtrate plant, and all thy fine expectations will be trodden to the ground! Dear me! my tears fell like big drops of rain. You remember, my mamma, that you had the goodneſs to wipe them away with your own handkerchief, that you kiſſed my cheek, and wiſhed to know the cauſe of my ſorrow. I could not then ſpeak—but I determined to write you about it—they were partly tears of joy, and partly of ſorrow—of joy, for the preſent; and of ſorrow, for what may happen; but your indulgent ſmiles ſoon left nothing in my little heart but joy and gladneſs. Certainly, as Mrs. Trueworth ſays, if I am not the beſt, I ſhall be the worſt young body in all this world; and if I ſhould ever be ungrateful to you or my papa, I ſhall deſerve the diſpleaſure of every good perſon.

Lady Morpeth's diſreſpect for her excellent parents ſurpriſed me very much; and although I was pleaſed with her fine qualities, yet, on account of this circumſtance, it was ſome time before I could be reconciled to her character—But what a ſhocking woman was Lady Ann Foſteſs! *Are there ſuch ladies in England as Lady Ann Foſteſs?* fie upon them, if there are! I am ſure they are not worthy to be called ladies;

and

and if they are, in reality, to be found in Old England, how happy am I that I have eſcaped to this new world, where *ſincerity and kindneſs are created king and queen, and where all their ſubjects obey their laws.* I wiſh, mamma, you had written me your ſentiments of Lady Ann—I am ſure you muſt deteſt her.

I truſt I ſhall never have a friend whom you do not approve; and you ſpeak the very heart and ſoul of your Margaretta, when you ſay, that if any of my aſſociates were to addict themſelves to thoſe habits, which you and my dear papa have pointed out to me as reprehenſible, I ſhould immediately become deſirous of ſeparating myſelf from them, however dear they might have been to me; and I do believe it is impoſſible I ſhould continue to love thoſe, whom you aſſure me are unworthy of my attention.

Miſs Hayden has been diverting herſelf this hour paſt, with what ſhe calls our *funny* correſpondence; ſhe ruſhed into my chamber, (you know ſhe viſits when and where ſhe pleaſes, without ever thinking it neceſſary to aſk her mamma's permiſſion) having found her way up the back ſtairs, juſt as I was preparing to write. She had not ſtopped to put on either hat or ſcarf, and her appearance was ſo wild, that it abſolutely frightened me! She ſays ſhe believes it is the firſt time that ever people wrote to each other under the ſame roof, when they could talk together every hour if they pleaſed; and ſhe would not be ſo ſilly, *even though her mamma ſhould require it!* After this ſhe wiſhed to *ſee your letter*, but I refuſed to gratify her. I know ſhe does not *ſpell properly*, and ſhe reads very badly, with the very *tone of voice which you, mamma, diſlike;* and ſhe pays not the leaſt regard even to a full ſtop! It is true, that ſhe cares for nothing but running about from place to place. She was a *whole month* in making a ſhirt for her father, and it was *ill made* after all. They ſay ſhe lays in bed *until nine o'clock!*—and I know that when any one tells her of her faults, ſhe only laughs at them for their pains; and ſhe ſays ſhe is determined to enjoy herſelf in her own way! Indeed,

mamma,

mamma, I was not ſorry when ſhe took her leave, and neither Miſs Clifford nor myſelf would drop one tear, if ſhe ſhould never pay us another viſit. She thinks herſelf handſome; but *one of her eyes is plainly a darker blue than the other*, and I am ſure, therefore, ſhe cannot be beautiful. I am glad, however, I did not ſhow her my mamma's letter—the teſtimonies of the affection of ſo beloved a mother, are too valuable to be expoſed to *ſuch eyes*, by her ever grateful, ever duteous

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

To MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

THE *neceſſity* of uttering to my Margaretta the language of cenſure, of penning the line of reprehenſion, will ever inflict upon my own boſom, pangs correſpondent with, if not ſuperior to, thoſe which ſhe may, upon thoſe occaſions, experience. Contrary to my wonted cuſtom, I deny myſelf the indulgence of reſponding to your laſt epiſtle in courſe. Your account of Miſs Hayden is ſo *foreign from your uſual ſtyle*, ſo unlike every trait I have hitherto obſerved in a mind, of which I had *conceived I had obtained an intimate knowledge*, and, altogether, ſo extraordinary, as to demand my firſt and undivided attention. Solicitous to preſerve the tranquillity of your boſom, and to eradicate the very ſeeds of detraction, I am, by conſequence, upon this ſubject, ſolemnly ſerious.

"Miſs Hayden ruſhed into your chamber without hat or ſcarf." Well, my dear, ſhe is quite in our vicinity, and this was nothing more than a neighbourly mark of ſociability; and if her mamma chooſes to tolerate her excurſions *when* and *where* her inclination leads her, without ſo far intereſting herſelf, as to take the direction of her movements, I do not ſee that *we* are called upon to take upon us the invidious character of her cenſors. Her education is not committed to our charge, nor have *I*, *much leſs you*, any right, either to arraign or condemn.

I would

I would have my girl regard the faults that may paſs under her obſervation, as *cautionary occurrences*, that may direct her to avoid the rocks on which too many have ſplit; but ſhe muſt not be *eager to detect, nor haſty to expoſe*. If, from whatever motive, there has not been that plan in the education of Miſs Hayden, without which, *ſcarce any thing valuable can be achieved*, is ſhe not therefore inveſted with a claim to your kind commiſeration? If the health and leiſure of her mamma, had permitted her to beſtow that attention, which is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the cultivation of the mind and manners, the probability is, that her orthography would have been as unexceptionable, her reading as elegant, and that ſhe might have uſed her needle as expeditiouſly, as girls, who have been thus ſyſtematically taught, generally do. Early accuſtomed properly to appreciate time, ſhe would not then have ſlumbered away her hours in bed, but each returning morning, as it gilded the eaſtern ſky, would have witneſſed the glad oriſons of the lovely maiden, would have marked in its progreſs thoſe habits of induſtry ſo proper, and ſo becoming, eſpecially to the ſeaſon of youth. I am not pleaſed with your refuſing to ſhow Miſs Hayden my letter. It would have been better if, with your uſual ſweetneſs, you had put it into her hand, if you had replied, to the ridicule ſhe endeavoured to throw on our correſpondence, in words to this effect: "Why, Miſs Hayden, my mamma ap-"proves of this arrangement, and ſhe is undoubtedly a "better judge of the utility of the plan than I am; it "is her wiſh to render letter writing familiar to me; "and ſhe thinks the books which ſhe recommends to "my peruſal with thoſe adventitious events that may "be worth treaſuring up, will be more deeply inſixed "in my memory, if I dwell upon them long enough "to commit my remarks thereon to paper, than if I "paſſed them by in a curſory manner: beſides, ſhe is "thus preſented with an opportunity of forming my "taſte, and correcting my judgment, which might "not otherwiſe have been afforded her. With regard

"to our dwelling under the ſame roof, I have heard "my mamma obſerve, that we are as really ſeparated "by the walls of our reſpective apartments, as if we "were placed in different kingdoms. It is often as "difficult to recollect the features of a friend who is "in the next room, as if he was removed to the em-"pire of China. Spirit is not, in this particular, ei-"ther embarraſſed by diſtance, or aſſiſted by vicinity. "On the wings of imagination, I can tranſport myſelf "to the manſion of any family I have viſited in "Philadelphia, with as much celerity, as I can be "*thus borne* to the parlour, where I every day meet "my aſſembled friends; nay, if ſpirit, when acting in-"dependent of material organs, is in no ſort govern-"ed by their admeaſurement, I can as eaſily peep in-"to the city of London, *with my bodily eyes*, as into "the next room, *provided I made no advances to the* "*neighbouring apartment*; and, ſeated at my writing "deſk, without an obſerver, I do as certainly addreſs "an *abſent parent*, as if ſhe had been unfortunately "called to croſs the vaſt atlantic.

After you had delivered yourſelf to the above effect, if Miſs Hayden had continued her ludicrous comments, it would have been eaſy to have changed the ſubject; and, conſcious of your own ſuperiority, you muſt have experienced in ſuch a procedure, a perfect calm. But, on the contrary, you have made yourſelf the aggreſſor—your indignation is rouſed by the prattle of a girl whom you *affect to deſpiſe*—you unkindly refuſe a requeſt that you could have granted without the ſmalleſt inconvenience to yourſelf—you enumerate circumſtances, with the odium of which, ſhe is not juſtly chargeable—you produce them againſt her, and, with a degree of rancour of which I had not ſuppoſed you capable, by pointing out an *almoſt imperceptible blemiſh*—you endeavour to detract from thoſe perſonal charms, which Miſs Hayden is generally acknowledged to poſſeſs!!

Natural defects, ſuppoſe them to be irremediable, ſhould never be preſſed into the catalogue of faults, ſince I

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am not to be reſponſible for that which in no ſort depended upon me; they may properly excite our *ſilent commiſeration*, or, if occaſion calls it forth, our *expreſſed ſympathy*; but a perſon remarking upon them in any other way, incurs the guilt of *malevolence*, *injuſtice*, and *impiety*. Of *malevolence*, becauſe it is a manifeſt indication that we are ill diſpoſed towards a fellow creature. Of *injuſtice*, becauſe, as I have juſt hinted, we thereby condemn, or make an individual ſuffer, for a circumſtance not to be avoided, and which the volition of the being, whoſe misfortune we thus aggravate, was no how acceſſary in procuring. Of *impiety*, becauſe we thus irreverently ſubject to ridicule, and tacitly arraign, the wiſdom of that Supreme Being who preſents his productions preciſely in the order and manner which, to his unerring judgment, ſeemeth beſt. There can be but *one good reaſon*, for holding up to the view of the world at large, or the individual in particular, a deformity either in the intellectual or animal conformation. It is ſuperfluous to add that this is *reformation*, and where this is not the object, thoſe who remark thereon are both *officious* and *ill-natured*. The truth is, the perſon of Miſs Hayden is uncommonly beautiful, her underſtanding is naturally good, and had her education been proper, ſhe would undoubtedly have been acknowledged a very lovely young perſon. The variation in her fine eyes, ſcarcely amounts to a *mote*; it can hardly be deemed an imperfection.

The voice of praiſe from the lips of my Margaretta will always ſound ſweetly in my ear. Not that I would wiſh you an indiſcriminate panegyriſt—by no means, but let *your ſilence* give evidence of your powers of diſcrimination. Applaud with all the energy of language, when incenſe ſo rich becomes *righteouſly due*. But forbear to *publiſh* (unleſs to anſwer ſome valuable purpoſe, that can be no otherwiſe accompliſhed) *the errors which you may remark*. Believe me, my love, the injurious conſequences of detraction are incalculable; when once the comment of ſeverity has

eſcaped

escaped your lips, it is beyond your control, and while it may inflict the deepest wounds, a remedy remaineth not in your gift; you can only lament the melancholy effects of your indiscretion. Often, also, have I known the tale of slander to implant in the bosom of the propagator its deadly talons, and the unwary detractor hath himself become the ultimate sacrifice.

But to dwell on the evils of detraction, would require powers more energetic than words can command. Detraction is the first-born of envy, the fiend of society, and the fell despoiler of honest fame. *Beware* then, my child, of its blighting influence; let your friend Miss Clifford also *beware, for there is not a calamity written in the book of adversity, of which it may not be productive.* I am fearful you have treated Miss Hayden unkindly. I recollect when she quitted your chamber that she passed the parlour window in tears; and your avowed complacency in her departure, and subsequent declaration, with that of your friend, relative to her future visits, abundantly justify my suspicion. Miss Hayden is a mild tempered girl, and her easy good humour, when told of her faults, evinceth the serenity of her disposition. *To point out faults,* is an office that ought to be sacred to that *experience which is the growth of a length of years, or to that tried friendship that hath stood the test of various situations. Margaretta Melworth is yet too young to take upon her this important task:* If you can influence your companions by the *propriety* and *beauty* of your *example*, it is well; *admonition* and *censure, must be referred to a riper age.* If you have, indeed, deported yourself with undue reserve, superciliousness, or mortifying neglect, you have but one way of restoring yourself to my good opinion. Seek Miss Hayden—and in your own amiable manner cancel a fault, which I am willing to consider as proceeding from a want of reflection—cancel this *essential deviation from the consistency of your character*, by condescending to *solicit* a reconciliation. Remember, my love, *acknowledgment of error*, always adds additional lustre

to

to the fine qualities of a perſon, *capable of conducting ſo properly*; and remember, alſo, that Miſs Hayden is two years your ſenior. *Put yourſelf in her ſituation—tell me how you would wiſh ſhe ſhould conduct towards you, and let your anſwer decide your movements.*

Do not, my daughter, ſuffer the freedom of my remarks upon this occaſion, to envelop your future ſentiments and actions in a veil of myſtery or *concealment*; ſeek not to reſtrain the frankneſs of your diſpoſition; but let your lovely boſom be ſtill open to my inſpection. If I am *ſtrict to mark; if I carefully ſearch out the deforming weed, it is becauſe I would utterly exterminate from ſo fair a ſoil, every thing which can offend.* Your virtues, I predict, will be permanent; your faults, I pleaſingly believe, will be trivial; and from the eyes of a cenſorious world, I ſhall ſtill be ſolicitous to conceal the errors of my child. Anxious for the conſiſtency of her character, I ſhall, as often as I ſee occaſion, freely correct; and while I point out thoſe miſtakes, upon *which perſons leſs intereſted will be ſilent, or, perhaps, aſſail her ear with the ſtrains of adulation, I ſhall thereby beſt evince my maternal regards.*

I am, my dear, enchanted by your letter; and although I have haſted to eraſe from ſo fair a page the extraneous blot, I have not been the leſs captivated by its beauties. Your figure of the fallen plant is charming—it robbed me of ſome delicious tears—May my favourite flower be never more ſurcharged by woe—may the ready prop be ſtill preſented—may the bloſſoms of her youth be ſheltered from every evil—may her life be a life of uſefulneſs—and may the ſweet complacency, attendant upon deeds of worth, be the companion of her declining years.

Looking over your letter, I find I have yet to reſpond to the article relative to Lady Ann Foſteſs. You wiſh I had written my ſentiments reſpecting this character: Why, my love, it requires no developement; *atrocious, in a high degree*, its glaring enormities muſt ſtrike the moſt ſuperficial eye; and, as it is unpleaſant to dwell upon inſtances of ſuch depravity, I

pontaneouſly turn with diſguſt from the view. But, poſſibly, I have miſtaken the purport of your queſtion; and you may only be deſirous to know if I imagine there exiſts a being in *real life, who might have ſat for the picture of a Lady Ann Foſteſs*. Alas! my dear, I regret that my veracity impels an anſwer in the affirmative. Yes, indeed, your native iſland has produced a plentiful growth of vice, as well as virtue. But you are not to ſuppoſe *duplicity, treachery*, and *haughty arrogance, confined to the Albion ſhore*—Alas! no. Should I ſuffer you to retain the ſweet deluſion, in which innocence hath, in the preſent moment, cradled your ideas, experience would, ere long, convince you that America is not exempted from their deſolating progreſs; that human nature is every where the ſame; and that, in addition to the *ſubſtantiality of virtue, her cautionary guards muſt ſtill remain on duty*. It is with reluctance that I rouſe my girl from the golden dream, in which I have ſo long permitted her to ſlumber; but it is neceſſary that ſhe ſhould gradually view objects as *they really are*, leſt, ſuddenly awakened by the hand of violence, ſhe might, *at too late a period, make diſcoveries fatal to her peace*.

May the Almighty ſhield my daughter from every ill. I am, ever, her affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLII.

What cluſtering bleſſings mingle in their train,
Who with ſucceſs a parent's part ſuſtain;
Whoſe forming precepts mould the docile mind,
By nature for the paths of truth deſign'd.

To my honoured MOTHER.

DEAREST, BEST OF FRIENDS,

WHILE you and my papa are continued in this world, there is no misfortune that can happen to your Margaretta, which will be ſo heavy as

your

your displeasure. I saw, immediately upon my entering the dining parlour this day, that you did not look upon your poor girl exactly as you have heretofore done—your eye, as it met mine, did not say, "Margaretta, you are a good girl, and I am,"—as I remember you have frequently styled yourself—"*your approbating mother.*" You called me too, "*Miss Melworth!*"—and although you looked tenderly upon me, when this coolness drew from me a sigh, which indeed came from the bottom of my trembling bosom, yet I could see, *too plainly*, that you were not reconciled to me; and I should immediately have thrown myself at your dear blessed feet, entreating you to tell me in what I had offended, and supplicating your forgiveness, had I not been sure and certain, that your disapprobation was occasioned by my letter, and had you not given it as a rule, that I should not refer, in conversation, to those letters, until the close of a correspondence so delightful to me. The wonder is, how I continued at table—but dinner over, I was no longer able to suppress my emotions, and I flew to my chamber to weep over a fault, that I was sure I had committed! Plato followed with your letter—with trembling lips I kissed the seal—I hastened to read, and the reason for the unusual reception I had met, was fully explained! I read it over and over again, blushing and weeping by turns. Ah, mamma! it is impossible I should ever commit a second error of this kind! Most sincerely do I despise myself, while my mother appears more an angel than before! You are all goodness and sweet condescension to every body—every one whom I know has told me this again and again; and besides, I see it myself every day—how then could I act so very different from my mamma! How many tears has my strange behaviour cost me! and, what is worse than all, I, who should give nothing but pleasure to my mother, have wounded her bosom also!

Well, but when my poor heart was almost ready to burst, I began to see that there were many lines in your letter, from which I ought to take comfort. You

did

did not say, your poor orphan child had *forfeited your good opinion forever*—no indeed, no such thing—there was yet one way left, by which I might again become your *own Margaretta*; and, dropping down on my knees before the chair, (in which you usually sit, when you pass those charming moments in my chamber, that you bid me call the visits of my maternal friend) I thanked God and my blessed mother, for the consolation contained in that dear charming line, *that there was yet one way left, by which I might be restored to your good opinion*—and jumping upon my feet, I clapped my hands out of pure joy; and so, mamma, I immediately tripped down stairs, *without either hat or scarf*, (for I thought it right to punish that impertinent pride, which had officiously brought upon me so much evil) and sat off in pursuit of Miss Hayden. When I entered her parlour, I began an apology; but she, not in the least attending to what I was about to say, threw into my arms a little lap-dog, which she said was the most beautiful creature in the world; that her mamma had just purchased it for her; and, "Margaretta," she added, "you will be pleased when you hear, that for "this one indulgent action of my mamma's, (for she "herself detests lap-dogs) I am determined to become "the best girl in the world! Come hither, Florus—"poor fellow—rest upon your mistress's lap—there—"lay still. Yes, Miss Melworth, I will, if possible, be-"come as good as Miss Clifford, or yourself, and I am "sure I cannot have better models."

I will confess to you, my mamma, that I was mortified to observe Miss Hayden had thought my rudeness *(for indeed it deserves no better name)* below her attention. At that moment I could not forbear acknowledging her superiority; and, had it not been that I must have *passed from your care*, I would gladly have changed characters with Miss Hayden; so much did her *manner* of passing by my unbecoming conduct, exalt her in my opinion. But, waving my hand, with an expression of gratitude for her kind sentiments of Miss Clifford and myself, I said, while a blush of conscious

ſcious inferiority crimſoned my cheek—I have called upon you this afternoon, dear Miſs Hayden, to make confeſſion of the impropriety of my late behaviour to you; to aſk your forgiveneſs; to ſolicit your future friendſhip; and to requeſt, as a token you are indeed reconciled unto me, that you will read the letter, which, on an occaſion ſo truly diſhonourable to myſelf, you expreſſed a wiſh to ſee.

Miſs Hayden, notwithſtanding Florus was repoſing upon her lap, immediately roſe from her chair, and, throwing her arms about my neck, ſhe burſt into tears! Never, methought, did any one, *except my mamma*, appear ſo lovely. As ſoon as ſhe had a little recovered herſelf from the ſurpriſe into which my addreſs had thrown her, ſhe affectionately ſaid—"I will "not deny that I thought you, Miſs Melworth, a little "diſobliging; you are generally ſo fond of giving "pleaſure, that any thing of a contrary kind from you "is ſo much the more unpleaſant: But when I relat-"ed the circumſtance to my mother, ſhe thought that "my flippant conduct might have drawn upon me "your diſlike, and ſhe adviſed me to ſet about an al-"teration of manners, which I was partly reſolved to "do, even before ſhe made me a preſent of my little "Florus; and when I ſaw you enter this afternoon, "it gave me more pleaſure than I can ſay. I thought "there could not be a better time to ſet about *my ref-"ormation, as mamma calls it*; and I was rejoiced too, "that you thought enough of me to viſit me. With "regard to forgiveneſs, it is too much to ſay. I was, "I remember, very provoking; I felt uncommon-"ly miſchievous. Let theſe expreſſions of endear-"ment"—and ſhe kiſſed my forehead—"help us to "forget the paſt, and let me be conſidered in future, "as a wild good-natured girl, who is determined to "improve by your example." I caught her hand with grateful tenderneſs, and juſt at this moment her mother entered; ſhe looked both aſtoniſhed and delighted at ſeeing us ſo affectionately engaged; we related the termination of our miſunderſtanding, and ſhe too ſhed over us tears of joy. I produced

I produced from my pocket-book your dear letter, and put it into the hands of the young lady with a look of entreaty; ſhe kiſſed the paper, and preſented it with inimitable gracefulneſs to her mamma. Mrs. Hayden read it and commented upon it, in a way calculated to improve both her daughter and myſelf. I have heard you ſay, mamma, if I remember right, that Mrs. Hayden is an accompliſhed woman: She regretted that her Emily had been ſo little attended to; ſhe wiſhed ſhe may be permitted to peruſe as many of the letters of a correſpondence ſo *well judged*, as might conſiſt with propriety; and, that if it were not too great a favour, ſhe might ſometimes be permitted to make one of thoſe reading parties, of which ſhe had heard ſo much, and from which it was evident, Miſs Clifford and myſelf had derived ſuch eſſential advantages. I ventured to aſſure both the ladies, that it would add to the happineſs of my mamma, if Miſs Hayden would regularly join us upon our ſtated reading hours, (was I right, mamma?) and ſhe will, accordingly, meet us in the reading parlour when we next aſſemble. I took my leave, with repeated aſſurances, that I would endeavour, by future acts of kindneſs, to cancel the diſobligation of the paſt; and, haſtening to my own apartment, I could not enjoy a moment until I had given you this circumſtantial account.

And now, mamma, again kneeling at the chair you have ſo often filled, I do moſt earneſtly ſupplicate your forgiveneſs for the trouble I am ſenſible I muſt have given you. Let me entreat you, in your own charming words, "*Reſtore your Margaretta to your good opinion;*" for indeed, indeed, ſhe is loſt to every comfort until you do! When I ſee you at tea will you again look kindly upon me, kiſs my cheek, and call me once more your good little girl? If you aſſure me of your full and free pardon, and of your reſtored approbation, then will my poor heart leap for joy; and then, and not till then, will your ever dutiful child be again your truly happy

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

To

To MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

COME to me, my angel child—come to me immediately—wait not for the diſtant hour of tea. Upon an occaſion ſo every way anſwerable to my fondeſt hopes, we will diſpenſe with forms—we need not recur by words to an affair, the termination of which has filled my boſom with unutterable joy—words will not be neceſſary; and if they were, I ſhould not have it in my power to command them. But my eyes, ſo lately darting the chilling glances of reſerve, are now humid with the guſh of tenderneſs, and they ſhall ſpeak every thing my Margaretta wiſhes—every thing ſhe ſo richly merits. Come to me, my beſt girl, and let me imprint upon that lovely cheek, the fondeſt kiſs I have ever yet beſtowed—we will mingle ſome delicious tears, and I will claſp to my boſom, with augmented complacency, as the richeſt boon which Heaven can beſtow, my ſweet tempered, my virtuous child!

I await your preſence in my chamber—no one but your father, whoſe raptures are equal to my own, will witneſs our interview—we are alike impatient to behold our now faultleſs Margaretta. Delay not, ſweet love, but haſten to the arms of your *approbating mother*,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

Margaretta, thus receiving permiſſion, ruſhed inſtantly into our apartment, and ſuch were the rapidity of her movements, that, ere we were aware, flinging herſelf almoſt breathleſs at the feet of her mother, and claſping her knees in a kind of extaſy, ſhe exhibited a ſpectacle the moſt charmingly intereſting which can be imagined. Mary raiſed her in her arms—alternately we preſſed her to our boſoms, and, until that moment, I had never experienced tranſports ſo exquiſitely delightful!

Thus ended an affair, that ſome may poſſibly regard as a "*much ado about nothing*;" but Mary, availing herſelf of the aſcendency ſhe had obtained over the mind of her daughter, *had purpoſely wrought it up to the high-*

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eſt importance. She was ſolicitous to uproot every propenſity which diſcovered the moſt remote tendency to the malignancy of ſcandal. She conceived, that as impreſſions are generally made with ſucceſs in the early part of life, ſhe could hardly be premature in her efforts to implant a proper deteſtation of this *hydra evil*; and the event proved ſhe had acted judiciouſly; for this little circumſtance, with all its conſequences, was indelibly ſtamped upon the mind of Miſs Melworth; the ſerious ſolemnity with which it had been attended, engraved it there; it confirmed her the irreconcileable foe to detraction in all its varieties; and ſhe recoils, with a kind of horror, for which perhaps ſhe does not always ſtop to account, from the very ſemblance of a malevolent remark; nor do I believe ſhe has, from the above era to the preſent moment, ever uttered a ſingle ſentence, that could, by any rational conſtruction, be termed *invidious*.

It was the deſign both of Mary and myſelf, to produce our daughter, in that career on which ſhe was entering, both theoretically and practically, a philanthropic moraliſt. And to this valuable end were directed both my admonitions and precepts, as well as the converſation and letters of her mother. We were well aware of the vaſt importance of the *firſt informed movements of reaſon*, of *firſt principles*, and of a *commencement in the path of rectitude*. We were ſenſible that individuals, connected in ſociety, neceſſarily depend upon each other; and that, of courſe, our felicity or infelicity is more or leſs deducible from ſentiments and arrangements beyond our control. We propoſed to Miſs Melworth the general approbation of mankind, as an object worthy her unremitting purſuit; and, as we could not conceive of a human being ſo inſignificant, as to bar the poſſibility of his, or her, future influence upon our proſpects, ſo we taught her to eſtimate the good will of every individual as a deſirable acquiſition. It muſt be remembered, however, that we always inculcated the neceſſity of circumſcribing a wiſh for univerſal applauſe, in itſelf laudable,

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within the boundaries of virtue; that we erected our ſtandard of rectitude, and firſt of all, carefully impreſſed an idea of the *ſuperior importance of ſelf-complacency, and of approving Heaven.* But, having taken down in ſhort hand, as I was ſeated at my writing-deſk, in a cloſet adjoining to Margaretta's, a few diſjointed ſentences, which fell from the lips of my wife, during one of thoſe hours appropriated to the inſtruction of her beloved charge, I tranſcribe them from my minutes.

"There are, my love, a variety of means, by which you may inſure to yourſelf the general good wiſhes and eſteem of all thoſe with whom you aſſociate; and this, too, without parting with a ſhilling of your property, or the ſmalleſt inconvenience to yourſelf. Nay, on the contrary, it may happen that you will thus procure conſiderable pecuniary emolument; and you will certainly reap incalculable mental advantages; your boſom will be tranquillized, and you will poſſeſs that harmony of intellect, which few events will be capable of interrupting. But let me be more particular: Avoid engaging warmly as a diſputant; deliver your ſentiments, when called upon, with calmneſs and dignity; and never aſſume a *deciſive* air, or tone of voice.

"Accuſtom yourſelf to dilate on pleaſing facts, dwell with pleaſure on every good action; *advocate the cauſe of the abſent*, and do not ſuffer yourſelf to repeat thoſe inſtances of miſconduct, which you may have heard. Hide the faults which may happen to come under your obſervation, with as much care as if they were your own; never make them the ſubject of your animadverſions, except you have *good ground* for imagining that you ſhall thereby effectuate ſome *valuable purpoſe.* Be ſcrupulouſly exact in your obſervance of that intercourſe of civilities, pronounced, by a certain claſs of people, *eſſential to good breeding.* It is true, we may regard thoſe ceremonies as trivial; but nothing, *in fact*, can be indifferent, on which the *ineſtimable enjoyments of ſociety are made to depend*; indeed, a regular obſervance of punctuality, in every department, will always be recognized as a virtue.

"But while I counſel you to be a tenacious obſerver of the *etiquette*, eſtabliſhed in thoſe circles in which you may happen to move, as far as it relates to others, being careful, in no inſtance, to draw upon yourſelf the accuſation of neglect, I would wiſh you, on your own part, to riſe ſuperior to thoſe, in *reality, little* punctilios; be not eaſily betrayed into reſentment; do not indulge an irritable diſpoſition of mind, nor ſubject your aſſociates to the neceſſity of moving as if they trod on glaſs, for fear of wounding your feelings. There is one rule to which it will be well conſtantly to adhere—never take offence at any inattention you may have reaſon to ſuppoſe undeſigned; when you are in reality injured, accept an apology; and let that *mild indulgence, ſo proper to a being ſubjected to error, be ever prominent in your conduct.* With the example of my grandmother, of celebrious memory, I have been particularly charmed; as often as ſhe found the ſhafts of ſlander aimed againſt herſelf, if the calumniator ranked in the number of her oſtenſible friends, it was her cuſtom to take an early opportunity of viſiting them, *not to reproach them*, but to evince, by the augmented urbanity and indulgent forgiveneſs of her manners, how little ſhe merited their cenſure: If the maligner was found among the ſons and daughters of penury, ſhe never failed of beſtowing upon them ſome extraordinary and liberal mark of the uncommon elevation of her ſpirit. Thus did her *enemies become her warmeſt panegyriſts, and every malevolent principle was abſorbed in the ſplendor of her almoſt peerleſs virtues.*

"But while I am ſolicitous to put you in poſſeſſion of the good opinion of that world, upon the great theatre of which you are ſo ſoon to make your *entrée*, I would not, however, wiſh you to purchaſe it at the expenſe of the integrity or ſincerity of your character. May undue commendation never be found upon the lips of my Margaretta; *adulation debaſes the mind;* and while I recommend the mantle of candour, with the ſame breath I would inſiſt, that no temptation ſhould extort a eulogy upon the indiſcreet or the unworthy.

"Be

"Be not haſty to make profeſſions of friendſhip, nor credit thoſe feveriſh impreſſions, which probably are, at beſt, but the paroxyſms of an hour; but regard the *deliberate and uniform eſteem of perſons of eſtabliſhed virtue and reputation, as an incalculable treaſure, and endeavour to preſerve their good opinion, by purſuing thoſe attainments that, when poſſeſſed, will infallibly beſtow upon you the perfumed wreath of ſweet applauſe.*

"Much hath been ſaid reſpecting the virtue of ſecret-keeping, and the neceſſity of electing a diſcreet confidant; let me rather hope that you will have *no ſecrets to keep.* You will, I dare believe, be careful to obtain, and to perpetuate, that equity of thinking, and propriety of acting, which will paint your cheek with the hue of innocence, endow with modeſt confidence your words and actions, and inſure a continuity of that charming ſerenity and cheerful expectation, that at preſent triumphs in your boſom. Yet, it is true, that there are a thouſand little delicacies, contingent alarms, hopes and fears, which alternately predominate in the female mind. Theſe may create embarraſſments, obſcuring, poſſibly, the better way, and enveloping in clouds thoſe enjoyments, that, under proper regulations, would unqueſtionably beſtow the richeſt complacency. Of all thoſe *entanglements*, and *intricacies of every deſcription*, the breaſt of a *maternal* friend is the only proper repoſitory. Years almoſt neceſſarily endow with experience; and *affection, directed by knowledge, is demonſtrably the ſureſt guide.* A judicious mother, riſing ſuperior to conſiderations, which generally influence a younger and *leſs intereſted confidant*, will not cheriſh ill founded hopes, nor give energy to thoſe paſſions that are founded in weakneſs; *but ſhe will do better; by her ſyſtematic efforts, ſhe will annihilate the difficulty*, and again lead the footſteps of the lovely trembler into the beamy paths of peace. A mother will neither indulge nor ſoothe thoſe errors, which are productive of imbecility; her plan is, to cruſh in embryo every thing that may have a pernicious influence upon the future progreſs of her child, *to nerve by reſolution*,

and

and to cultivate that fortitude ſo neceſſary in the career of life; and hence it is, that a mother ſhould be conſidered as the only proper confidant of her daughter.

"I will confeſs, my dear, that I am not only ſatisfied, but perfectly charmed with your conduct. Your reſolution to become exactly what I wiſh, has been invariably reduced to practice; and the ſweet conſciouſneſs, and tender ingenuouſneſs of your apologies, have totally cancelled thoſe miſtakes, on which you have been precipitated by inexperience. Never, I bleſs God, have I diſcovered in you a blameable impatience of reproof, nor cenſurable haſte to procure your own juſtification; all *aggravating, ſelf-applauding* replies, *implied accuſations of rigour, audacious pertneſs and ſelf-ſufficient loquacity, or diſcontented gloomy reſerve, ſullen glances, angry and provoking geſtures, with dumb indignation*—from all theſe you have ſtill been wholly exempt, and I have to acknowledge your mild ſubmiſſion, ſweet diſcretion, and affectionate duty, as the richeſt ſolace, both to your father and myſelf.

"Such alſo is your conduct to our domeſtics, as to merit our higheſt approbation. The authority which I have thought proper to delegate to you, has been admirably ſupported. Without aſſuming arrogance, or that imperious haughtineſs, ſo vexatiouſly diſtreſſing to dependants, you have conducted with dignity, ameliorated by condeſcenſion; and this hath inſured you both reſpect and eſteem. I am pleaſed with your *manner* of *directing;* and the habit you have ſo happily acquired, of *requeſting the aſſiſtance* of thoſe about you, is certainly preferable, both in *form* and *effect*, to that peremptory commanding tone of voice, and imperious ſtyle of language, ſo generally adopted. Nothing can merit contempt, but unworthy actions; and you therefore rightly judge, that the individual, who, in the order of things, is employed in the loweſt uſeful occupation, provided he fills his ſphere with propriety, ſhould not only be exempted from ſcorn and deriſion, but *is, in reality, ſuperior to the crowned head*, whoſe life is a

combination

combination of atrocious crimes. It is well obſerved, that good ſervants ſhould be regarded as humble friends. I am perſuaded it will ever be your aim to make their yoke eaſy; and I repeat, that in this houſe, the mild benignity of your temper, and your engaging deportment, without in the ſmalleſt degree diminiſhing the conſideration due to you, as the daughter of our election, has eſtabliſhed you in every heart. It has been your object to mitigate the unavoidable evils, and to leſſen the reſpective burdens of thoſe individuals who compoſe our houſehold; and I obſerve with pleaſure, that you have become the ſovereign lady of their affections.

"I am not apprehenſive, that the rendering you the praiſe, ſo indiſpenſably your due, will be, in any ſort, injurious. You will not, I flatter myſelf, be unduly elated—far otherwiſe—the noble energies of your diſpoſition will be thus ſtimulated to yet higher excellence. Nothing is more diſguſting than an overweening ſelf-ſufficiency and preſumptuous pride, particularly in young perſons; modeſt diffidence carries with it its own recommendation. I ſhould bluſh to find my Margaretta, except induced by particular circumſtances, making herſelf the heroine of her own narrations. Thoſe events which may be importantly intereſting to you, and from which you conceive you derive an elevation of character, will, too probably, fatigue in the recital; the indifferent will conſider them as inſipid; you will be ſubjected to ridicule, and aſſuredly draw upon yourſelf the odium of *egotiſm and impertinence*.

"It is wiſdom to cultivate a complacency in the ſcene under your preſent obſervation. *Contentment is the richeſt gem within the graſp of mortality*; hardly any price can be too great for ſo valuable an acquiſition; it is a *ſubſtitute* for almoſt every leſſer enjoyment, and often ſupplies, with much reſpectability, the place of higher orders of felicity. *You cannot call back the paſt, you may never attain the future, and*, ſurely then, I may repeat, *it is wiſdom to cultivate complacency in*

the preſent, and to uſe all poſſible diligence to accommodate your mind to a ſituation, which you have it not in your power to ameliorate, however *ineligible* it may, *in fact*, *be*."

My minutes go no further, yet they may ſerve to give an idea of thoſe ſentiments, which were repeatedly and carefully inpreſſed upon the mind of Margaretta; and I can ſcarcely imagine the reader will think their introduction in this place ſtands in need of an apology.

N°. XLIII.

Fond to ſelect—the letters I retrace—
While, in its turn, *each line* demands a place;
With partial eye I view them as they riſe,
While this a thought, and that a grace ſupplies.
Partiality, to every charm alive,
E'en from a *fault* will excellence derive;
And in a huſband, and a parent's breaſt,
Where the impaſſion'd throb is deep impreſs'd,
Partiality with glowing ardour reigns,
And all its fervours uncontrol'd maintains.

To my ever honoured MOTHER.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

IT is impoſſible for any words of mine to ſay, with what unequalled pleaſure I read over and over again, thoſe letters which you have condeſcended to write to me. I have this morning been placing them according to their dates. I have beſtowed upon them more kiſſes than there are lines; and, conjoining them with a piece of purple ribon, I can thus turn to them the more readily; the impreſſion made by the folds will gradually diſappear, and, while I live, I ſhall be able to preſerve them. The laſt ten letters*, containing directions for my conduct, in all thoſe ſituations in which you ſuppoſe I may poſſibly be placed, I ſhall certainly read, at leaſt once, every day.

Surely, never—no, never—was poor, rich orphan ſo completely bleſſed as your Margaretta. When you went

* Theſe letters do not appear.

went through Evelina yesterday, I could scarcely forbear interrupting you by an expression of those feelings of gratitude, which were all collected, if I may so say, in one delightful emotion of exquisite and almost ungovernable joy! Evelina, it is true, did not find a mother; but Mr. Villars was exactly such a man as my tenderly indulgent father; and, methought, it was my own dear papa who was addressing Lady Howard, when he so affectionately says, "*That child, Madam, shall "never, while life is lent, know the loss she has sustained. "I have cherished, succoured and supported her, from her "earliest infancy to her sixteenth year.*" Good, kind gentleman—I was uncommonly affected. I have been looking over Evelina again this morning; and, on my knees, I pray God, that both you and my papa may be able to say of your Margaretta, as Mr. Villars of his Evelina, that she has amply repaid your care and affection, and that she is all which your fondest wishes had anticipated.

Evelina was very happy to meet in Lord Orville, a friend so like her papa. Is it not very uncommon, mamma, for so young a gentleman to be in the exercise of those virtues which seemed to have found a home in the bosom of the venerable Mr. Villars?

But Evelina deserved every thing—Was she not, my mamma, a *faultless character?* Surely the English reviewers, of whom I have heard so much, must have spoken highly of those volumes. I have again been weeping over the sufferings of Lady Belmont—Sir John Belmont I also pity—May God protect me from the cruel impositions of base and interested men! I think, mamma, you did not give your opinion of Evelina. Your next letter, I hope, will teach me how I ought to think of it; and may I never take a step without your kind advice and direction, and may I always continue your affectionately dutiful,

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

To MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

MY DEAR CHILD,

RARELY doth a day paſs without furniſhing me with ſome new reaſon to love and admire my Margaretta. You have experienced that I am not niggard of praiſe, nor is it proper I ſhould be ſo. I would as ſoon withhold from you the light of heaven, leſt you ſhould become enamoured with the beauty of your face, or the ſymmetry of your perſon, (neither of which you have been any how inſtrumental in procuring) as I would keep back thoſe commendations decidedly due to unequivocal merit, in the fear they might be productive of ſelf-conceit.

Praiſe operates upon the youthful mind like the vernal ſhower upon the tender plant, or like the clear ſhining of that parent orb, whoſe genial ray ſucceeds the fertilizing irrigation. And I am, at this moment, in poſſeſſion of a motive ſufficient to extort applauſe even from the frigidity of apathy. Yes, my love, ſince you retired to your pen this morning, I have made a diſcovery, that, while it *elevates to a degree of rapture, the complacency I am in the habit of experiencing in my child*, incalculably augments my confidence in her virtues.

You recollect when your papa firſt informed you, that you ſhould receive, at the cloſe of every week, a ſmall ſum, as pocket money, (which has ſince been regularly paid you) he at the ſame time aſſured you, it ſhould remain entirely at your own diſpoſal; that he would never require, or receive an account of its expenditure; and that, however you might think proper to enter it in your calculation of expenſes, it ſhould, on no occaſion, be ſubjected to his inſpection; and by this aſſurance he has ever ſince been religiouſly bound. I will confeſs to you, my dear, that having never obſerved even a veſtige of this money, I have had a ſtrong curioſity to know in what manner it was beſtowed; but regarding the *wiſhes* of your father as *rules* for my conduct, I have forborne to inveſtigate;

and,

and, as the ſum was ſmall, I was the leſs anxious reſpecting it. This morning, however, has produced a moſt unexpected and captivating eclairciſſement. Induced, by its beauties, to prefer a walk to a book, I ſtrolled further than I have done ſince the illneſs under which I ſo long laboured, and which filled the boſom of my Margaretta with ſuch tender apprehenſions. It happened in my walk, that I paſſed the cottage of Melona, whom I have not ſeen for more than a year; and, indulging a hope, that time, aided by neceſſity, might have procured that reformation, for which my counſels had been ineffectual, I felt a ſtrong inclination to look in upon the poor woman. I paſſed her humble threſhold, marking, with pleaſure, an appearance of neatneſs, I had never before witneſſed in the dwelling of Melona.

The cottage, you know, has two apartments; no perſon was in that which I entered; but it bore ſtrong teſtimony of the cleanlineſs and induſtry of its miſtreſs; and, moreover, the buz of a ſpinning-wheel ſaluted my ear! This is excellent, thought I, and juſt as I was about to enter the other room, little Peggy opened the door, and carefully ſhutting it after her, tripped into the ſtreet. The child had her eyes ſo ſteadily fixed upon the ſpelling-book, which ſhe held open in her hand, that ſhe did not obſerve me; and the grateful noiſe of the ſpinning-wheel ſtill continued. Peggy's apparel was ſtrikingly deſcriptive of *ſcanty means, diligently employed to the beſt poſſible advantage;* and this circumſtance, together with the new face which every thing in the cottage of Melona aſſumed, determined me to interrogate the child, expecting, from her innocence and ſimplicity, a clue of direction for my approaches to her mother. I ſoon overtook her, and interrupted her ſtudies with a—How are you, my pretty little Peggy? She had no recollection of me, and not having reflection enough to teach her to wonder at my knowledge of her name, with a childiſh kind of baſhfulneſs, ſhe dropped a courteſy, and ſaid, "Pretty well, I thank you, Madam." Where are you going, Peggy?

"I goes

"I goes every day to ſchool, Ma'am, now-a-days." And what do you read in, pray? "I reads in this here ſpelling-book; and I ſtudies my leſſon every morning." That is very proper, my dear; you ſeem to have a very handſome ſpelling-book, quite new; I hope you take care of it: Who gave it to you, Peggy? "That I muſt not tell, Madam; for Miſs Melworth would be angry if I ſhould." Miſs Melworth! ſaid I, almoſt gaſping for breath; why, child, what has Miſs Melworth to do with it? "I muſt not ſay, Madam, for Miſs Margaretta herſelf bid me not to ſpeak; but for all that, my mamma ſays how that ſhe is an angel, and that ſhe has ſaved us all, and made her a thouſand times *gooder* than ſhe was before; but this is all a ſecret, and I would not tell for the world."

Here I will own to you, my love, that your *perſevering* ſuperiority originated in my boſom, admiration of my daughter, and accuſation of myſelf. But determining to trace every ſtep, by which you had effectuated ſo valuable a change, I took Peggy by the hand, and once more entered the cottage of Melona. "*The wicket opening with a latch*," gave us a ready admittance into its back apartment. Melona threw her eyes over a countenance ſhe had ſo long known; a crimſon bluſh inſtantly ſuffuſed her cheek, and was as inſtantly ſucceeded by a death-like paleneſs; her wheel ſtopped, and, ſinking upon a chair, it was with difficulty that the immediate application of my ſalts preſerved her from fainting.

When ſhe was a little compoſed I began my attack, and managing with ſome addreſs, I ſoon obtained the full confeſſion of a ſecret, which adds another beautiful trait to the character of my Margaretta. She informed me of your appearance under her humble roof upon the week you firſt received your little ſtipend—of your ſage admonitions—of your earneſt entreaties that ſhe would permit you to put her little Peggy to ſchool—of your propoſal to purchaſe the ſpinning-wheel—of the aſſiſtance ſhe had received from you during her illneſs, and that of her huſband—and

of

of the happy change a patronage ſo unexpected had produced in her life. Reflecting, ſhe ſaid, upon the great goodneſs of ſo young a lady, upon her ſtooping to take ſuch a compaſſionate intereſt in her affairs, and condeſcending to urge her, with ſuch extraordinary earneſtneſs, to aſſiſt herſelf to have pity on her huſband, to have pity on her poor little Peggy, and to make the beſt of that little which was allowed her, filled her with grief, joy and aſtoniſhment—grief, at her own unworthineſs and great wickedneſs—and joy and aſtoniſhment, that a *little angel had come down from Heaven, to dwell among the ſinners of mankind*—(I give you her own words.) She immediately made a vow, that nothing ſtronger than water ſhould, in future, paſs her lips; and, that ſhe might have no temptation to forfeit a reſolution ſo ſalutary, ſhe forthwith committed *the intoxicating diſtillation, hitherto carefully concealed for her own particular uſe*, to the ſtream which winds its way at a little diſtance from the cottage; and, being earneſtly bent upon a thorough reform, her application became as remarkable as her previous negligence had been; and habit reconciling her to her new walk, frugality, neatneſs and induſtry, with all their captivating charms, ſoon burſt upon her.

Melona informs me, that ſhe long refuſed to receive any part of your weekly ſtipend; but that, on your poſitive aſſurance, that the kindneſs of your parents had left you no wiſh ungratified; that you poſſeſſed an undoubted right to diſpoſe of this ſum exactly according to your own pleaſure; and, that her acceptance was the only compenſation ſhe could make to you for the intereſt you ſo kindly took in her welfare, ſhe had at length conſented to receive from you weekly donations; that you had furniſhed her huſband with many articles neceſſary to his buſineſs; and that you particularly paid for the inſtruction of Peggy. But ſhe added, that ſhe believed, ſhe and her little family were not your only penſioners! Matchleſs child! My God! how I glory in my Margaretta! or rather, in thoſe heavenly propenſities, with which thou haſt endowed

dowed her. I inquire not, my beloved girl, for a liſt of your dependants; enjoy, *in this particular, the luxury of concealment; but it ſhall be my care, that your means ſhall be immediately augmented; ſhe, who knows ſo well how to diſpoſe of money, muſt not be circumſcribed within ſuch narrow bounds.*

Do you not think I came home in raptures with thoſe peerleſs virtues which I have the honour to cheriſh and to protect? I could hardly, upon this occaſion, arrogate to myſelf the title of your Mother, and I felt my mind ſpontaneouſly proſtrating before an intellect, whoſe brilliant dawn ſurpaſſes the meridian effulgence of common intelligence.

Plato met me with your letter. I was prepared to accede to any requeſt of yours—and, as your father does not return until the evening, I reſerve, till that period, the pleaſure of a circumſtantial account of Melona and her cottage; of the means by which I obtained the delightful particulars which I ſhall narrate; and of beſtowing upon the brow of merit, the wreath of unequivocal applauſe. Shall we not, my dear, enjoy a moſt enchanting evening? Well, but you ſolicit my ſentiments of Evelina. Surely, my Margaretta is an enthuſiaſt in her gratitude—*but the enthuſiaſm of virtue is a noble enthuſiaſm.*

The plot of Evelina is well conceived, and happily executed. It is a novel to which we can return with pleaſure, even to a ſecond or third peruſal, and this is more than can be ſaid of common productions of this kind. The ſtyle is familiar and eaſy; and the ideas ſeem naturally to grow out of each other.

Evelina is ſaid to be a firſt production, and, if ſo, it is entitled, or the abilities of its author, to high admiration. But I think you will eſteem Cecilia (which is a publication of the ſame author) as a work which merits a *decided preferenee.* The character of Albany, in Cecilia, is a highly finiſhed original, and has for me peculiar charms. *I do not ſay it is natural;* but I could wiſh to render ſuch characters *official,* and to *multiply them in ſociety.* Miſs Burney's publications have hitherto

erto done honour both to her fine genius and benevolent heart; and, I think, they have much appropriate excellence. I am ignorant in what claſs the reviewers have placed the productions of Miſs Burney; but juſtice muſt award them a very high rank in the literary line. Yet, it appears to me, that Evelina, as a compoſition, is not without a blemiſh; and, I conceive, the heroine herſelf *is ſtrikingly deficient* in one particular, which conſtitutes a capital requiſite in the compoſition of a *young and amiable woman.* The taſk of a cenſurer muſt always appear invidious; yet, for the ſake of my Margaretta, who warmly demands, "*Was not Evelina a faultleſs, character?*" I expreſs my ſentiments without reſerve. Evelina then, was *greatly wanting in that delicacy*, which ſhould have marked her deportment to Madame Duval. Madame Duval had been *denied the aids of education; this was her misfortune, rather than her fault; and a well informed, amiable deſcendant ſhould have thrown over this defect the veil of duty*, and not have ſought every opportunity to have *expoſed it in the moſt glaring colours!* In the letters addreſſed to her *reverend correſpondent*, the old lady is rarely mentioned without a ſketch of her bad Engliſh, as, "*Ay now,*" *cried Madame Duval,* "*that's another of the unpoliteneſſes of you Engliſh, to go to talking of ſuch things as that: Now, in Paris, nobody never ſays nothing about religion, no more than about politics.*" And again, "*I would have you learn to be more politer, Sir,*" &c. &c. Was it, I aſk, the part of a *well diſpoſed, well educated young lady*, to hold up to view errors of this kind, when found in the mouth of a perſon, *whoſe years*, and *whoſe affinity*, entitled her to a more *candid* and *dutiful* repreſentation?

It appears that Madame Duval was indebted to nature for nothing but the charms of her perſon, and that her temper was very unhappy and cruelly implacable; yet it is not inſinuated, that *her enormities were greatly multiplied.* She is, however, treated as the moſt atrocious of criminals; and, by the inſtigations of a Captain Mirvin and the *lover of her grand-daughter*, ſhe re-

ceives the moſt abſurd and cruel outrage. The *gentle* Evelina, *who is apprized that ſome miſchievous plot is in agitation againſt her grandmother, ſets out without a ſingle remonſtrance,* attended only by the ſervants, to accompany her to a juſtice of peace, *although ſhe had expreſſed previous fears of entruſting herſelf to her care!* A farce, of which I cannot ſee the *wit*, ſucceeds. *The poor old lady is made to believe herſelf in the poſſeſſion of a ſavage banditti—her apprehenſions for her life are apparently well founded—ſhe is torn from the carriage by maſked men—ſhe is dragged along the road, cruelly agitated, ſhook, and thumped about—ſtuck faſt in a ditch—her legs bound—tied to a tree—and, robbed of her head dreſs, ſhe is thus left to her own contemplations, while her grand-daughter continues in her chariot, liſtening to a tale of love!!*

In one ſenſe, Evelina muſt be conſidered as *acceſſary to theſe unwarrantable proceedings; a ſingle hint would have ſaved her parent all the cruel mortifications to which ſhe was ſubjected; but this hint ſhe withheld!* If conduct ſo reprehenſible is *too groſs, even for a romping miſs, in purſuit of fun*, how muſt it detract from the character of a pupil of the venerable Villars? *Surely, Evelina ſhould not have been aſtoniſhed, (conſidering the propenſities of Madame Duval) at the ſlap which ſhe received in her face—and the unreſtrained violence of the old lady's diſpoſition, is, upon this occaſion, rather too conciliatory. An air of ridicule* is thrown over this doleful narrative by Evelina, who, giving it in the manner of the poor ſufferer, interſperſes it with ſuch ſentences as this—"*I am ſure, I dare ſay, I am out of joint all over, &c.*" Evelina is a *ſilent obſerver of the mirth of the ſervants, and confeſſes that ſhe was, herſelf, almoſt compelled to laugh at the pity-moving recital!!* For a conduct ſo unequal to every other inſtance of her blameleſs life, there can be but one reaſon, the fear of offending a *ſea-monſter*, on whom ſhe in no ſort depended, and from whom ſhe could, in any moment, eſcape to that ſanctuary, which had, for ſo many years, continued the aſylum of her innocence. But, if the fear of giving offence is an apology for Evelina, can it be conſidered as ſuch

for

for the venerable Villars, to whom every circumſtance is related, and *from whom ſhe receives not the ſmalleſt reproof*? It is impoſſible to inculcate upon the mind of young people too high a reſpect for years; age is ever entitled to veneration, and we ſhould regard the feelings of perſons in advanced life with the utmoſt deference. It is true, that Madame Duval had been implacable to the mother of Evelina; but it does not appear, that the young lady had embraced a vindictive plan; and it is alſo true, that the mother of Evelina had *imprudently confided in a libertine!* Nor can we otherwiſe account for this raſhneſs, conſidering that ſhe too had paſſed eighteen years of her life with the reſpectable Villars, than by ſuppoſing ſhe inherited a portion of the imbecility ſo ſtrongly marked in the conduct of her parents. The agonies of Madame Duval, on the death of lady Belmont, ſhould, to erring mortals, have palliated her offence; and it ought always to have been remembered, whatever were her faults, or foibles, that ſhe was ſtill the grand-parent of Evelina.

At a tranſaction ſo enormous as the unprovoked attack upon Madame Duval, we conceive additional diſguſt, from the conſideration that it was perpetrated by perſons taking rank in a circle, which, we are induced to ſuppoſe, was the ſeat of elegance. But, for the honour of human nature, I truſt, no one of its fraternity ever ſat for the picture of a Captain Mirvin. I know not what the Britiſh ſailors may be, but I have had an opportunity of making many obſervations upon various characters among that claſs of people in this country, and I have never yet met with a reſemblance to this extravagant caricature! Do but recur to his capital enormities, plotting ſo unwarrantably againſt a female, who was countenanced as a viſitor to the reſpectable Lady Howard; and, in the cloſe of the third volume, throwing the whole company, conſiſting of genteel, well bred perſons, into conſternation, alarming the ladies, and diſtreſſing every individual! Are you not ready to aſk, could exploits of this nature have

been

been submitted to in any civilized country under heaven? The general terror excited upon that singular occasion, (it is unnecessary to observe that I refer to the introduction of the monkey) with the blood streaming from the ear of poor Lovel, would have drawn upon the malevolent plotter of the outrage, the vindictive resentment and consequent chastisement of a horde of savages.

Yet this invader of the rights of hospitality and betrayer of the peace of society, is first announced to the reader, by the penetrating, refined and sentimental Lady Howard, *as the man of her daughter's heart, and as a personage, whose unexpected* return had given birth to joyful surprise.

It is difficult to conceive how a lady of Mrs. Mirvin's refined sensibility, could ever unite herself to such a man; but, having thus done, *the propriety of her subsequent conduct will not admit a doubt.*

I cannot say I am pleased with those descriptions, which attribute to humanity a greater degree of deformity than consists with experience. It is a sufficient apology for the *exaggerated delineation of an exalted character, that it may have its use.* It frequently excites a *spirit of emulation;* and, although we may not reach the goal of perfection, yet every advance we make thereto, is a very valuable point gained, and certainly an ample compensation for our most arduous efforts. But vice and folly are *sufficiently odious,* when exhibited in their own native colours; *and, while I can see no benefit in heightening the imbecility and atrocious depravity of the species, I am fearful that the transgressor, when called to the observation of hues still blacker than the turpitude of his own enormities have ever yet assumed, may thence conclude his offences comparatively venial.*

The trivial scenes interspersed through the pages of Evelina and Cecilia, are, it is said, too frequent and too prolix; but I am not convinced of the justice of this remark; and I have to say, that whatever may be the defects (and no human performance is without its blemish) of those inestimable productions, their beau-

ties

ties are of *the first order*. And I repeat, that their right to rank with compositions of the first class, in their line, is indisputable.

The character of Lord Orville is indeed highly finished; it is enriched with every virtue of which our nature, in its present state of degradation, is susceptible. Nor do I find it difficult to conceive of a sensible, discreet young man, whose mind has been early occupied by sentiments of propriety, acting, upon every occasion, precisely as did Lord Orville. The venerable Villars may also be regarded as nearly faultless. The most beautiful passages in Evelina are to be found in his letters. How tenderly affecting is his address to Lady Howard, by his Evelina! It can hardly be read too often.

Do you not think, my Margaretta, *that I too, make my applications?* But every heart must be interested in such a character; and after having, in idea, followed with him his orphan child to the ordeal over which she victoriously triumphed, we listen, with inexpressible pleasure, to his concluding address.

I adopt the language of this venerable man as a period to this letter. "*Those wounds, which the former* "*severity of fortune hath inflicted, are healed by the ulti-* "*mate consolation of pouring forth my dying words in bless-* "*ings on my child! Closing these joy-streaming eyes in her* "*presence, and breathing my last faint sighs in her loved* "*arms! Grieve not, Oh child of my care! grieve not at* "*the inevitable moment; but may thy own end be equally* "*propitious! Oh mayest thou, when full of days, and full of* "*honour, sink down as gently to rest—be loved as kindly,* "*watched as tenderly as thy happy*" mother! "*and* "*mayest thou, when thy glass is run, be sweetly, but not bit-* "*terly, mourned by some remaining darling of thy affections,* "*some yet surviving*" Margaretta. These, my love, are also the breathings, the real wishes of thy affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLIV.

Purſuits, commencing in this preſent ſcene,
Where clouds obſcure, and ſorrows intervene—
Born of the mind—by ſacred truth confeſs'd,
In future worlds are with completion bleſt:
For there the intellect new vigour gains,
And all its heav'nly energies attains.
Knowledge but dawns upon this duſky ſhore,
In heaven its full meridian we explore.

To MARGARETTA.

I DO not blame your tears, my dear; the loſs of your young friend is a ſerious calamity, and it is natural to weep over our misfortunes. Horatio was a promiſing youth; his demiſe has overwhelmed with diſtreſs a worthy family, and the well grounded hopes of tender and judicious parents are thus laid in the duſt. But, my dear Margaretta, while I allow you to regret the removal of Horatio, I cannot juſtify your impaſſioned exclamation—"To what purpoſe was he ſo good, ſo wiſe, ſo learned, and ſo every way accompliſhed?" Does not my daughter know that virtue, tranſplanted to a celeſtial ſoil, will flouriſh with immortal beauty? The faculties, while embodied in this clay-built tenement, are *literally* muffled by the denſe and heavy materials, in which they are enveloped. The mind is only in its dawn of being; but the valuable acquirements which it attains while here, are not, upon its emancipation, loſt; far otherwiſe—they are rather introductory to that career, which is to be continued and perfected in future worlds.

The ſtudent of hiſtory becomes acquainted with all thoſe characters that have borne conſpicuous parts upon the vaſt theatre of this globe. The philoſopher, devoted to the ſtudy of nature, attaining thoſe bliſsful regions, ſhall purſue, with abundant advantage, his delightful employ. The aſtronomer will behold, with aſtoniſhment, where other ſyſtems riſe! Suns, which have

have not even theoretically darted a ſingle ray on his inquiring mind, will then burſt in reſplendent luſtre to his enraptured gaze. The laws of attraction, of gravitation, the centrifugal and centripetal force of bodies; theſe will be fully underſtood. *Cauſes*, as well as *effects*, will ſtand confeſt; and knowledge, combining complacency, will accumulate in ſublime progreſſion. Every laudable inveſtigation, which may be ranked under the head of intellectual contemplations, will probably be reſumed with augmenting energy, while the virtues, attaining their native ſkies, will flouriſh with immortal beauty.

Thus the young Horatio may be conſidered as an amiable novitiate, who obtaining, while here, the rudiments of ſcience, is now removed to a ſuperior ſeminary, where every acquirement worth preſerving will receive the higheſt finiſhing of which it is ſuſceptible. This reflection is a ſource of infinite conſolation, and often have I experienced its ſoothing efficacy. I was once tenderly attached to a youth, beautiful, virtuous and informed as Horatio. His underſtanding unfolded with uncommon brilliancy; an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge gave him to purſue, with eagerneſs, thoſe branches of literature which were propoſed to his conſideration, and he acquired in his little ſpan, a vaſt ſtock of erudition, for which, alas! he had no uſe in time! From this youth I received even filial attention; but he was cut off in the bloom of life, and melancholy hours were written for me.

On my bended knees, with every riſing day, I offer up my oriſons of devout thankfulneſs to that God, who hath given my Margaretta to fill up the void in my boſom, which the demiſe of a youth ſo beloved had left therein; and I will, ere long, put into your hands a collection of my letters in manuſcript, addreſſed to this ſon of my affection, while he was a ſtudent at the academy of ——, including a conciſe view of perſons and events; and, in the mean time, as you have already made conſiderable proficiency in the ſtudy of biography and hiſtory, I requeſt you, as an exerciſe

exerciſe from which will reſult obvious advantages, to anſwer me unreſervedly, according to the dictates of your deliberate judgment, to the following queſtions.

Firſt, To which of the heroes, whoſe actions are recorded by Plutarch, you give the preference?

Secondly, Whom you eſteem moſt of all the monarchs who have ſwayed the Britiſh ſceptre, from the year eight hundred and twenty-ſeven, which united the kingdoms of the heptarchy, under Egbert, when he was ſolemnly crowned king of England, unto the acceſſion of George III. to that throne?

Thirdly, What were your ſenſations as you read, and what are your ſentiments of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Henry IV. of France, Charles I. of England, and Peter the Great, Czar of Ruſſia?

And, fourthly and laſtly, although I do not enjoin you to weigh with accuracy the *murders of a Cortez*, although I expect you will paſs rapidly over the pages in which a Montezuma bled, and in which are regiſtered the maſſacre of an innocent and defenceleſs people; yet, my dear, I am ſolicitous to know whom you characterize as the moſt amiable of all thoſe adventurers, who, quitting the chalky cliffs of your native land, croſſed the broad Atlantic, to obtain eſtabliſhments in North-America?

It is by the careful inveſtigation of proper, great and virtuous actions, as performed by others, that the glow of emulation is enkindled in our boſoms. We gaze at each tranſcendent excellence, until our minds acquire new energy; they are nerved by fortitude, and we are rendered equal, as far as opportunity calls us forth, to the moſt conſiſtent and uniform exertions.

The time we devote to the reading of hiſtory, or to the peruſal of the lives of eminent perſons, who have *really acted a part upon this globe*, is indeed *well ſpent*. It puts us in poſſeſſion of a fund of knowledge; for a narration of *facts is, decidedly, information*; while the pages of the noveliſt can, at beſt, beſtow only the lighter or more trivial embelliſhments; they originate in fiction, and the pleaſures in their gift are as evaneſcent

as

as the paſſing breeze; they may amuſe for the moment, but they conſtitute no *valuable part of erudition.* An ignorance in geography or hiſtory, ſuppoſing the means of inſtruction have been furniſhed, is a juſt cauſe of reproach; but I ſhould not bluſh to acknowledge my daughter wholly unacquainted with a large proportion of thoſe novels, which are daily iſſuing from the fertile reſources of imagination. That my lovely charge may, by every poſſible means, gain that improvement which will render her a valuable member of ſociety, and a truly amiable woman, is the unceaſing wiſh of her maternal friend,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

To my honoured MOTHER.

THANK you, my mamma, for permitting me to weep for Horatio; you are in all things indulgent; and I cannot but bluſh for an expreſſion of ſorrow, which is, indeed, unbecoming in a young creature, who has been privileged by receiving your inſtructions, and obſerving your example. I will no more *regret the virtues of Horatio;* but I will endeavour to obtain thoſe acquirements which ſhall render me a fit companion for him in that world whither he hath flown.

You, my mamma, have often been afflicted, and yet you are cheerful and happy! It will be my pride to tread in your ſteps, and for two very good reaſons; firſt, I ſhall thus become amiable and virtuous; and, ſecondly, I ſhall give joy to your maternal boſom. To be called your daughter, and to merit, in any degree, that diſtinction, is my higheſt ambition; and while I am thought worthy to ſucceed the beloved child whom you mourn, I ſhall indeed be the happy Margaretta. The letters which you are to give me, are a new inſtance of your goodneſs; my treaſures are daily augmenting, and my gratitude ought to be proportioned.

I have again carefully looked over the volumes of biography and hiſtory, which I have ſo lately read in your

your preſence; and although they are all freſh in my memory, yet I can hardly tell how to give an opinion reſpecting them, and, but in obedience to the wiſhes of my Mother, I ſhould not preſume to expreſs my ſentiments.

Plutarch has recorded ſo many great actions, that I am almoſt loſt in aſtoniſhment while I read his pages; but, after heſitating who, of all his heroes, to name upon this occaſion, I have thought that as Ariſtides ſo generally obtained the appellation *juſt*, he muſt have poſſeſſed ſuperior excellence; and, upon attentively examining his deeds of worth, I cannot ſay that he did not deſerve the title which he received. I am ready to aſk, Was not Ariſtides a perfect character? and, ſince you have put me upon the compariſon, I have taken the liberty to conceive, that there are not many of the Engliſh kings worthy to be compared with him.

If Edward VI. had lived, as he was ſo early remarkable for virtue and for learning, he might have exceeded all who went before; and I ſhould not then have heſitated in my anſwer to the ſecond queſtion of my dear mamma. The reply of the ſon of Henry VI. upon being interrogated by the prince whom he deemed a uſurper, relative to his appearance in England, betokened an intrepid mind: But this youth was barbarouſly murdered. Henry VII. was a good king; he is ſaid to have rendered his ſubjects powerful and happy, and to have wrought a great change in the manners of the people. Henry V. is a celebrated and victorious warrior. The Black Prince is rendered illuſtrious by many virtues. Goldſmith tells us, that he left behind him a character *without a ſingle bleminſh*—that time could ſcarcely alleviate the ſorrows occaſioned by his death—that his affability, clemency, and liberal diſpoſition, is extolled by many hiſtorians; and that, although he was born in an age in which military virtues alone were held in eſteem, he cultivated the arts of peace, and ſeemed ever more happy in *deſerving praiſe, than in obtaining it*—*But he was not a monarch*

Thomſon's

Thomſon's Edward and Eleonara, has prepoſſeſſed my mind in favour of that monarch. Shall I, my mamma, greatly err, if I give the preference to the hero of the poet? Suffer me to point out a few inſtances wherein I have been charmed with the character of that ſovereign.

At an early period, when Prince of Wales, he appears fighting the battles of his father, whoſe rebellious ſubjects had taken arms againſt him. Fired by the inſults offered to his royal parents, he purſues and takes vengeance upon them; he ſubmits, with calm reſignation, to the hardſhips impoſed upon him, and becomes a voluntary hoſtage for his father; he extricates himſelf with great dexterity from the difficulties in which he was involved; he eſcapes from the ambitious Leiceſter, and ſuddenly appearing the brave leader of his armies, his preſence inſures ſucceſs; he haſtes, with filial eagerneſs, to ſnatch his father from the threatened danger; he overcomes, in ſingle combat, the rebel Gordon, a veteran trained to arms, and ſkilled in combat! He does more; for, *good* as he is brave, he obtains his pardon, reinſtates him in the king's favour, and reſtores him to his family and eſtates! He mourned for his father with true filial ſorrow. When he came to the throne, *he might have been deſpotic; but he contented himſelf with limited power.* In the midſt of danger he diſcovered great intrepidity; no circumſtance could diminiſh his valour; he was never vindictive but when he conceived the exigencies of the State required it. We are informed, that he added much to the real emolument of his ſubjects; *that he was ſolicitous for the tranquillity of the people*, and was ſeldom arbitrary but with a view to their intereſt. He was devout, fond of juſtice, eſſayed to diſtribute it indiſcriminately, and *confirmed the rights of the people.* Such is the character of Edward I. and yet, methinks, many of his actions were deeply tinged with ſeverity.

To read the life of the Queen of Scots without tears, appears to me impoſſible. I prefer *Doctor Stuart* to *Doctor Robinſon*, and I view Mary as the moſt injured

of

of women. I cannot regard her as a murderer—I am diſtreſſed if ſhe is accuſed—I am fond of conſidering her as blameleſs. *I do not love Elizabeth*—I am aſtoniſhed to find her at any time the object of admiration; and I feel diſappointed, that no remarkable calamity overtook her as a puniſhment for her cruelty to a woman ſo unfortunate and ſo meritorious! The Earl of Murray I deteſt, nor did I part with a ſingle tear at his aſſaſſination.

Henry IV. of France (excuſe the arrogance of your girl) was, I conceive, *inferior* to the Duke of Sully. I have been ready to think he owed his greatneſs, in many inſtances, to his miniſter; he is often extricated by him from his difficulties, and ſaved from the moſt diſhonourable connexions; yet the king is frequently angry with the duke without a cauſe. Beſides, *the king was an apoſtate;* and the duke of Sully, although importuned by his ſovereign, who enforced his arguments by the moſt ſplendid offers, preſerved his religion inviolate. The duke is tenderly attached to his family, while the king very ſoon enters into habits of intimacy with perſons who were ſuppoſed to have procured the death of his mother! nor does he pay much attention to the feelings of his ſiſter! And indeed I am ready to aſk, Was not the duke of Sully, as well as Ariſtides, without a fault? The action of Ravaillac was horrid, and, methought, I felt the wound which pierced the ſide of the king.

The fate of king Charles has coſt me unnumbered ſighs and tears. Surely, had the advances which he condeſcended to make, been accepted, he would have become the father of his people. The heroiſm of Lady Fairfax, at the trial of the unfortunate monarch, excites my gratitude and my admiration. When the royal ſufferer takes leave of his children, and when, for the laſt time, he preſſes his infant ſon to his boſom, I can ſcarce control the anguiſh of my ſpirit; a ſickneſs comes over my heart, and I feel as if I were about to part with the deareſt of my friends. I follow Charles to the ſcaffold—I attend to the good biſhop—

I behold

I behold the venerable ſufferer—I liſten to his emphatic "REMEMBER"—I ſee his head extended on the block, his hands out-ſtretched! and I ſhudder at the fatal blow!—I turn from the bleeding trophy of rebellion!—I execrate the enemies of the martyred monarch!—I join in the lamentations of the deeply affected ſpectators; and, I think, I would not be Elizabeth of England, nor Oliver Cromwell, although I might thus be raiſed to the empire of the whole world.

I take pleaſure in travelling with the Czar Peter; I admire him while in Holland and England. He was called great—but I had rather he had been leſs rigorous to his ſon.

You have taught me, Madam, to venerate the characters of thoſe matchleſs men, who, quitting their native country, and thoſe commodious habitations where they enjoyed the elegancies of life, croſſed the wide Atlantic, and took up their reſidence in a wilderneſs, where even the articles neceſſary to their exiſtence were with difficulty obtained; thus encountering various hardſhips, for the ſole purpoſe of obtaining liberty to worſhip God agreeably to the dictates of their conſciences; and I attend, with ſuperior ſatisfaction, to the actions of perſons, who were thus diſtinguiſhed for patience, fortitude and piety.

But, when I am required to ſay which I admire moſt, I again feel as when making a choice among Plutarch's Greeks and Romans; and I am ready to conceive, that the naming one would render me guilty of diſreſpect to the reſt; yet my mother would not put a queſtion to her girl unbecoming for her to anſwer, and I cannot but feel a pleaſure in accommodating myſelf to her requeſts. Mr. Johnſon, of Clipſham, ſeems to have exerciſed himſelf in acts of kindneſs towards America; he was an upright and pious man; after his death, the people of Maſſachuſetts evinced the eſtimation in which they held him, by *directing their bodies, as they departed out of time, to be interred around him.* But the peruſal of the life of

Govenor Winthrop has given me inexpreſſible ſatisfaction; he was early diſtinguiſhed in Suffolk, and his being appointed a juſtice of peace at the age of eighteen, is a ſtriking proof that he was ſuppoſed to poſſeſs ſuperior virtue. He enjoyed an eſtate of many hundreds a year; but he heſitated not in parting with every thing which was eligible in his proſpects, when they were ſet in competition with his integrity and his religion. Placed, by general conſent, at the head of the new formed colony, he was eleven times choſen its governor, and it appears that he conducted with prudence and juſtice. The death of Governor Winthrop, who was ſtyled, the Father of the infant State, cauſed a general lamentation throughout the colony; and his virtues, it is ſaid, were many, while his errors were few—perhaps he had no ſuperior.

Thus, my dear mamma, have I endeavoured to obey you. *Often attending to converſations paſſing between my papa and you, on intereſting points in hiſtory, I have expreſſed myſelf with the greater confidence.* I know you will have the goodneſs to point out my miſtakes, and tell me how I ought to think of perſons and things, and I requeſt you to write me a ſeparate letter upon each of the ſubjects you have propoſed, and thus add to the number of thoſe pleaſing obligations, which you have long been in the habit of conferring upon your ever duteous and affectionate

MARGARETTA MELWORTH.

No. XLV.

No. XLV.

Though frequent crimes deform the Grecian page,
And Roman annals often bluſh in gore,
Yet let me contemplate the virtuous ſage,
The patriot's beamy ſteps untir'd explore.
I'd rather count the ſtars that gem the ſky,
Or in the azure path, or milky way,
Than follow where tremendous whirlwinds fly,
Volcanoes burſt, or plagues in embryo lay.

To MARGARETTA.

YOU have, my love, fully anſwered my expectations, and I *pronounce deciſively*, (a liberty which you know I ſeldom allow myſelf to take) that few young women have made better improvement of their time and advantages than my Margaretta; and, as I am in the habit of gratifying all your reaſonable wiſhes, I ſhall, according to your deſire, addreſs you in ſeparate letters upon the principal points to which I have required your attention.

I did not calculate on preciſion of compariſon from my daughter. Plutarch, after carefully collecting the materials for the lives which he hath written; after weighing every circumſtance, and digeſting them with that admirable regularity in which they are handed down to us, is often at a loſs to eſtimate the *comparative* excellence of his heroes. He narrates particulars, places them in a parallel view, and ſeems rather to leave the deciſion to his readers. My purpoſe, in the exerciſe which I have exacted, was to inſure your accurate attention; well knowing, that the diſquiſition of a ſubject, a conference on its merits, and, more eſpecially, thoſe reſearches which are requiſite to the making up of an opinion that we are to commit to writing, is the moſt probable means of impreſſing the mind. Beſides, we cannot too often contemplate virtuous actions. Stimulated by the approbation that will, indiſputably, ſooner or later, attend on rectitude, we become

come enamoured thereof, and, aiming at thoſe excellencies which may entitle us thereto, we ſeek to implant in our boſoms every good and proper principle.

The heroes of antiquity, grouped together, may be conſidered as a ſplendid conſtellation, illumining thoſe tremendous periods, which, fraught with blood and murder, unveiled ſcenes that ſeemed to threaten the univerſal wreck of nature! Lycurgus, the Lacedemonian legiſlator, evinced his integrity in the moſt arduous actions of his life; no difficulties were too great for his enterprizing ſpirit. Zealous for his country's weal, he endured every hardſhip; viſiting the learned men in various cities, that he might, by their collected wiſdom, become qualified to conſult the general good. His valour was equal to his love of information. In early life he was proof againſt the aſſault of perfidious beauty; he cheerfully reſigned royalty; and, although ſome of his regulations, apparently at variance with nature, may be deemed rigorous and cruel, yet we cannot call in queſtion his probity, nor the light in which he himſelf regarded his inſtitutions, when we find him voluntarily yielding up his life, in the hope of inſuring their perpetual operation.

Solon, the Athenian law-giver, united wiſdom and clemency; his philanthropy was demonſtrated by his *remiſſion of debts*, and his exempting the *body from ſeizure in caſes of inſolvency*. He abrogated the bloody laws of Draco, and equity was the baſis of his proceedings: He ordained, alſo, that no one ſhould *ſpeak evil of the dead*. Theſpis, the immortal father of the drama, was cotemporary with Solon.

Numa Pompilius was a virtuous prince. He ſeemed born to humanize the ferocity of the Romans; he cultivated the arts of peace; and his ſuppoſed intercourſe with the goddeſs Egeria, giving him the aſcendency over the minds of the people, he became indeed a ſovereign, and he employed his power for the emolument of his ſubjects. His acceptance of the royal dignity was in conformity to their perſevering importunity, and he juſtified their utmoſt confidence. His inſtitu-

tions

tions were deſcriptive of wiſdom; he erected public edifices; he ſhut up the temple of Janus; and, although he exerciſed ſovereignty for the ſpace of forty-three years, this temple was never again opened during his reign. Numa exhibited an example of juſtice, clemency and goodneſs; and the benign virtues of humanity prevailed throughout his dominions. The ſources of contention were cut off; the gentle breezes of complacency were abroad; the healthful and tranquillizing occupations of agriculture were diligently purſued; the authority of religion was eſtabliſhed; the people ſaw good days; feſtivity gladdened their hearts; and amuſements, under the auſpices of virtue, were eſtabliſhed. Italy aſſumed a face of confidence and contentment; an amicable intercourſe ſucceeded thoſe hoſtilities which had diſtracted the land; a perſuaſion of ſecurity obtained, and commerce revived.

Valerius became illuſtrious by his virtues. He was the *friend of the people;* his condeſcenſion to their feelings obtained for him the ſirname of Publicola. He demoliſhed, without heſitation, the ſuperb manſion which gave them offence; he inverted the *inſignia* of authority as he approached their aſſemblies; thus inferring his reverence for their ſentiments, and his acknowledgment of their ſovereignty. By theſe judicious conceſſions he cut aſunder the ſinews of envy, and eſtabliſhed himſelf in the hearts of the many. He was the firſt Roman conſul that ever mounted a triumphal chariot; and the oration which he delivered at the funeral of Brutus, is ſaid to have originated that cuſtom among the Romans. Publicola enacted wiſe and equitable laws, and he communicated to his adminiſtration the requiſite energy. He gave liberty to offenders, condemned by the conſuls, to appeal to *the people.* No perſon could legally exerciſe any office, who had not been elected by the free ſuffrages of *the people; and he exempted the poor from any cuſtom,* or *impoſt of any deſcription!* He ordained queſtors; he exerciſed himſelf in acts of liberality; and he was induſtrious in eſtabliſhing all *that equality which is conſiſtent*

with the regular adminiſtration of government. He was an intrepid warrior; he was victorious over the enemies of his country; he was frequently elected conſul; his triumphs were repeated; and he died, honoured and regretted. The Roman ladies, to demonſtrate their high ſenſe of the merit of this illuſtrious citizen, *appeared in black one whole year after his deceaſe.* If Solon's definition of happineſs is admitted, *Publicola was happy, for he was virtuous; he ſerved his country honourably as a legiſlator and a general, and his ſervices were gratefully compenſated. He died amid the continued victories of the republic, which had attained reſpectability under his auſpices; and to him is referred the ſplendor and anceſtry of the noble houſes of the Publicolæ, the Meſſallæ and Valerii.*

Marcus Furius Camillus bore many honourable offices under the Roman commonwealth. Perhaps, if we except the Decii and the Regulii of the Roman hiſtory, it records few, if any lives, that exhibited more uniform and glowing patriotiſm. He was five times choſen dictator; and his deeds of worth rendered the family of Furia illuſtrious. The authority which devolved ſingly upon himſelf, he judiciouſly communicated; and when he was aſſociated with others, the elevation of his underſtanding, giving him to *originate* every ſeaſonable and important regulation, rendered his ſuperiority apparent. It is remarked of him, that he *commanded without envy*, and that his contemporaries *cheerfully* yielded him the *preference.* It was during a conteſt relative to Camillus, that the Roman ladies evinced their patriotiſm by parting with their jewels; in conſideration of which, a decree paſſed the ſenate, that orations ſhould be pronounced at the funeral of meritorious women. The indignation with which Camillus received the infamous pedagogue who betrayed the Falerian youth, baſely conducting the ſtudents committed to his care into the Roman camp, and his equitable deciſion relative to the traitor, demonſtrates the wiſdom and integrity of his character; while his remarks, on that memorable occaſion, are deſcriptive of magnanimity,

magnanimity, heroiſm and rectitude. *War*, ſaid he, *is of itſelf a ſufficient evil; oppreſſion, cruelty and bloodſhed are in its train: Nevertheleſs, the man of probity will ſtill ſquare his actions by the rule of right; he will not accept a victory obtained by perfidy; but he will truſt to his own valour to procure for him that deciſion, which the juſtice of his cauſe may authorize him to expect.* Virtue, as it often happens, was, in this caſe, its own reward. The unexpected reſtoration of the Falerian children, with the marks of ignominy beſtowed upon the perfidious preceptor, were circumſtances which enkindled in the boſoms of the well near diſtracted parents, the moſt ardent veneration for the Roman character; and while their emancipated ſons extolled Camillus as their father, their god and their deliverer, ambaſſadors were immediately diſpatched to the Romans, and an advantageous and a bloodleſs peace was obtained.

Yet Camillus, at a period when he was involved in the deepeſt domeſtic calamity, when the cheek of the warrior was wet with the tears which fell over the early grave of the ſon of his boſom, became the victim of ingratitude! Arraigned by the ill-founded malice of the people, he anticipated judgment, and only eſcaped an ignominious ſentence, by ſubmitting to voluntary baniſhment. But, unlike Coriolanus, during his exile, his good genius ſtill hovered round the city of Rome, and, as her guardian angel, he watched over her for good. The Gauls attacked and deſtroyed the city, maſſacreing the ſenators in their robes of dignity; but the exiled hero was fruitful in reſources, and his moſt arduous efforts were embodied for the relief of his deſolated country. As a private ſoldier, aſſociating with a veteran band, he obtained a ſignal victory over the common enemy; *and, ſo ſacred did he hold the authority legally appointed, that he refuſed the command which he was ſolicited to aſſume, until the repreſentatives of the State, then beſieged in the capitol, ſhould elect him to that office!* The heroiſm of an individual procured the neceſſary inveſtiture; and, thus armed with *regular powers*, his actions proclaimed the patriot, the

hero

hero and the warrior! He led an army againſt Brennus; diſappointed the mercenary views of that Gaul; ſet the battle in array; obtained a deciſive victory; extricated his native city; entered Rome amid the acclamations of the citizens, and was received with every poſſible demonſtration of joy! Camillus rebuilt the city of Rome, and was honoured by the appellation of its ſecond founder. He enjoyed, for the fourth time, that triumph which he had ſo well deſerved! In ſhort, he attained the higheſt ſummit of human glory.

Cincinnatus is enrolled in the brighteſt annals of fame! His magnanimity, his abilities and his moderation merit the ſublimeſt eulogy. Departing from the rural haunts of peaceful virtue, he ſaved Rome, obtained a triumph, and returned to that retirement, where he had ſo ſucceſsfully reared to maturity that noble patriotiſm, which, in the hour of danger, had nerved his arm, and led him forth to victory!

Cimon, the Athenian, it is ſaid, "*poſſeſſed all thoſe qualities that digniſy the ſoul.*" He was zealous for his country's weal; his politics were upright; he was an accompliſhed general; modeſt, when raiſed to the higheſt employments and moſt diſtinguiſhed honours, liberal and beneficent, ſimple, and averſe to oſtentation. He had the glory of *curbing* the vanity of his countrymen, and diſſuading them from acting tyrannically; and he uniformly inveighed againſt that propenſity, which taught them to ſacrifice virtue to profit, and honour to power.

Philopoemen, *produced in the old age of Greece*, is characterized as the laſt of her ſons. He was an undaunted warrior; he trained his countrymen to arms, and led them forth to victory: Many were his valorous deeds; and he continued, through a long life, the determined enemy of tyrants. The integrity of Philopoemen was not to be corrupted; and ſuch were the impreſſions of his rectitude, that no Lacedemonian dared to offer him a bribe. The citizens of Sparta wiſhed to tender him the ſums, accruing from the ſale

of

of thoſe valuable articles, which had been the property of the tyrant whom he had ſubdued by his valour: But they were aware that much addreſs was requiſite, and they committed the buſineſs to Timolaus; who, after undertaking it, upon obſerving the wiſdom, juſtice, temperance and moderation of Philopoemen, deſpairing of ſucceeding, pronounced him ſuperior to ſeduction, and returned to his employers without executing his commiſſion! A ſecond attempt was alike ineffectual; a third trial, however, enabled him to produce the gratuity; when Philopoemen, rejecting the largeſs, calmly obſerved to the Spartans, that it would be economical to reſerve their gold for thoſe *unprincipled men, whoſe nefarious purpoſes* might elſe accompliſh the public ruin.

Philopoemen was the eighth time appointed general of the Achæans, after he had completed the ſeventieth year of his age! What mortal could achieve he greatly wrought: But misfortunes overtook the winter of his days. He was impriſoned by Dinocrates; and when the impoiſoned chalice was placed in his hands, he queſtioned the meſſenger of death relative to the horſemen who were in his train, and upon being informed they had eſcaped, he replied with a ſmile, "*It is well—we are not every way unfortunate;*" and, ſwallowing the fatal draught, uttered not another ſentence! The Achæans revenged his death. The body of the hero was placed upon the funeral pile—the conſecrated urn received the aſhes, and it was adorned with garlands of flowers. Polybius, the hiſtorian, conveyed it to his native city. The whole army, drawn up in ſolemn proceſſion, attended the venerable remains. People, of all ranks and conditions, flocked from the towns and villages, to meet the ſad retinue; preſſing, with tears and lamentations, to touch and embrace that ſacred urn, in which was depoſited all that was mortal of him, who had ſo often delivered them from impending evil. He was interred with every demonſtration of reſpect; and ſtatues aroſe to his memory in all the principal cities of Greece.

But

But Plutarch pronounces decisively, that neither Philopoemen, nor any other warrior, can be compared to Titus Quintius Flaminius, in regard to benefits conferred upon the Grecian States. Titus combined gentleness of manners and piety with his valour. He was steady in his friendships; and his clemency to a conquered foe was exemplified in many instances. He was judicious in his arrangements; deliberation preceded his actions; and his bravery was tempered by wisdom. Being victorious over Philip of Macedon, he left him in the possession of his realm and crown; and he manifested great tenderness to the Etolians.

I pity the reader who is not elevated to a tone of extacy, when, borne on the wings of imagination, he presents himself amid the assembled Grecians, and listens to the proclamation of the Roman herald.

Greece had been torn by intestine dissensions, and alternately the prey of contending nations. At length, subdued by the Romans, she looked for despotism and bondage. The Macedonians were expelled; they were totally dispossessed of all their conquests in Greece, and their garrisons were, by consequence, removed.

They were without a remedy, wholly at the mercy of the victor. That the Romans would relinquish the cities they had conquered, was improbable; the very idea was infinitely absurd and romantic. Solacing themselves, however, with the prospect of that repose which peace might confer, they prepare to celebrate the Isthmian games. A vast concourse of people are assembled—every heart is replete with expectation—persons of the highest rank mingle in the crowd—a decree is to be promulgated; *a decree of their conquerors; and their fate hangs upon the lips of those who have obtained the power of decision.* Hope and fear alternately prevail; but the most sanguine expectancy could only calculate upon being indulged with a mild system of government. See how the agony of suspense is impressed upon every deeply interesting countenance! Hark! the trumpet sounds—silence is proclaimed—

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the herald advances into the centre of the ARENA—he is about to ſpeak—What will he ſay?—Huſh, huſh, let not a breath interrupt.

"*The ſenate and people of Rome, and Titus Quintius* "*Flaminius the proconſul, having overcome Philip and the* "*Macedonians, declare the Corinthians, the Phocians, the* "*Locrians, the Eubæans, the Magneſians, the Theſſalians,* "*the Perræbi, the Achæans, and Phthiots,* FREE FROM "ALL KIND OF SERVITUDE. ALL THESE NATIONS "SHALL LIVE IN AN INDEPENDENT STATE, AND BE "GOVERNED BY THEIR OWN LAWS!!!"

The herald is but imperfectly heard—the multitude is exceeding great—the ſudden burſt of joy has intercepted and ſplit aſunder his ſentences—Let him ſpeak once more—a profound ſilence obtains—Again, with a loud voice, he proclaims, "*The ſenate and people of Rome,*" &c. &c. &c.—Not a ſyllable is loſt—not a doubt remains—Gracious God! is it poſſible?—but they are fully aſſured of their happineſs, and their raiſed hands and ſtreaming eyes expreſs the unutterable tranſport of their boſoms! A univerſal ſhout of joy ſucceeds!—a ſhout, which is reſounded by the far diſtant ſhore—their united acclamations ſplit the ſurrounding atmoſphere—and, *Plutarch informs us*, impeded, *in their aërial paſſage, the feathered tenants of the ſky!*

The Iſthmian games are neglected—more elevated and important attentions engroſs their minds—they crowd around the Roman chief——But deſcription, how inſufficient! how totally inadequate as a veſtment, to enrobe thoſe exquiſite ſenſations, which this ſcene embodies and ſublimes! Surely, the genius of humanity muſt lament that Rome ever deviated from a mode of conduct, at once ſo upright and ſo ſplendid.

Leonidas defending the ſtraits of Thermopylæ—Epaminondas, the brave victim of heroic patriotiſm—Pelopidas, his magnanimous friend—Agis, ſtruggling in the cauſe of virtue, and ſubmitting to death with heroic conſtancy—Socrates, expiring beneath the ſtroke

of

of factious bigotry—(you see, my dear, I have not paid much attention to chronology; let your next exercise place these names in their proper order)—the virtuous Phocion, greatly superior, I had almost said, to error——But, my love, it is not my design to give a list of all those illustrious men, who are justly considered as the ornaments of humanity. I only aim at exciting your curiosity, and stimulating your researches. To-morrow I will give an answer to your question, "*Is not Aristides a perfect character?*"

Your papa intends a little jaunt this afternoon; we are to accompany him; we shall take an early dinner, and it will be well for you to order your dress accordingly. Hasten, as soon as possible, to your affectionate

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLVI.

Alas! humanity, to error prone!
Unblemish'd rectitude hath rarely known;
Around the lapsed nature, shades collect,
And the dun hues a length'ning gloom reflect.

To MARGARETTA.

"*IS not the character of Aristides perfect?*" This is the present question. Let us, my love, proceed to a careful investigation thereof, and our answer will follow of course. It appears that Aristides was, indeed, *eminently virtuous*; and, that although highly capable of friendship, his attachments could never render him unjust. His decisions, when sitting in the seat of judgment, were not influenced by a sense of *personal* injuries. "*Friend,*" said he, to a plaintiff who sought to bias him in favour of his suit, by representing the aggressor as the adversary of Aristides; "*Friend, tell me only what injuries he has done to thee; "for it is thy cause, and not mine, which I set to judge.*" He was modest, and averse from ostentation, nor was he ambitious of the pageantry of office.

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He was highly patriotic; the public good was the prime object of his purſuit; and, to a conſideration ſo important, he cheerfully proſtrated his individual glory; yet, in fact, he thus rendered himſelf truly illuſtrious. I regard the action, by which Ariſtides relinquiſhed his authority to Miltiades, among the moſt ſplendid of his life; the conſequences were happy; he thus exterminated the noxious ſeeds of jealouſy and contention, which, taking root, gave indications of a plentiful growth; and he taught the Grecian warriors the advantage of being led to battle by a veteran, experienced in the toils and arts of war; nor could inferior chiefs, thenceforward, refuſe to follow an example ſo evidently productive of general utility. Juſtice is ſaid to be the moſt prominent virtue which Ariſtides poſſeſſed; it raiſed him from the humble walks of life to the higheſt honours his country could confer; and the aſcendency with which it inveſted him, giving a colour to the plea, that the liberties of Athens were in danger, became the foundation of that verdict of the *oſtraciſm*, by which he was baniſhed. "Hath Ariſtides ever injured you?" ſaid the hero, to an illiterate ſtranger, who, ignorant to whom he applied, requeſted him to inſcribe the devoted name upon the ſhell. "Not in the leaſt," replied the cynic, "neither do I ſo much as know him; but I am weary of hearing every where of *Ariſtides the juſt.*"

His prayer, at departing from Athens, breathed the true ſpirit of that kind of philanthropy, which is nearly allied to Deity; and his conduct during his baniſhment, together with his coalition with Themiſtocles, taking meaſures, *from devotion to the public good, to advance to the higheſt eminence, the reputation of an inveterate foe, gives him an incontrovertible right to that ſplendid immortality, which is entitled to deathleſs praiſe.* Who can ſet bounds to their admiration, when they behold the enterpriſing hero, bidding defiance to every danger—forcing his way, at the extremeſt peril, through the enemy's fleet, and ſuddenly preſenting himſelf in the tent of Themiſtocles, not with the language of re-

proach, but in a tone that announced the friend of his country, glowing with unabating zeal for her intereſt, and ready to devote himſelf to her ſervice?

The virtues of Ariſtides ſeem, on this occaſion, to have attained the higheſt pitch of which humanity is ſuſceptible; the intrigues of Themiſtocles had procured his baniſhment, and the invidious calumniator was then inveſted with that authority, to which the ſervices and tranſcendent merit of the illuſtrious exile had given him an indiſputable title! Yet he is ſuperior to reſentment—he takes no retroſpect of injuries. The ſtate of Athens is in danger, and he utters not a recriminating ſentence! In one word, he approximates to divinity. The concentrated riches of the univerſe, in the eſtimation of Ariſtides, would not have been held as an equivalent for the liberties of Greece; and had he ſtill ſojourned in mortality, he would have waged war with her enemies, ſo long as the ſun and the moon endured.

His benign efforts were induſtriouſly employed to mollify the enkindling reſentments of chiefs, engaging in the common cauſe; and he gained every thing by his pacific interpoſition.

His addreſs relative to the diſaffected Grecians, cannot be too much applauded; nor do I conceive, that, in this inſtance, he ſacrificed juſtice, ſince the two delinquents, againſt whom he proceeded, were confeſſedly the *moſt culpable*, and the reſt were referred to the battle, as an ordeal, by which they might ſilence the clamours of accuſation, and produce a conviction that they had never imagined any thing prejudicial to the welfare of Greece. Ariſtides exemplified both his policy and his juſtice, by the decree which declared the victorious citizens alike eligible to the offices of government, and which authorized an *impartial election of the Archon, from the great body of the people.*

We find Ariſtides repeatedly oppoſing himſelf to the treacherous policy of Themiſtocles, and it appears that the Athenians at length knew how to appreciate properly, the abilities and the virtues of thoſe two warriors.

warriors. I have conceived a deſign, ſaid Themiſtocles, which will be of vaſt advantage to the State, but its ſucceſs depends upon its continuing a profound ſecret. Communicate your deſign to Ariſtides, cried the Athenians, and we will abide by his deciſion. The project was, to burn the combined navy of Greece, which conflagration would have inveſted Athens with ſovereignty. But one judgment can be formed of this ſcheme—it was infamouſly perfidious. "*Nothing*," ſaid Ariſtides, as he gave in his report to the aſſembly—"*could be more advantageous, and nothing could be more unjuſt.*" We conceive a high idea of the *integrity of the Athenians, and of their unbounded confidence in Ariſtides*, when we hear them, without waiting to inveſtigate, command Themiſtocles to relinquiſh his purpoſe.

The dignified condeſcenſion of Ariſtides induced the confederated forces to ſolicit his acceptation of the general command of their united army; and his matchleſs integrity conſtrained the Lacedemonians to ſupplicate the Athenians, that he might have leave of abſence, while he examined, in perſon, the complicated revenues, and aſſigned to every citizen their due proportion of the expenſes accruing from the general burden of the war. Yet this perſonage, rendered illuſtrious by an aſſemblage of virtues, led a life of poverty, and daily practiſed a cloſe obſervance of the moſt rigid frugality. His candour and moderation were frequently apparent. Themiſtocles continued the determined foe of his virtues; yet he "*refuſed to join in the proſecution of that citizen*," when his practices being unveiled, he was finally accuſed of capital crimes, and he poſſeſſed too much real dignity of mind, to inſult him in his misfortunes.

My Margaretta repeats her queſtion, "*Is not the character of Ariſtides perfect?*" I anſwer—we have hitherto only attended to the fair ſide of his conduct. Perhaps Ariſtides attained to as much rectitude of life, as hath ever yet fallen to the ſhare of a being who is ſubject to the aſſaults of paſſion, who is the ſport of contingencies, and who too frequently finds himſelf involved

involved in a labyrinth of error. But neither Ariſtides nor any other *mere mortal*, ſince the defection of him who was placed in the garden of Eden, hath ever yet been, *ſtrictly ſpeaking*, *wholly exempted* from the effects of that imbecility, which, from the abovementioned period, hath, more or leſs, pervaded human nature. But Plutarch ſays, "*that he was firm and ſteady in his behaviour, immoveable in every thing that appeared juſt, and incapable of uſing the leaſt falſehood, flattery, diſguiſe, or deceit, ſo much as in jeſt.*" True, he does ſo, and this very aſſertion is another proof of the imperfection of *poor human nature*. Plutarch is highly reſpectable as an hiſtorian, and yet his life of Ariſtides expreſsly contradicts this ſummary which he has given us of his character; for, beſides that, he ſeems to adopt the opinion, that the enmity of Ariſtides and Themiſtocles originated in an *unwarrantable* attachment, which they had mutually conceived to a beautiful individual. He repreſents *Ariſtides the juſt* as ſtrenuouſly combating a meaſure of great importance and advantage, *merely becauſe it had been propoſed by Themiſtocles!* I confeſs, on this occaſion, he acted in contradiction to the general rectitude of his mind; *but he did act*, and a conſciouſneſs of the impropriety of his conduct, extorted from him a confeſſion, "that the Athenians would never be ſafe, *till they threw Themiſtocles and himſelf into the Barathrum.*"

I am aware that his matured judgment amply corrected this error; but neither were his riper years entirely free from blame. As a treaſurer, he diſcharged his truſt with that integrity which made ſo eſſential a part of his character; but upon ſurrendering up his accounts, being accuſed by Themiſtocles, and other nefarious incendiaries, of embezzling the public monies, although he was honourably acquitted by the *chief and beſt men of the city, and continued in his office*, he affected, during the courſe of a complete year, an utter derelic-tion of his former probity; he courted the approbation of thoſe who robbed the public, and paſſed their accounts, without that equitable inveſtigation and detec-

tion

tion of treachery, to which he had been accuſtomed. It is true, that upon his ſecond re-election, he thus obtained the privilege of rebuking the Athenians, by the following addreſs: "*When I diſcharged my office faithfully "and honourably, I was reviled and diſgraced; but now, "when I have ſuffered your treaſury to be robbed by theſe "public plunderers, I am admired and applauded as the beſt "of citizens.*" It is alſo true, that this plan might be politic. Athens, thus warned, probably reaped the benefit in her ſubſequent regulations and appointments; but ſurely it is a circumſtance which deſtroys the aſſertion of his biographer, for he appears during the tranſactions of a year, *capable of* "*uſing falſehood and deceit.*" Thus, if we would not be miſled, the neceſſity of an accurate inveſtigation of even the beſt authors, becomes obvious.

But having adjuſted our firſt point, we proceed to the ſecond. You have very naturally accounted for your predilection in favour of Edward I.; but your favourite poet has enriched the drama, by rendering another Engliſh monarch the hero of his production. Alfred the Great was ſurely not inferior even to Ariſtides. I will confeſs to you, my daughter, that I have never read the hiſtory of this prince without the moſt animated and pleaſurable ſenſations. I may be an enthuſiaſt in my admiration of his virtues; but he appears to me to have united in himſelf every excellence which can dignify or adorn humanity; and I experience a degree of elevation, in the conſideration that this magnanimous monarch was of that order of beings, in which nature hath conferred on me, alſo, the gift of exiſtence.

Let us, my good girl, take a curſory view of the ſplendid actions which rendered illuſtrious one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed lives that is to be found in the annals of human nature. The favourite ſon of a father, who, from misjudging fondneſs, neglected his education; we find him, at the age of twelve years, ignorant of the loweſt rudiments of literature; but the productions of the bard, recounting the valorous deeds

of heroes, are rehearſed in his preſence, and his noble faculties are rouſed to action; an ardent thirſt of knowledge, and deſire of virtue, pervades his boſom, and his *maternal parent* cheriſhes the princely emulation, which is thus happily originated. The elevated and penetrating genius of Alfred was ſuperior to every impediment. Both Engliſh and Latin were ſoon attained, and his progreſs in every uſeful and ornamental ſtudy was aſtoniſhing. The death of his father placed his brother Ethelred upon the throne, by whom he was deprived of his patrimony; yet, relinquiſhing at the ſhrine of public ſafety, his ſenſe of individual wrongs, he bravely fought the battles of his brother. Providence at length inveſted him with the ſovereign authority; but his dominions were previouſly reduced to the very brink of deſtruction, and his proſpects were indeed truly lamentable. The progreſs of the Danes was fearfully rapid. Agriculture was arreſted in its moſt eſſential operations—the grounds remained uncultivated—the ſacred temples were laid in aſhes—every reſource ſeemed cut off, and deſpair, with tremendous aſpect, ſtalked through the deſolated land! yet virtue, valour and wiſdom united in the perſon of Alfred—the trio was auguſt—it was equal to the moſt aſtoniſhing achievements—the clouds gradually diſperſed—every evil was redreſſed—and confidence, regularity and felicity were reſtored!

ALFRED, juſtly receiving the epithet GREAT, was anointed by Heaven, the deliverer, reſtorer and protector of his proſtrate country; and although his firſt onſets were unſucceſsful, and the Danes ſtill continued their barbarous ravages, yet no misfortune could repreſs his heroic ardour; but yielding, for a ſeaſon, to thoſe melancholy neceſſities, impoſed by an enemy, rendered powerful by ſucceſſive victories, whoſe perfidy no treaty could bind, and conſtrained alſo by the ſuperſtitious fears of thoſe few followers who remained, he relinquiſhed the enſigns of royalty, diſmiſſed his attendants, and, clad in a ſhepherd's garb, he took his way to the cottage of a herdſman, to whom his rank

was

was unknown; where, in this disguise, he continued, impatiently expecting the hour, when he might advantageously present himself, and reduce to practice those preconcerted plans, which were to emancipate his bleeding country. Equal to every situation in life, he supported himself with propriety during this reverse of fortune. Music constituted the prime source of his amusement, and hope illumined his hours. Thomson lays the scene of the most interesting of his dramatic productions, in this rural abode of royalty. The Masque of Alfred opens with a dialogue of the shepherd and his wife, respecting the stranger who resided in their cottage. It commences in the following beautiful manner:

"*Emma.* Shepherd, 'tis he. Beneath yon aged "oak, all on the flowery turf he lays him down.

"*Corin.* Soft! let us not disturb him, gentle "Emma. *Poor though he be; unfriended and unknown; "my pity waits with reverence on his fortune.* Modest "of carriage, and of speech most gracious. As if some "saint or angel in disguise had graced our lowly cot-"tage with his presence—he steals, I know not how, "into the heart, and makes it pant to serve him. "Trust me, Emma, he is no common man.

"*Emma.* Some lord, perhaps, or valiant chief, "that from our deadly foe, the haughty, cruel, unbe-"lieving Dane, seeks shelter here.

"*Corin.* And shelter he shall find. *Who loves his "country, is my friend and brother.* Behold him well. "Fair virtue in his aspect, even through the homely "russet that conceals him, shines forth, and proves "him noble. Seest thou, Emma, yon western clouds? "*The sun they strive to hide, yet darts his beams around.*"

The succeeding scene between Alfred and the Earl of Devon, is deeply interesting; but as your father intends reading for us this evening Thomson's Alfred, I forbear a continuation of my extracts.

The auspicious era at length dawned, and the dispersed Saxons once more rallied round the standard of their prince. But a hazardous enterprize remained;

a knowledge

a knowledge of the numbers and ſituation of the foe was abſolutely indiſpenſable; and Alfred, at a loſs to whom to confide an undertaking ſo important, devoted himſelf to the perilous inveſtigation! In his ruſtic habiliments, with his harp in his hand, he paſſed the Daniſh lines—amuſed the ſoldiers—addreſſed in the moſt ſoothing ſtrains, the admiring officers; and thus procuring an introduction to the Daniſh prince, continued with him many days; until, obtaining the requiſite information, he departed to that retreat from whence he iſſued thoſe commands which placed him at the head of an army, reſolutely determined to make for their lives and their liberties a vigorous ſtand! The conſequence was glorious. The Danes, aſtoniſhed to behold again in the field, a power which they had conſidered as totally annihilated, gave way on every ſide; a deciſive victory was obtained; and, although thoſe who eſcaped, again intrenched themſelves, yet ſpeedily ſurrendering at diſcretion, they experienced the clemency of the conqueror. From this period Alfred continued victorious; a ſeries of brilliant ſucceſſes utterly expelled the treacherous invaders, while the fleet which he appointed, deſtroyed their veſſels, and defended the Engliſh coaſt. It was now that he attained the extreme acme of human glory. His territories were extended far beyond the domain of his predeceſſors. The Welſh monarchs acknowledged his ſuperiority; the Northumbrians accepted the ſovereign whom he appointed; no enemy remained; and general peace was reſtored.

Twelve years of profound tranquillity enſued, and Alfred appropriated this interval to the originating, reſtoring and eſtabliſhing whatever could be conſidered as contributing to the welfare of his ſubjects, whom he regarded as his children. The cities ravaged by the Danes, were rebuilt; a regular militia, well ordered and equipped, was embodied. He numbered and regiſtered the people, and, placing weapons in their hands, he taught them to defend themſelves. He divided the kingdom into claſſes, aſſigning to each

a reſpective

a reſpective routine of duty; thus the lands were cultivated, while well appointed and duly regulated bands held themſelves in readineſs to repel an invading foe. The navy, alſo, obtained a due ſhare of his foſtering care; an able and completely furniſhed fleet, conſiſting of one hundred and twenty ſhips of war, were ſtationed along the Albion coaſt; and the Engliſh, in this reign, became expert in ſailing and in naval engagements; and thus were ſucceeding incurſions advantageouſly repulſed.

He next turned his attention to the embelliſhment of the kingdom which he had thus delivered and protected; he enacted laws, and eſtabliſhed the moſt judicious regulations. The wiſdom of his civil inſtitutions is highly celebrated. The trial by jury, that grand palladium of juſtice, is aſcribed to him; and to ſuch perfection had he conducted the ſyſtem which he originated, and ſo well did the morals of his ſubjects harmonize therewith, that he is ſaid to have ordered bracelets of gold to be hung up in the high-way, as a challenge to robbers, which bracelets remained in perfect ſecurity. He was the uniform friend and patron of literature; this neceſſarily ameliorated the manners, and humanized the habits of the people. He mounted the throne at a period when his ſubjects were enveloped in the moſt profound ignorance. The *character of the age was ferocious;* and the fluctuating ſtate of the Engliſh government, together with the depredation of the Danes more eſpecially, impreſſed upon that nation the features of barbariſm. The Latin tongue was almoſt wholly unknown in England; and Alfred took meaſures to allure to his dominions the moſt learned men of Chriſtendom. He renovated the Univerſity of Oxford, and conferred on that ſeminary many privileges. He was truly economical of his own time, regulating his hours to the beſt advantage, and appropriating them moſt judiciouſly: Grammar, rhetoric, philoſophy, architecture, and geometry, conſtituted a part of his ſtudies. He is celebrated as an hiſtorian; his knowledge in muſic is ſaid to have been reſpectable;

reſpectable; and his poetical talents were in high eſteem. He was fond of allegory; he tranſlated from the Greek, the fables of Æſop; and many of his productions are handed down to the preſent day! Thus did the example of the ſovereign furniſh a powerful incentive to application and improvement. He alſo liberally encouraged the mechanical arts. His palaces were conſtructed of brick, and his example was properly influential. He patronized manufactures of every deſcription; and every uſeful invention, was, by the munificence of the prince, ſuitably rewarded. Commerce and navigation, which he invariably cheriſhed, furniſhed him with the elegancies of life; and England was at length taught how to appreciate the value of juſtice, tranquillity and induſtry.

"It was," ſays a reſpectable hiſtorian, "after a "glorious reign of twenty-nine years thus ſpent in the "advancement of his ſubjects' happineſs, that he died "in the vigour of his age, and the full enjoyment of "his faculties; an *example to princes, and an ornament "to human nature.* To give a character of this prince, "would only be to ſum up thoſe qualities which "conſtitute perfection. Even virtues ſeemingly oppo- "ſite, were happily blended in his diſpoſition; *perſeve- "ring*, yet *flexible*; *moderate*, yet *enterpriſing*; *juſt*, yet "*merciful*; *ſtern in command*, yet *gentle in converſation.* "Nature, alſo, as if deſirous that ſuch admirable "qualities of mind ſhould be ſet off to the greateſt "advantage, had beſtowed on him all bodily accom- "pliſhments—vigour, dignity, and an engaging open "countenance. In ſhort, writers have taken ſuch "delight in deſcribing the hero, that they have totally "*omitted the mention of his ſmaller errors, which doubtleſs "he muſt have had, in conſequence of his humanity.*"

I am ſufficiently acquainted with the mind of my daughter, to feel a conviction that her ſentiments of ALFRED the GREAT, will be perfectly in uniſon with thoſe of her tenderly affectionate

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLVII.

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Who but muſt mourn, when vice th' aſcendent gains,
And in the heaven-born mind triumphant reigns;
When the fair life admits the deep'ning ſtain,
Which muſt through time indelible remain—
A ſtain for which no action can atone,
Though in the richeſt hues of fancy ſhown.
Splendid humanity we love to view,
And, with regret, the ſpot deforming ſhew.

To MARGARETTA.

THE lively imagination which you, my dear, poſſeſs, together with your exquiſite ſenſibilities, ſo properly balanced by reaſon and by judgment, cannot, I think, but be productive of the moſt pleaſing conſequences. Your ſtrong emotions as you read, will ſerve to impreſs on your mind the events you contemplate, and thus you will treaſure up a fund, which will, through life, conſtitute a ſource of emolument and pleaſure.

Your ſentiments of Elizabeth are ſuch as her conduct to Mary very naturally originate; and it is certain, that her cruelty to that princeſs would have ſtamped, even upon the life of an angel, impreſſions of guilt, never to be effaced; and yet it cannot be denied that *Elizabeth was capable of dignified actions*. I approve your preference of Stuart. The hiſtorian engaged in exonerating from reproach the memory of the dead, is, I conceive, entitled to praiſe; and I can more eaſily forgive the writer, who multiplies or exaggerates the virtues of deceaſed perſons, than he who *imputes to them crimes which, while living, they deteſted!* The violence done to Dido, in this reſpect, cannot, I have imagined, be juſtified, even by the *licenſe which is allowed to poets*. The beſt authors concur in repreſenting Eliza, or Dido, as a moſt intrepid and magnanimous princeſs. Deprived, by the hand of a barbarous brother,

brother, of the huſband of her youth, to whom it appears ſhe was *fondly attached*, and attended by her ſiſter and a few faithful followers, ſhe fled from her native realm; when, encountering with heroic fortitude, the hardſhips inſeparable from her enterprize, ſhe founded, or eſtabliſhed, the city of Carthage; ſhe enlarged and beautified it; ſhe incloſed it by a ſtrong wall, and erected in it a citadel; her ſubjects rapidly increaſed; ſhe laid the foundation of a flouriſhing commerce; and her adminiſtration combined juſtice, wiſdom and prudence. Her inſtitutions, and the form of government which ſhe introduced, are pronounced by *Ariſtotle, the moſt perfect that had ever been known in the world*; and Polybius informs us, that monarchy, ariſtocracy and democracy, all concentred therein.

Her attachment to the memory of her murdered huſband continued inviolable. Agreeably to the idolatrous cuſtom of the times, ſhe ordered divine honours to be paid to him; and while ſhe was indefatigable in her endeavours to promote the advancement of her ſubjects, ſhe remained wedded to his memory; thus exhibiting a pattern of female delicacy, propriety and faithfulneſs. A conſciouſneſs of the happineſs which ſhe communicated tranquillized her boſom, and her life would have cloſed ſerenely, but for the intereſted propoſals of Jarbas, a neighbouring prince, who ſought her in marriage. The Carthaginians, fearful of offending their ſovereign by an explicit communication of the overture, practiſed that kind of punic ſubtilty, for which they were afterwards ſo remarkable; and the unſuſpecting Dido, enſnared by their addreſs, found herſelf in a ſituation, which, of all others, ſhe moſt deprecated. With ſtreaming eyes ſhe appealed to her deceaſed lord, and, continuing firm to her plighted vows, laying her hand upon her breaſt, with dignified reſignation ſhe pronounced, "*Give me three months for deliberation, and I will go where my own fate and that of my people calls me.*" In this interval the funeral pile aroſe, which aſcending preciſely at the ſtipulated moment, ſhe voluntarily relinquiſhed a life, which ſhe could

could no longer, conſiſtent with the public weal, preſerve free from a ſecond hymenial engagement.

This is the Dido of the hiſtorian, and authors aſcribe to her uncommon attractions and an *unconquerable chaſtity*. Yet ſhe is precipitated from the ſublime height upon which her achievements and her merit hath placed her, and deſcribed *in an immortal poem, which hath been, and will be read by thouſands who never look into hiſtory, as a laſcivious wanton! The ſlave of imbecility, ſacrificing the prime honour of womanhood, and finally becoming the victim of an illicit paſſion!* Strange as this (I had almoſt ſaid ſacrilegious) violation appears, our aſtoniſhment is heightened, when we learn that ſome writers deny that Dido was even a cotemporary with Æneas! Surely *this licentious degradation of a character, eminent for virtue and abilities, was unworthy the rare talents and acknowledged benevolence of the Mantuan bard.*

You will ſee, my love, as my prime object in theſe letters is, to engage you in the ſtudy of hiſtory, that this exordium is not altogether digreſſive.

Doctor Stuart propoſes himſelf as the *hiſtorian*, and not as the *panegyriſt* of Mary; and *as his means of information were probably as direct and infallible as thoſe of any other writer*, I yield him my *cheerful* and *grateful* credence. *Mary, as delineated by Stuart, deſcends to poſterity, an intereſting and deeply injured princeſs.* Deprived of her father in the early bud of infancy, the complexion of the times rendered it expedient, that, paſſing from the care of her mother, ſhe ſhould receive her education in France. The opening powers of her mind authorized the faireſt expectations; her diſpoſition was amiably mild, and her underſtanding was even ſplendid; ſhe was a proficient in elegant needle work; ſhe obtained an accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue; ſhe could converſe with propriety and fluency in French, Italian, and Spaniſh; ſhe attained a high degree of excellence in painting, poetry and muſic; her dancing was inimitable, and her movements combined a grace irreſiſtibly enchanting. Many writers

have expatiated on the beauty and elegance of her exterior; and her perſonal and mental attractions, rendered her charming beyond any woman of the age in which ſhe lived. Her early years paſſed under the happieſt auſpices, and her marriage with the Dauphin, opened her way to the higheſt regal dignity. Mounting the throne of France, ſhe was placed in a ſphere which ſhe was well calculated to fill, and her talents and her virtues became properly conſpicuous.

But alas! how momentary was the bliſs!—the evaneſcent viſion ſoon fled, and the youthful queen was arrayed in the melancholy garb of widowhood! From this moment ſhe ſeems marked the daughter of ſorrow. The death of her mother rendered her return to Scotland indiſpenſable; and, with an aching heart, ſhe prepared to obey the dictates of duty. Is there, who ſhudders not, as ſhe receives, while yet in France, the homage of the contending parties? Gladly would we remove her from the toils and tumults of a turbulent adminiſtration, and ſhelter her amid thoſe ſocial haunts which ſhe would dignify and adorn. Yet, conſcious of integrity, and with a heart glowing with the benevolent purpoſe of appeaſing conflicting paſſions, deſtroying animoſities, and healing every breach, ſhe prepared for her voyage to her hereditary dominions.

Although zealouſly attached to the religion in which ſhe had been educated, and which was the election of her riper years, yielding, nevertheleſs, to the popular current, ſhe judiciouſly placed her confidence in thoſe lords, who were *avowedly in the Proteſtant* intereſt; and it appears that all her plans were conciliatory. What a vaſt acceſſion of care inſtantly devolved upon her, and what a fearful conflict awaited!!!

Elizabeth—the powerful Elizabeth, nearly allied to her in blood, but the determined foe of her virtues and her pretenſions, was irreconcileably offended by the early declaration which had been made of her right to the crown of England; and her inveteracy was apparent in almoſt every action; but the firmneſs and penetration of Mary was fully equal to every *open* and

avowed

avowed attack; and it was only to the ſtudied artifice of diſſimulation, that ſhe became a victim. Her anſwer to Throgmorton, while ſhe continued in Paris, relative to the treaty, binding her to abſtain *forever* from aſſuming the title and arms of England, was at once deſcriptive of her wiſdom and her addreſs, and confirmed the favourable ideas which were entertained of her character.

Elizabeth commenced hoſtilities by denying Mary a ſafe conduct to her dominions; and the remarks of the Scottiſh princeſs on this occaſion were ſpirited and proper. Taking leave of the royal family of France, at St. Germains, ſhe proceeded to Calais, where ſhe embarked for Scotland. And, connecting the deplorable circumſtances of her life with its tragical cataſtrophe, our ſenſibilities are rouſed almoſt to agony, as we witneſs her departure from a ſcene which had naturally engaged her fondeſt partialities. The infantile joys, the ſoft indulgence, and foſtering care, which hovered round her morn of life, the felicity and dignity of her wedded days, paſſed in review before her, and her regrets were proportioned to the pleaſures ſhe had experienced—we acknowledge their propriety—we mark the deepening anguiſh impreſſed upon every feature—we hear her exclaim, as the Gallic ſhores recede from her gaze, "*Farewel, France! Farewel, delightful country! I leave thee, never to return!*" We liſten to the tender iteration; her perturbed ſighs vibrate upon our ears; the intervening ſhades of night officiouſly obtrude; and, with the lovely mourner, we watch the returning dawn; eagerly we catch a parting look, and we ſeem to inmingle our ſtreaming tears with thoſe of the royal ſufferer. Yet we bleſs the enveloping miſt which ſheltered her from the emiſſaries of the inhoſpitable Elizabeth; and when we behold her in her native dominions, amid the acclamations of her gratulating ſubjects, we become ſolicitous to deceive ourſelves, and we would fain diſperſe, in theſe happy preſagements, the deep gloom which a knowledge of ſucceeding events hath thrown about the heart.

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For a time, the tendereſt conſiderations gave to the beauteous queen, in the boſom of manhood, an affecting intereſt! Introduced into being during the calamities of her country—a ſovereign in her cradle—expoſed to dangers while yet unconſcious of ſuffering—croſſing the ocean to receive that ſhelter her native realm could not afford—now mounting buoyant upon the wings of proſperity, and anon plunged from the higheſt elevation, and immerſed in all the anguiſh attendant upon the entire wreck of thoſe hopes which reaſon had authorized! Theſe circumſtances endeared her to the boſom of ſympathy; while her youth, her figure, her natural and acquired abilities, and the beneficent mildneſs of her diſpoſition prepoſſeſſed almoſt every heart in her favour. The commencement of her adminiſtration demonſtrated a depth of underſtanding and a maturity of reflection, rarely to be found in the boſom of youth, beauty and royal birth. To the eſtabliſhment of the Proteſtant faith ſhe explicitly agreed, reſerving only to herſelf that mode of worſhip to which ſhe was *conſcientiouſly* attached. Could the moſt uniform diſcretion have decided more judiciouſly? Juſtice would have awarded the ſtipulation, and loyalty would have evinced its gratitude by the moſt cheerful and exact obſervance. Yet, a fearful ſtorm began to gather; the queen was affronted in the exerciſe of her religion, and the renewed declaration of her pacific wiſhes was ineffectual, as a barrier, to the impetuous torrent of ferocious zeal, which was burſting upon her. She proceeded, however, in her tranquillizing plan; and *an attempt at innovation in the eſtabliſhed religion was made death!* But ſtill the brutal ſpirit of the times relented not: Knox proceeded in his inflammatory harangues, and his ſovereign was diſturbed and inſulted! *Nature* pointed out the Lord James Stuart *(one of the leaders of the reformed religion)* as a proper object of the queen's confidence; and ſhe accordingly beſtowed upon that nobleman ſtrong marks of her attachment: But alas! he was a wretch, who was ſeeking to elevate himſelf upon the ruin of her

from

from whom he derived his importance. Elizabeth, too, cheriſhed the moſt malignant paſſions, ſuffering her hatred to her rival to reach the extreme of rancorous malevolence! But Mary, although ſurrounded by inveterate foes, who were variouſly intereſted in her deſtruction, borne forward on the ſtream of innocence, and fanned by the gales of conſcious rectitude, purſued her ſteady and equal courſe. Strange, that to a conduct not only *unexceptionable*, but highly *meritorious*, the profeſſors of the *mild and peaceable doctrines of chriſtianity* ſhould unnaturally oppoſe themſelves, *inconſiſtently* taking rank with the moſt determined of the queen's enemies! Open, generous, inexperienced and confiding, ſhe embarked againſt ignorance, bigotry, perfidy and the moſt ferocious cruelty; and, in a conteſt ſo unequal, it cannot be matter of aſtoniſhment, that ſhe ultimately became the ſacrifice.

Many ſources of inquietude combined; parties were daily more and more exaſperated; the age was infinitely profligate; and events, truly diſtreſſing, which human efforts could neither foreſee nor prevent, were almoſt hourly ſucceeding. The queen, ſuperior to partiality, referred offenders to a court of law, and only interfered by extending her royal clemency, as often as the ſafety of her ſubjects and her perſonal ſecurity would admit. The animoſities of the diſaffected nobles filled her with the deepeſt regret; whatever party prevailed, joy was a ſtranger to her boſom; the ſympathies which ſhe experienced for the ſufferers, barred the entrance of pleaſure; and her mind, accuſtomed to the refinements of ſcience and of reaſon, the abode of the virtues and the graces, was now, by ſtern neceſſity, ſurrendered up a prey to anxiety, perturbation, and a hoſt of fearful apprehenſions. In a ſituation thus cruelly embarraſſed, ſhe became ſtill more ſolicitous to ſecure the amity of the Engliſh queen. Negociations for an interview were opened, and on her part, every advance, conſiſtent with regal dignity, was cheerfully and ſincerely made. But hatred is a deadly poiſon, and no emollients can arreſt its progreſs.

The nefarious duplicity of Elizabeth was triumphant; and after the place and time of their meeting was appointed, ſhe had the addreſs to delay, and finally entirely to ſet aſide this deſirable event!

Without a friend—deſtitute of a protector—no guardian hand to point the better way, we ſpontaneouſly lament the fate of a woman ſo young, and ſo environed by danger. The daring attempt of Chatelard was a ſpecimen of the evils to which ſhe was ſubjected; but his ſucceeding puniſhment ſhould entirely free her from the ſhadow of ſuſpicion. Propoſals of marriage were made her by many crowned heads; while the claſhing intereſts of contending parties, and their conſequent intrigues, ſeemed an inſuperable bar to a conjugal engagement. Elizabeth, oppoſed in every poſſible ſituation to the advancement of Mary, even *exceeded herſelf in adroitneſs of fineſſe*, relative to her marriage. She was indefatigable in raiſing obſtacles thereto; and ſhe dictated, remonſtrated and objected, in a ſtyle ſo imperious, that if the Queen of Scots had not poſſeſſed unequalled diſcretion, would have procured an utter dereliction of her conciliatory views; but her reverſionary expectations, relative to the crown of England, ſtill kept her true to her ſyſtem.

At this criſis of affairs, the feminine heart will confeſs a high degree of exultation, at the view of Mary taking her ſeat in the great council of the nation. See! ſhe looks, ſhe moves a queen. She is ſolicitous to imprint upon the public mind the moſt favourable impreſſions: All the dignity of majeſty is blended with the moſt benign demonſtrations of complacency. She enters the ſenate-houſe—the inſignias of royalty are diſplayed—ſhe is richly habited—ſhe is beautiful as the daughters of paradiſe—ſhe aſcends the throne—ſhe addreſſes the three eſtates—perſuaſion dwells upon her lips—and her words are replete with affection, wiſdom and prudence. Lovely woman! how ſavage and how unrelenting was that premeditated and determined cruelty which decreed thy ruin!

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It was at this juncture that the Proteſtant preachers renewed their clamours; the improvements originating with the queen, were made to aſſume the hue of criminality; and even the ornaments of her perſon became the ſubject of their inflammatory declamations. With that ſevere reformer, Knox, Mary condeſcended to expoſtulate: He had laboured to procure the condemnation of the adherents of the maſs! What deteſtable inſolence! How cruelly inconſiſtent would he have rendered the adminiſtration of his ſovereign! and how inſulting were the importunities which directed her *to execute* perſons for thoſe religious obſervances, *which ſhe herſelf practiſed*, and from which ſhe derived her moſt ſolid enjoyments! Mary repreſented to Knox the *inclemency of intoleration, and the horrid barbarity of devoting men to death, merely for an opinion.* It is difficult to conceive of words or ideas more ſhockingly groſs, than thoſe which conſtituted his indecent replies. *Samuel hewing Agag to pieces; Jezebel's falſe prophets, and Baal's prieſts*—theſe were brutally held up to view, until "*Mary, full of aſtoniſhment at the boundleſs audac-*"*ity of the man, and too ſenſible of the inſulting freedom of* "*his ſpeech*, burſt into tears!" But the zealot perſiſted to juſtify his conduct, and ſhe commanded him to depart from her preſence. Viewing the Queen of Scots as conſcientiouſly attached to the religion of her anceſtors, we cannot but admire the continued moderation with which ſhe replied to thoſe rude requiſitions, that finally inſiſted on an utter abjuration of her hereditary faith! Yet her firmneſs remained unqueſtionable; and ſhe *equitably* determined not to deprive of *life, tranquillity*, nor *eſtate, merely on account of religious ſentiments.*

The queen endeavoured to excite the officers, in their different departments, to a performance of their reſpective duties, by an augmentation of ſalaries. She preſided in perſon in the courts of law, exciting emulation, and accelerating the courſe of juſtice; thus demonſtrating her early attainments, and her right to the utmoſt reſpectability of character. She was ſolicitous to eſtabliſh herſelf in the hearts of her people; and

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ſhe was laudably ambitious of fame. May the bleſſing of Heaven reſt upon that hiſtorian, who hath, at this late period, renewed thoſe laurels, which, plucked by the rude hand of prejudice and ſuperſtition, might elſe no more have wreathed the brow of ſo meritorious a candidate for excellence.

The revolt of the Earl of Murray was attended with circumſtances of aggravated atrocity; but was nevertheleſs excited and abetted by Elizabeth.

Mary at length effectuated her marriage with Lord Darnley. The exterior of this nobleman was prepoſſeſſing, his addreſs captivating, and the queen was tenderly attached to him. It was not a connexion calculated to excite the jealouſy of Elizabeth; it was *primarily concerted by herſelf*; yet it conſiſted with her inſidious policy to *affect diſpleaſure*; and, poſſibly, *the few halcyon* days allowed to Mary, might be to Elizabeth a ſubject of ſerious regret.

At this period, the majority of the Scotch preſerved their loyalty, and the people in general entertained proper ſentiments of the diſſimulation and intrigues of Elizabeth. The feſtivity, conſequent upon the royal nuptials, gave place to hoſtile preparations! The queen, at the head of a formidable army, appeared in the field; the Earl of Murray and his adherents were put to flight, and immediately took refuge in England; while Elizabeth, with her accuſtomed duplicity, ſecretly patronized, and oſtenſibly condemned them. Mary, having thus conducted to an honourable iſſue an inſurrection ſufficiently alarming, might have taſted the ſweets of domeſtic peace and tender amity, had ſhe not been written in the book of fate, irreverſibly unfortunate.

Darnley poſſeſſed a mind incapable of a refined attachment. His capacity was below a mediocrity! Thoſe ſuperficial accompliſhments, which captivate at firſt ſight, ſoon loſe their effect; and Darnley, alas! could not command eſteem! He was arrogant, haughty and jealous; no entreaties could ſubdue his obſtinacy; and he was at once inconſtant and inflexible, rude

and

and contemptible. In ſhort, the queen too late diſcovered a melancholy truth; and painful experience convinced her that ſhe had made a moſt unworthy election! But although love, ſpreading its downy pinions, fled from the boſom of Mary, (and it is too certain that its place was not ſupplied by eſteem) yet *virtue*, regent in her breaſt, continued the bulwark of her honour. A ſenſe of duty took the lead, and kept her ſteady in the path of rectitude. It is true, ſhe wept the precipitancy of that ſtep which had decided her fate; but, notwithſtanding Lord Darnley's coldneſs, and unmerited neglect, although inconteſtible proofs of his infidelity were frequently furniſhed, yet ſhe ſtill remembered that he was her huſband, and failed not to conſider what was due to her own character, as a wife and a queen.

The ſuppoſition that Mary was improperly attached to Rizzio, could only have originated in the dark boſom of prejudice, heated by bigotry, and ſtimulated by the extremeſt rancour. Rizzio was old, ugly and miſhapen—and "it is a wild abſurdity to imagine that the queen would ſubmit to the careſſes of deformity and old age." His aſſaſſination in her preſence, at a time when her intereſting ſituation ought to have engaged the utmoſt tenderneſs of her huſband, (eſpecially when her high dignity and ſuperior accompliſhments are remembered) was indeed a barbarous outrage, and muſt ſhock even the moſt phlegmatic feelings of humanity. The ſubſequent treatment of the queen; the drawn dagger, pointed at her boſom; the tremendous threats which were ſounded in her ears; her impriſonment, and the audacious reproaches to which ſhe was ſubjected; the attempt to infix upon her unſullied honour an indelible ſtain; and all theſe atrocities paſſing under the eye, and ſanctioned by the man on whom ſhe had conferred the higheſt honours, and even raiſed to a throne—theſe aggravating circumſtances rank this black tranſaction, when conſidered in all its parts, among the moſt horrid and enormous crimes which were perpetrated in thoſe days of turpitude and murder. Yet even theſe deep tranſgreſ-

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ſions, a diſpoſition ſuperior to malignity, enabled the queen to forgive—ſhe conſented to a reconciliation with the king—ſhe approbated an act of amneſty—ſhe remitted the offences of the delinquent Murray, who again ſought his own emolument in a reſtoration to her favour—and obſerving, with an air of dignity, that ſhe utterly deteſted every ſpecies of inhumanity, ſhe nobly ſanctioned the act of oblivion.

While the barbed ſhafts of misfortune were thus piercing the boſom of the Queen of Scots, a white moment was however at hand; and when ſhe uſhered into being her firſt-born ſon, ſhe in that inſtant forgot all thoſe ſorrows which, with ſuch accumulating weight, had preſſed upon her. The birth of the royal infant was celebrated in Scotland by every poſſible demonſtration of joy—while Elizabeth mourned this event, as a ſerious calamity! Alas! alas! how do the virtues fade in that boſom, into which the deforming fiends, *jealouſy* and *envy*, have made their deſolating entrance!

At this period, we are again conſtrained to regret the uniform unworthineſs of the king, and his total deficiency in all thoſe qualities inherent in a noble mind. But his haughtineſs was ſtill unſubdued! Yet, through all the deepening glooms which he ſo injudiciouſly aſſumed, through all his ungrateful returns to the tenderneſs of the queen, even to the hour of his melancholy exit, we trace, on her part, a uniform exemplification of prudence and virtue; and we repeat, that the precepts of religion, together with an exquiſite ſenſe of the delicacy of her ſituation, and the conſideration ſhe owed to virtue and to herſelf, was, in her boſom, an effectual ſubſtitute for that affection which the demerits of the king had baniſhed from thence!——To-morrow, my dear, we will purſue this intereſting ſubject.

Your epiſtle of this morning is beautifully written; it drew tears of rapture from the eyes of your affectionate

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLVIII.

No. XLVIII.

Untir'd, the mournful pages we purſue,
And weep thoſe ſcenes which paſs in ſad review.

To MARGARETTA.

MARY, utterly averſe to the departure of the king, oppoſed it by every proper method; and her condeſcenſion, upon this occaſion, was truly amiable, truly feminine. But his peeviſhneſs and his obſtinacy remained invincible, and it was in thoſe intereſting moments that he conceived the ungrateful deſign of diveſting Mary of that ſovereignty to which ſhe was born—of placing the crown upon the head of his infant ſon, and of aſſuming, as his father, that authority he was ſo ill qualified to maintain. Yet the queen, although apprized of theſe proceedings, perſevered in the mild ſyſtem ſhe had adopted; and, while her hours of retirement were devoted to ſorrow, ſhe continued in public, to diſguiſe her grief by an aſſumed gaiety; and her elegance, urbanity and native dignity, prepoſſeſſed in her favour all thoſe with whom ſhe aſſociated.

The perturbed ſituation of her mind brought on, however, a dangerous illneſs: It was apprehended her laſt moments were at hand; and ſhe yielded herſelf, with holy reſignation, to her fate. The king continued unmoved, nor deigned, even at the moment when her death was pronounced inevitable, to make her a ſingle viſit. But ſhe was reſtored to health; and in the ſucceeding indiſpoſition of the king, ſhe exhibited a reverſe of conduct, which reflects the higheſt honour upon her principles and her humanity. Uninfluenced by the remonſtrances of thoſe who eagerly ſolicited her to procure a divorce, her huſband's danger awakened the tendereſt ſympathies of her generous boſom, and ſhe ceaſed, in the calamity of the moment, to remember her manifold injuries! Day's and months had revolved,

volved, and their lenient influence had blunted her keen ſenſe of the wrongs ſhe had received. She was by nature placable; her anger reſembled the paſſing cloud, which, for an inſtant, intercepts the mildly beaming radiance of day; and while her ſtreaming eyes evinced her grief, no vindictive paſſion harboured in her boſom! Her tender melancholy paved the way to the renewal of her affection, and every ſenſe of diſobligation, every idea of his inferiority, like the viſion of ſome dark and comfortleſs night, inſtantly vaniſhed away. The king too, placed, in his own apprehenſion, on the verge of diſſolution, experienced the ſalutary ſenſations of remorſe; and he reproached himſelf, in the bittereſt terms, for his ingratitude to the queen. The news of his relenting was expeditiouſly conveyed to her; and all that impaſſioned tenderneſs he had originated in her boſom, ruſhed upon her memory—the felicities of wedded amity—the hour, which in the bloom of youth, and the full perfection of her perſonal charms, devoted her to Darnley—the lovely infant whom ſhe hourly preſſed to her boſom—theſe intereſting conſiderations obtained in her mind their due weight; and, quitting her palace in the depth of the wintry months, ſhe haſtened to attend him; with affectionate aſſiduity ſhe hovered round his bed of languiſhment, and her preſence, and her endearments operated as the ſweeteſt ſolace; the mind of the king became tranquil, and health again glowed in his veins. He accompanied the queen to Edinburgh, and her demonſtrations of fond ſolicitude were unwearied.

It was at this juncture, that the nobles, who, by an aggravated repreſentation of the king's offences, had cheriſhed the reſentments of the queen, apprehenſive that the conſequences of the reconciliation between the royal pair would be deſtructive to themſelves, contrived and perpetrated the murder of the king! The ſuppoſition that Mary was acceſſary, conſenting, or even privy thereto, is devoid even of the ſhadow of probability: It was forged in the dark haunts of ignorance and credulity; and it is confuted by a circumſtantial

ſtantial ſeries of well atteſted facts—by the mildneſs, moderation, tender ſympathy, and genuine piety, which were conſpicuous traits in the character of the queen—by the teſtimony of many who endured the extremeſt torture—by the dying aſſeverations of all thoſe who were executed for this crime—and by the declaration of Bothwell, who, having dragged out a number of years in cloſe impriſonment, in his laſt moments made a complete confeſſion of his own guilt and her innocence. The anguiſh, horror and conſternation of the queen, at the fatal intelligence, were equal to the enormity of the crime which had been perpetrated; and ſhe affirmed, that if her kingdom and her life were the forfeit, all thoſe who had procured a cataſtrophe ſo ſhocking, ſhould be proſecuted to the death. She called on her aſſembled nobles to aſſiſt her in her juſt purpoſe, of delivering up to condign puniſhment, offenders ſo atrocious; and, with ſtreaming eyes and heart-affecting earneſtneſs, ſhe conjured them to leave no means uneſſayed, which might involve the remoteſt probability of a ſurrender ſo important. She pathetically lamented, that in a moment, when the ſunny beams of hope had reviſited her boſom, when the clouds, which gathered round her proſpects, had began to diſperſe, and the ſerene pleaſures of domeſtic life were opening to her view, ſhe ſhould thus fatally, by the audacious hand of guilt, be overwhelmed in ſorrow, and conſigned over, the hapleſs victim of a tranſaction, dark, unequalled, and tremendous!

The circumſtances attendant upon the king's death, were ſufficient to enkindle in the boſom of humanity the keeneſt regret; and to this cauſe the extreme dejection of Mary is to be attributed. The moſt affectionate and meritorious of men could not have been lamented with more unequivocal demonſtrations of grief. Immured in the deep receſſes of her caſtle, ſhe reſigned herſelf to the moſt lively ſorrow; her apartments were hung with black; the light of the ſun was excluded; and the faintly burning taper but ſerved to mark the glooms which hovered round her.

But emerging, at length, from this extreme of grief, ſhe adopted the moſt vigorous meaſures for apprehending the regicides. Many circumſtances produced in her mind a perſuaſion, that the conſpirators had aimed at involving her in the king's death, and her orders for the proſecution were unequivocal and abſolute. The ſum of two thouſand pounds, together with an annuity for life, was tendered to any individual who ſhould give information of the perpetrators of this horrid tranſaction; and this largeſs, with the addition of a free amneſty, was proffered to the conſpirator, who ſhould make an unreſerved diſcloſure of his own guilt and that of his accomplices. In conſequence of this proclamation, placards were affixed in various public places, accuſing the Earl of Bothwell, and others, as the murderers; but as thoſe papers and placards inſinuated, that *the queen herſelf had been a party concerned*, ſhe very juſtly eſtimated their innocence by her own. Bothwell, ſolemnly atteſting his integrity, loudly demanded a trial, and he inveighed bitterly againſt his calumniators; no poſitive proofs were adduced of his guilt; the Earl of Lennox alone appeared againſt him, and not a ſingle witneſs to corroborate the charge was produced. The queen's council *affected* to conſider Bothwell as the ſubject of rancorous malice; the *principal nobility warmly eſpouſed his cauſe*, and they charged the Earl of Lennox with acting under the influence of the moſt ignoble paſſions. The queen had frequently remarked that Lennox was ſuſpicious, revengeful and paſſionate. The defamation, in ſuch general circulation, might probably reſult from his arrangements; and beſides, the impreſſion that the aſſaſſin was armed againſt her own life alſo, being indelibly infixed upon her mind, a deſign ſo atrocious, with reſpect to her, could not conſiſt with the unbroken fealty, and uniform homage, which the conduct of the Earl of Bothwell had invariably exemplified. Bothwell was, however, brought to a public trial, and the jury acquitted him of all ſhare in the king's murder! If this judgment is an evidence of

their

their criminality; if it is viewed as a mockery of law and juſtice, however ignominious it may be deemed, it cannot arraign the conduct of the queen; nor can ſhe, by any rational conſtruction, be involved in its guilt. Circumſtances, relative to the criminality of Bothwell, which have ſince tranſpired, were then enveloped in myſtery; yet, that there exiſted preſumptive proofs, ſufficient to juſtify the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions, cannot be denied; and, moreover, his licentious habits forcibly pointed the public odium.

The queen remained in entire ignorance of the deſigns formed upon her by Bothwell; his behaviour indicated, in her apprehenſion, nothing more than that reſpectful attachment which was due to his ſovereign; ſhe was grateful for his zealous exertions to promote her intereſt; ſhe regarded him as a man of talents; and ſhe allowed him that conſideration, which ſhe conceived due to his abilities. Her unprincipled nobles, however, induſtriouſly ſeeking her ruin, agreed, amid the tumultuous riot of a banquet, to point out this man of crimes as a proper perſon to become the huſband of their ſovereign! and they ratified a deed, in which they extolled the integrity of Bothwell, the antiquity of his lineage, and the eſſential ſervices he had rendered the ſtate. They expatiated upon his trial for the murder of the king, upon his ſubſequent offer to meet his accuſer in ſingle combat, affirming them to amount to a perfect juſtification of his innocence; and they declared themſelves fully convinced of his integrity.

Bothwell was now in the preciſe ſituation at which his audacious wiſhes had long pointed. His ſubſequent ſeizure of the queen was the finiſhing ſtroke, and fully completed his nefarious climax of villany. Mary's infinite aſtoniſhment at ſo daring an act of premeditated violence, from a man whoſe ſubmiſſive manners had given her the higheſt idea of his reſpectful fidelity, and the bitterneſs and indignation which ſhe expreſſed, correſponded exactly with the whole tenor of her preceding life. Her reſentment was the reſentment of outraged virtue, and her reproaches characterized

ized the queen and the woman, offended in a manner *too atrocious to be forgiven.*

Hitherto we have contemplated Mary as an ornament to humanity. She hath ſtruggled with many evils —ſhe hath frequently been deeply injured—but ſhe hath paſſed the ordeal brightened by calamity. Her diſcretion, her fortitude and her perſeverance have given her to emerge from every cloud; and from the hour of her birth, to the era now under contemplation, while there hath been an ample field for commendation, there hath been little to extenuate. *Would that we could blot from the hiſtory of Mary, the name of Bothwell.* Over a connexion ſo fatal we would drop the curtain. *Surely, ſurely, it ought never to have taken place—it was, in every view, improper! Delicacy, virtue, and all thoſe conſiderations which are peculiarly ſexual, receive, by this tranſaction, from the moſt lovely and deſerving of women, a fatal ſtab! and the tearful eye of humanity weeps over the many woes to which it was introductory.* If Mary poſſeſſed no means of eſcaping from the captivity, in which ſhe was held by Bothwell, ſhe ſhould have repelled, to the utmoſt of her power, every act of perſonal violence; and thoſe injuries which ſhe could not avoid, would neither have contaminated her mind, nor infixed a ſtain upon her honour. *The reception of the unprincipled offender, as her huſband, ſanctioned his guilt; and, in this inſtance, effectually proſtrated her own character! Mary ſhould have died, rather than have taken this ſtep!* The bond, obtained from the nobles, may, and undoubtedly does, *greatly palliate the buſineſs;* but a high degree of culpability remains. Alas! alas! this is an indelible ſtain, nor can any proceſs, however ingenious, remove from a character, which impels both our love and admiration, a ſpot which female dignity will not ceaſe to deplore! We cannot, *in this particular*, agree with the elegant hiſtorian of Mary; nor can we acknowledge, that "*recent terror*" (eſpecially if thoſe terrors are produced by the *nefarious practices of an audacious offender*) the more readily diſpoſeth the mind to give admittance, in favour of the violator, to the ſofter paſſions.

But

But we dwell with pain on this part of the career of our heroine. The ſun, we know, admits of ſpots; and no human being, we have already concluded, is exempt from error. The calamities which, from this period, in rapid ſucceſſion overtook, and finally whelmed beneath their combined preſſure, this intereſting unfortunate, if they cannot *obliterate*, do, nevertheleſs, *abundantly expiate*; and it ſhould ever be remembered, that ſhe was encompaſſed about by ſubtil and deſigning adverſaries, who ſought their own exaltation in her deſtruction! who, notwithſtanding the ſolemn inſtrument with which they had armed her ſeducer, delayed not to embody their adherents; and after taking every method to blacken the reputation of their ſovereign, thereby exciting againſt her the public odium, made haſte to appear in arms, for the purpoſe of oppoſing her authority! It was not enough that they had confederated to ſtrip her of fame and tranquillity; ſhe muſt alſo be deſpoiled of her crown and ſceptre, and abridged of that liberty, which is the natural right of every human being! With humid eyes we have attended to the forlorn ſufferer! we have marked her perturbation, her diſtreſs, and the humiliating inſults which ſhe received from him, who had become her huſband! his rude, indecent and brutal behaviour has excited our utmoſt indignation; we have beheld thoſe reiterated indignities and calamities, arming the hand of the deſpairing queen againſt her own life! and we have unheſitatingly exclaimed—Surely, there is no ſpecies of ſuffering to which ſhe is not ſubjected! Her ſeparation from the finiſhed villain, who had ſo treacherouſly betrayed her, and her voluntary ſurrender to the confederated nobles, furniſhed a temporary relief; while their reſpectful reception of, and flattering addreſs to their ſovereign, ſoothes, for a moment, our fondeſt wiſhes for her reſtoration. Had the leaſt ſpark of humanity or integrity remained among them, the queen had been ſaved. But it was a diſſolute age; the reign of perfidy had commenced; black clouds gathered; and the ſtorm advanced, tremendouſly terrific!

We follow the queen to her impriſonment; we behold, with glowing reſentment, the freſh inſults to which ſhe is ſubjected; we mingle our tears with the ſympathetic multitude, who lament the degraded majeſty of their ſovereign! we liſten to her ſorrows; our attachment to the beauteous mourner is augmented, and we are ardently ſolicitous to ſnatch her from impending danger! The renewed duplicity of the nobles fills us with deteſtation and horror; yet we can ſcarcely forbear to do homage to that credulity and "*beautiful humanity*," which characterized her, even in the moſt melancholy ſituations of her life. By the machinations of her enemies ſhe was now completely environed—*letters from her to her ſeducer were forged*—and ſhe was, alas! irretrievably undone. See! ſhe is ſtripped of her robes of royalty!—ſhe is meanly attired!—ſhe is cloſely immured within the walls of a priſon!—and ſhe is committed to the cuſtody of a perſon, *who from powerful motives is prediſpoſed to heap upon her every ſpecies of the bittereſt mortification.* The triumph of Elizabeth was at length complete!—her inſidious practices had procured the downfal of her meritorious rival, and a detail of the real or ſuppoſed errors of Mary, vibrated upon the ear of the Engliſh queen, as the ſweeteſt muſic.

By a ſeries of enormous cruelties, matchleſs rudeneſs, terrifying threats, and various ſpecies of barbarity, the Queen of Scots was compelled to ſign deeds, which contained a reſignation of her authority, and the perturbed anguiſh of her ſpirit, while affixing her name to inſtruments, which ſhe deigned not to read, is beyond the power of deſcription. The viſit of the Earl of Murray to the royal priſoner, opens a ſcene of art, perfidy and cruelty too black for contemplation! Accompliſhed villain! thy ingratitude, and thy crimes to thy ſovereign, muſt render thee a ſubject of deteſtation to the lateſt poſterity!—Horrid traitor! how is the honeſt mind agonized by the feelings to which thy tranſgreſſions give birth; and how effectually haſt thou ſecured thine own infamy, by labouring to traduce

duce the ſource from whence thou deriveſt thy exaltation! Was not Mary thy ſiſter, as well as thy ſovereign? Didſt thou not know, notwithſtanding that ſolemn robe of ſanctity in which thou wrapped thyſelf about, that thy nefarious ambition and enormous practices would bring down upon thy devoted head a fearful ruin? Couldſt thou ſuppoſe that thoſe laſcivious expreſſions, of a *coarſe, irregular and illicit paſſion*, which thou inſerted in thoſe execrable letters, ſo atrociouſly forged for thy ſiſter and thy queen, could be paſſed upon the world as the production of that *elegant, informed and poliſhed mind which inhabited the boſom of the injured ſufferer?* Could *prudence, chaſtity, and every virtue, which can give dignity to our ſex, ſo ſuddenly become loſt to honour, play the wanton, and utter the moſt profligate ſentiments in a language only adopted by beings grown old in vice, and attaining the laſt ſtages in the career of infamy?* Theſe conſiderations are of themſelves ſufficient to faſten upon thee, the guilt of forgery, in thoſe vile ſcrawls, with which thou attempted to affix upon thy royal miſtreſs imputations of the darkeſt hue; but, ſeparate from theſe, the proofs now ſtanding upon the page of hiſtory, while they eſtabliſh (in the apprehenſion of the *impartial inveſtigator*) beyond all controverſy, the innocence of the queen, ſtamp the ſtrongeſt conviction of thy infamy and thy ingratitude.

"*Thoſe letters*," ſays the able hiſtorian, "*are in direct contradiction to the tenor of the queen's life, and to the teſtimony of undoubted monuments of hiſtory.* The friendſhip of the nobles for Bothwell; his murder of the king; his eagerneſs for a trial; their protection of him; his acquittal; their bond, inculcating his innocence, and preſſing the queen to take him for her huſband; her conveyance to Dunbar; her ſeduction; her marriage; their rupture with him; their permiſſion of his flight; their accuſation of him in his abſence; their attempt to involve her in his wickedneſs; their rebellion; the indignities with which they treated her; her impriſonment; her forced reſignation of the crown;

"the

"the elevation of Murray to the regency; and, in fine, "the project of the letters, as the apology of their own "proceedings, and the evidence of her guilt—*These* "*tranſactions, ſo particular, ſo united, and ſo concurring,* "*are all the parts of a ſyſtem which carries in its boſom* "*the full conviction of their deep deceit, their unprincipled* "*profligacy, and their intrepid and ſanguinary ambition.* "*They were now to achieve the laſt act of their drama;* "*and by the death or utter humiliation of the queen, to* "*ſecure their future tranquillity.*"

The execution of Bothwell's ſervants, who, notwithſtanding the attempts to render them accuſers of the queen, departed proteſting her innocence, and declaring, in the preſence of Almighty God and his attendant angels, that they conceived the Earls of Morton and Murray, the procurers, through Bothwell's inſtrumentality, of the king's murder—furniſh, if it were wanting, abundant confirmation of her integrity and of the guilt of her adverſaries.

Mary's eſcape from Lochlevin, and from her malignant blood-thirſty foes, diffuſes over the tragical page a momentary gleam. We bleſs the ſenſibility of the youthful Douglas—we hail the emancipated queen, and we would gladly dwell upon the narration of her ſhort-lived triumph!—The act of amneſty, which, with ſuch unparalleled clemency, ſhe tendered to tranſgreſſors of ſo deep a die, was exactly conformable to that divine benevolence, which gave a luſtre to all her actions. But nothing leſs than her utter ruin could complete the ſanguinary views of her virulent adverſaries. The queen, urged by the impetuoſity of her council, ſubmitted her cauſe to the iſſue of a battle. An event judging world hath condemned this procedure, as injudicious—her faithful adherents were defeated—and the victory obtained by the regent, was completely deciſive!!! Our ſenſibilities are infinitely agonized, while we take a view of the deſolate ſufferer, who beheld from a riſing ground the flight and ſlaughter of her friends; and no words can delineate the ſorrows by which ſhe was overwhelmed. Hope,

that

that had ſo recently dawned in her boſom, now bid her a pangful adieu! Deſpair aſſumed the regency, and fearful apprehenſions ſurpriſed her ſoul.

Arriving, by haſty and perturbed movements, at Dundrenan, under the preſſure of unequalled grief, ſhe commenced her melancholy deliberations! In this forlorn condition, whither could the lovely wanderer direct her way? This was the pathetically intereſting queſtion. To abide in Scotland, was, in her idea, certain death!—To retire to France, which had witneſſed her days of ſplendor, in her preſent ſtate of humiliation, the thought was replete with anguiſh. Application had been made to Elizabeth, *who had practiſed her wonted fineſſe*—ſhe had *ſoothed* Mary during her captivity—ſhe had ſolicited her to ſeek the means of eſcaping from impriſonment, and to accept an aſylum in her dominions—ſhe had promiſed her ſhe would meet her on her way—that ſhe would receive her with all thoſe demonſtrations of amity due to their conſanguinity, and to that affection ſhe profeſſed to entertain—and ſhe had preſented her, as a memento of her amity, a ring of great value.

Mary, naturally confiding and gentle, was yet more ſoftened by affliction: She regarded Elizabeth as a friend in adverſity; and the impreſſions made by acts of kindneſs, at ſuch a period, are efficacious and permanent. She eſtimated the mind of Elizabeth by that tranſcendent generoſity and genuine benevolence which was ever glowing in her own boſom; and ſhe haſted to make the perilous experiment! The Lord Herries and the Archbiſhop of St. Andrews, on their knees remonſtrated againſt her reſolution to depart for England—but they remonſtrated in vain. Embarking, in a fatal hour, ſhe croſſed the ſtream, and appeared ſuddenly in the dominions of a queen, who had, for many ſucceeding years, been aſſiduous in her efforts to embarraſs and diſtract her councils—who was the confirmed enemy of her fame and perſon, and who had invariably received and ſuccoured her moſt deadly foes!!!!

What,

What, my love, can we ſay? We can only conſole ourſelves by the reflection, that events are at the diſpoſal of an unerring Being—that we cannot reverſe his decrees—that our God is ſtill our Guide—that baleful paſſions will finally be eradicated from humanity—while "*one unclouded day encircles all.*"

Do not, my dear Margaretta, forget that you are this afternoon to compare your chronological arrangement with Miſs Clifford's, and that the moſt accurate computor is to have the privilege of preſenting to the good Annette, the garment of which ſhe ſtands ſo greatly in need.

I am, my dear, your affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. XLIX.

Fond to exonerate Eliza's name,
The cluſt'ring virtues round her path-way bend;
Waiting to crown her with immortal fame—
Her devious ſteps they anxiouſly attend.

To MARGARETTA.

HUMANITY, my dear girl, muſt lament Elizabeth's depraved politics, as they related to the Queen of Scots. Whatever queſtion involved the intereſts of Mary, ſeemed to poſſeſs the power of rouſing to action the moſt nefarious propenſities—of narrowing her views, and of yielding her up to the dominion of envy, jealouſy and every ignoble paſſion! When the Queen of Scots, ſoothed by the recent expreſſions of commiſeration which had been tranſmitted her by Elizabeth; and allured by the *tender appellation, ſiſter*, confided in that ſympathy which is conſtantly prompting the efforts of delicacy, and originating thoſe acts of kindneſs that are calculated to ſuccour and reſtore the children of adverſity—when, notwithſtanding the myſtery which too often enveloped the conduct of Elizabeth, Mary evinced her noble

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and unſuſpecting nature, by ſeeking ſhelter in her kingdom; by electing her the arbitreſs of her fate, and committing her deareſt intereſts to her deciſion—Elizabeth was then furniſhed with a moſt deſirable opportunity of eraſing from the annals of her adminiſtration, every deforming trait; of removing the odium which reſted upon her tranſactions relative to her royal kinſwoman; and of inſuring to herſelf the unbounded applauſe and veneration of poſterity. Her unfortunate rival was ſufficiently humbled; and by the indiſſoluble ties of love and gratitude, ſhe might have bound the gentle and affectionate Mary forever to her boſom.

Elizabeth, in her own dominions, was nearly deſpotic; ſhe maintained an aſcendency in the Scottiſh councils: It would have been eaſy for her to reinſtate the Queen of Scots upon her throne; and ſuch a procedure would have been princely, it would have been great, and nobly worthy the combined claims of ſex, of kindred, of misfortune, and of Queenſhip! It would have been an action ſuited to the majeſty of the ſovereign of a powerful and gallant nation. But if Elizabeth could not ſoar ſo high, had ſhe marked the arrival of Mary by thoſe tender offices of friendſhip which are the balm of life—had ſhe received her as her gueſt, yielding her thoſe honours which were due to her rank—had ſhe exerciſed her authority and influence to render her ſituation eligible—had ſhe indulged the lovely mourner with thoſe intercourſes of amity, which in every period of her life were ſo completely in uniſon with her feelings—the ſorrows of her heart had been aſſuaged; we ſhould have regarded Elizabeth with complacency, and ſought for the motives of her limited kindneſs, in that policy, to the obſervance of which, the exigencies of ſtate may frequently condemn the philanthropic mind.

But the conduct of Elizabeth was unſexual, unjuſt, and infinitely cruel. The deſolate queen, rudely denied admiſſion to her preſence, was condemned to perpetual impriſonment; and Elizabeth, while ſhe was

ingenious

ingenious in devices to hold her ſuffering captive in the moſt agonizing ſuſpenſe, aſſayed to juſtify her inhoſpitable rigour, by pleading thoſe crimes with which ſhe ſtood charged by her audacious ſubjects! Yet the queen of England had careſſed the Scottiſh nobles, when deformed by ingratitude, and recent from the haunts of rebellion! whoſe hands were imbrued in blood, and on whoſe lives were infixed the deepening ſtain of guilt!

Mary, in the anguiſh of her ſpirit, ſolicited for an interview—conſcious of her innocence, ſhe only wiſhed to be heard; but, alas! no ſympathy pervaded the boſom of Elizabeth—ſhe triumphed in the misfortunes which ſhe was aſſiduouſly employed in accumulating; and that dignified arrangement which would have reſtored an outraged and an afflicted queen to the ample and unalienated poſſeſſion of her hereditary honours and prerogatives, found no place in her deliberations! Pity ſhe could not have known that by acting the part of a ſiſter and a queen, ſhe might have enwreathed her brow with a garland, the perfume of which would have been immortal; but ſhe choſe to proceed in the crooked path ſhe had ſo perverſely entered.

The Earl of Murray was encouraged to accuſe his ſovereign before the Engliſh queen, while Mary ſtood aſtoniſhed at the preſumption of that princeſs, who interpreted her wiſh to narrate in a perſonal interview her misfortunes, and to exculpate herſelf from the calumnies of her rancorous foes, into a deſire of a public trial, and a ſubmiſſion to her juriſdiction! What heart but bleeds at the peruſal of a letter addreſſed by the Scottiſh princeſs to the malevolent Elizabeth.

"I came into your dominions to aſk your aſſiſtance, "and not to ſave my life. Scotland and the world "have not renounced me. *I was conſcious of innocence* "*—I was diſpoſed to lay all my tranſactions before you;* "*and I was willing to do you honour, by making you the* "*reſtorer of a queen. But you have afforded me no aid*

"*and*

"*and no consolation. You even deny me admittance to* "*your presence. I escaped from a prison, and I am again* "*a captive. Can it expose you to censure to hear the com-* "*plaints of the unfortunate? You received my brother* "*when he was in open rebellion. I am a princess, and* "*your equal, and you refuse me the indulgence.* Permit "me then to leave your dominions. Your severity "encourages my enemies, intimidates my friends, and "is most cruelly destructive to my interests. You keep "me in fetters, and allow my enemies to conquer my "realm. I am defenceless, and they enjoy my author-"ity, possess themselves of my revenues, and hold "out to me the point of their swords. In the misera-"ble condition to which I am reduced, you invite "them to accuse me. *Is it too small a misfortune for* "*me to lose my kingdom? Must I also be robbed of my in-* "*tegrity and my reputation?* Excuse me if I speak "without dissimulation. In your dominions I will "not answer to their calumnies and criminations. To "you, in a personal conference, I shall at all times be "ready to vindicate my conduct; but to sink myself "into a level with my rebellious subjects, and to be a "party in a suit or trial with them, is an indignity to "which I can never submit. *I can die, but I cannot* "*meet dishonour. Consult, I conjure you, what is right* "*and proper, and entitle yourself to my warmest gratitude;* "or if you are inclined not to know me as a sister, "and to withhold your kindness, abstain at least from "rigour and injustice; be neither my enemy nor my "friend; preserve yourself in the coldness of neutral-"ity; and let me be indebted to other princes for my "establishment in my kingdom."

How pathetically interesting, how modestly digni-fied, and how characteristic of the amiable writer. But Elizabeth remained unmoved; the enemies of Mary were inspirited, sanctioned and patronized, while the interposition of her friends was wholly disregard-ed. Commissioners for the trial were appointed, and they were directed by Elizabeth to proceed in such a manner, as to infix upon the reputation of the Queen

of Scots an indelible ſtain! Yet in the courſe of their inveſtigation, inconteſtible proofs of her honour preſſed upon them, and they could not but commiſerate a princeſs ſo unfortunate. The deputies of Mary inſiſted that ſhe ſhould be heard, but their remonſtrances were diſregarded. "*An accuſation,*" ſaid they, "*is given; the perſon accuſed is anxious to defend herſelf; this privilege is denied to her, and yet a demand is to be made for the vouchers of her guilt! What is this but an open violation of juſtice?*" Thus was every meaſure cruelly calculated to deepen the diſtreſs of the Scottiſh queen. Tremendous was the criſis ſhe had obtained—thick darkneſs overſhadowed her—of crimes of the deepeſt dye ſhe was accuſed, and *pretended proofs* were on the point of being produced! Had ſhe been *conſcious of guilt, ſhe would have ſhrunk from the ordeal,* but ſhe *implored* and *demanded* permiſſion to confront her adverſaries; and this *privilege,* this *important requeſt,* this *right,* was barbarouſly denied her! The artifice and duplicity of Elizabeth ſucceeded but too well; for although no formal decree was obtained, yet upon the credit of papers proved (by *internal conviction, and a ſeries of inconteſtible facts,*) atrocious forgeries, an attempt was made to ſtamp upon the public mind a laſting impreſſion of Mary's guilt. Mary inſiſted that the determination of a cauſe which had obtained ſuch general attention, ought to be a verdict of guilt or innocence; and with agonized earneſtneſs ſhe ſtill preſſed to be heard; nor can her unyielding, intrepid, and proper remonſtrances, be underſtood in any other view than as corroborating proofs of her integrity.

Elizabeth's final determination not to admit the pleadings of Mary, is agreeable to the whole tenor of her behaviour to her royal priſoner; and having baniſhed all compunction from her boſom, ſhe dreaded to appear before that innocence ſhe had conſigned to deſtruction. "She was ſenſible of the eloquence, the "high ſpirit, and the addreſs of Mary; and while ſhe "trembled to oppoſe herſelf to theſe, ſhe apprehended, "as more terrible in ſo illuſtrious an aſſembly, the in-

"tereſt

"tereſt of diſtreſs, the dignity of unmerited misfor-
"tunes, and the pride of injured integrity. She was
"alarmed with guilty terrors; the image of a hated
"rival in the moment of victory haunted her; and
"her diſturbed imagination painted the lofty de-
"meanour of the Queen of Scots—her indignant emo-
"tions, and the lightning of her eye. She could not
"think of conſenting to a meaſure, where ſhe had ev-
"ery thing to loſe, and nothing to gain; and ſhe was
"too wiſe to exhibit herſelf an open and deteſtable
"monument of ſpleen, diſappointment, perfidiouſneſs,
"rivalſhip, jealouſy and anger."

Thus did Elizabeth ſacrifice true glory to her paſſions. Had the Queen of Scots been leſs beautiful, leſs accompliſhed, and leſs meritorious, ſhe had not become the victim of hatred and perfidy. When it is remembered that the ingrates who appeared to accuſe their ſovereign, abſolutely ſtood charged by the Earls Huntley and Argyle, as the abettors of the king's death, and that the expectation of the formal preſentment of the proteſtation of the two Lords, accelerated the diſmiſſion of the murderers from the court of Elizabeth, it will excite equally our aſtoniſhment and our indignation; and humanity will bluſh at a tranſaction, which perhaps has not a parallel in the annals of hiſtory!

In the midſt of thoſe dark clouds in which Elizabeth was ſeeking to envelope the Scottiſh princeſs, her beauty and various accompliſhments made upon the duke of Norfolk an indelible impreſſion; and, convinced of her innocence and her integrity, he ſought with impaſſioned ardour to obtain her hand in marriage; but to indulge Mary with the ſoothings of amity, would have been a mitigation of her fate, that came not within the plans of Elizabeth; and at the moment when the mutual eſteem of this illuſtrious and amiable pair had ameliorated into the tendereſt love, the attachment of the duke of Norfolk proved his ruin, and he loſt his life upon the ſcaffold, while the innocent object of his preference was ſubjected to

freſh

freſh indignities! At this period, to pronounce in the preſence of Elizabeth, the name of the Queen of Scots, was ſufficient to diſtort her countenance by all the frenzy of paſſion; and the Earl of Huntington, intereſted in procuring the death of Mary, was aſſociated with her more humane keeper! he was ferocious, and unfeeling, and his commiſſion authorized his inhuman ſeverities! her diſtreſſes were to Huntington matter of exultation—her favourite domeſtics were torn from her—the number of her ſervants were curtailed—the moſt ſcrutinizing watch was ſet upon her conduct—orders were iſſued for intercepting and conveying to the queen of England, letters written in the confidence of tender friendſhip; and if her priſon ſhould be ſurrounded with a force adequate to her reſcue, Huntington had directions to aſſaſſinate her!!

The Earl of Murray renewed and continued his traitorous practices. He had covenanted with Elizabeth to ſurrender to her the ſon of Mary, whom ſhe was ſolicitous to involve in the ruin of his mother, and to receive from her the Queen of Scots, with full liberty to inflict upon her whatever indignities might ſuit his wiſhes—when he was arreſted by the dart of death. Nor do I wonder that my Margaretta ſhed no tears at his exit. His talents, though exerciſed in the moſt criminal practices, were great; and theſe, with a prepoſſeſſing exterior, opened his way to that dignity, of which he was eminently unworthy. Yet at his death, Mary, pious and affectionate, lamented a brother, whom ſhe conſidered as launched into eternity under the preſſure of unparalleled guilt.

The enormities of which the Engliſh queen had been guilty to the Scottiſh princeſs, enkindled in the boſoms of foreign princes the deepeſt reſentments; but their remonſtrances ſerved only to call into action the addreſs and perfidious diſſimulation of Elizabeth! The death of Mary was only wanting to fill up the meaſure of her wrongs; and although even her enemies, who witneſſed her behaviour, declared that the "candour, "ſincerity, and moderation, which ſhe diſplayed, were

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"full aſſurances to them that on her part *there was no* "*occaſion to apprehend any improper policy or art;*" yet pretences to effectuate her ruin were induſtriouſly ſought and embraced. Mary, in the midſt of her miſfortunes, ſtill remembered that ſhe was a queen; no improper conceſſions eſcaped her; the ſeverities exerciſed toward her, produced no undue humiliation; her mind retained its native magnanimity; "*and ſhe pitied the ty-* "*rant who could add contumely to oppreſſion, and deny her* "*even the comforts of a priſon.*" Elizabeth, and her courtiers were daily affecting to diſcover plots, and machinations; every nefarious purpoſe was imputed to Mary; and the Engliſh queen was indefatigable in her endeavours, to impreſs upon the public mind, a perſuaſion that her exiſtence, and the proſperity of the realm, were incompatible with the emancipation of the Queen of Scots. Mary had flattered herſelf that when years ſhould permit her ſon to aſſume the reins of government, and to act deciſively, her ſorrows, through his intervention, would know a period; and this maternal hope operated upon her grief worn mind, as the ſweeteſt ſolace. But Elizabeth had been careful to implant in the mind of the prince the ſeeds of diſtruſt and animoſity againſt his royal parent; and while ſhe excited and countenanced the rebellion of his ſubjects, ſhe directed and awed his councils, and through her influence the embroidered garment which his mother, in the dreary ſolitude of her priſon had finiſhed for him, together with the jewels which ſhe had intended as a memento of her affection, were returned, with indecent marks of diſreſpect!!

Elizabeth was purſuing with the ſon the ſame track which had produced the ruin of the mother; and *forged* letters were employed by her ambaſſador, Randolph, for the purpoſe of depriving him of the confidant whom he loved. Under ſuch accumulated evils it is not matter of aſtoniſhment that the health of the captive queen was rapidly declining; yet, although the moſt preſſing repreſentations on this ſubject were made to Elizabeth, they were ineffectual to procure her the

ſmalleſt abatement of the rigours of her confinement? She was unfeelingly denied the preſence of the friends who would have ſoothed her ſorrows! and ſhe was even refuſed the means of taking that air and exerciſe, on which her exiſtence ſeemed to depend!

My next will conclude my remarks on this illuſtrious victim of jealouſy; and that you may, from every delineation, deduce a ſalutary leſſon, is the ardent wiſh of your affectionate

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. L.

Bitter the chalice ruthleſs fate prepar'd—

To MARGARETTA.

THE intelligence of the ſeizure and impriſonment of her ſon to which the intrigues of Elizabeth had largely contributed, was a freſh ſtab to the unfortunate queen; and from her letter to Elizabeth, produced by this event, I cannot forbear a few extracts. "I am informed from undoubted authority, that my "ſon has been ſurpriſed by rebels; and I am tortured "with apprehenſion, leſt he ſhould be reduced to the "peculiar infelicities of that ſituation under which I "have ſuffered ſo long." After ſome expreſſions deſcriptive of her juſt indignation, ſhe adds—"ſince equi-"ty and right muſt ſtoop to the tyranny of your ſcep-"tre, I ſhall carry my appeal to the eternal God, "*whoſe dominion is over all the princes of the earth. To* "*him with whom there is no craft or fraud*, I lift up my "voice, beſeeching him to deal with us both *at the* "*laſt judgment according to our deſerts. Secure in my* "*innocence, I fear not to reſt ſolemnly my fate upon this* "*impartial trial.*" Her enumeration of the injuries which ſhe had received from Elizabeth is pointed by truth; and the ſucceeding queſtions which ſhe puts to that princeſs with her ſubſequent recital, muſt have been barbed by conviction. "After that I had eſcap-

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"ed from Lochlevin, and was about to give battle to "my rebellious ſubjects, I diſpatched to you, by ex- "preſs, the diamond which you ſent me, as a token of "your love; and I craved your aid. I thought that "what I had received as a pledge of your affections, "would awaken them; and, when you beſtowed it, I "was not only flattered with large promiſes of your "aſſiſtance, but you even bound yourſelf by your royal "word, that if I ſhould betake myſelf to your domin- "ions, you would advance to your frontiers and meet "me in perſon. I fondly relied upon your honour; "and, in my adverſity, I took the reſolution to throw "myſelf into your arms, and to commit to your pro- "tection my diadem and my perſon. *But I was rude-* "*ly ſtopped upon my journey, encompaſſed with guards, and* "*confined in ſtrong places; and, from the firſt moment of* "*my captivity, to the preſent hour, I have endured afflic-* "*tions more bitter and grievous than death itſelf. Twelve* "*tedious months have paſſed ſince all communication between* "*my ſon and me, either by letter or meſſengers, has been in-* "*terrupted. You are ſtudious to tear aſunder the neareſt* "*and the kindlieſt ties of nature, and to ſeparate and di-* "*vide a mother and a ſon!* Is it fair or reaſonable that "I, *who am a mother*, ſhould be reſtrained not only "from giving council to my ſon, but that the diſtreſſes "of his condition ſhould be artfully concealed from "me? *Let me beſeech you by the croſs and the paſſion of* "*Chriſt our Redeemer, that you will bind to yourſelf him* "*and me, in everlaſting gratitude, by permitting me to re-* "*freſh my decayed body ſomewhere out of England, after* "*the langnors of ſo long and painful a confinement.* For "me, this world has loſt its greatneſs; and if a priſon "is ſtill to be my lot, if I am to know no joy on earth, "do not interrupt and oppoſe me in my hopes of heav- "en. Let me have a Catholic prieſt to direct me in "the road to another life, and to perform to me the "offices of that religion in which I have lived, and in "which I am to die. *Reaſſume the natural kindneſs of* "*your diſpoſition; ſoften your diſpleaſure to a princeſs who* "*is ſo nearly related to you in blood; attend at length to*

"my

"my juſt complaints; let a tender reconciliation take place "between us; let not the groans and ſighs of my afflicted "ſoul aſcend any longer unto God; and let me depart in "peace from this ſcene of ſorrow."

James would gladly have aſſociated with his mother in the government of Scotland; but Elizabeth nefariouſly oppoſed plans for the eſtabliſhment of Mary, which ſhe herſelf, to anſwer a then preſent purpoſe, had originated. The rebels of Scotland boldly urged their claims upon Elizabeth, by affirming that they had loſt the confidence of their ſovereign, and their patrimonial inheritance in conſequence of their combinations in her favour! That Mary was eager to emancipate herſelf from the tyranny and cruelty of Elizabeth, is beyond a doubt. A queen, detained in priſon, and barbarouſly treated, while her virulent adverſaries are permitted to ravage her native realm—A mother, ſeparated, during twenty revolving years, from a ſon, whoſe opening mind ſhe had wiſhed to form, embraces with ardour, every propoſition by which ſhe may hope to return to her dominions, be reſtored to the exerciſe of her royal prerogatives, and to her maternal duties—Theſe were the crimes of which Mary, during her captivity, was aſſuredly guilty; and upon this foundation was raiſed the ſuperſtructure of that proceſs, which, procuring her death, terminated glorioufly for herſelf, and blaſted with eternal infamy her malignant adverſary. The cruelties exerciſed towards Mary in her priſon, is an outrage to humanity; any inſtance of benevolence or pity, exhibited to the Scottiſh queen, was conſtrued into a breach of fidelity to Elizabeth, and her flatterers became emulous in acts of cruelty; while a hope was entertained that the aggravated calamities to which the royal priſoner was ſubjected, would precipitate her upon ſome raſh action, by which ſhe would become in reality a criminal. But her integrity remained inflexible; and her upright mind, nerved by conſcious innocence, engaged with ardour in the habits of piety; and, ſupported by the conſolatory truths of religion, continued greatly ſuperior to the deteſtable

plots

plots fabricated for her deſtruction. Her adverſaries were enraged at the inefficacy of their diabolical arrangements; and, fruſtrated in their moſt ſanguine purpoſes, Leiceſter, prime minion to Elizabeth, diſpatched aſſaſſins to ſeize, in the gloomy receſſes of the priſon, that life which had been ſubjected to ſuch a ſeries of calamities!

But here, even the virtues of thoſe hard-hearted ſavages, Paulet and Drury, made a ſtand! They ſpurned the emiſſaries of Leiceſter, and felt the degradation to which they were ſubjected. Yet, notwithſtanding they ſtopped ſhort of death, they were in the exerciſe of the utmoſt rigour. Her apartments, but two in number, were poorly furniſhed; neither were they ſufficient to ſhield her from the inclemencies of the weather; and, that they might inflict on her every ſpecies of indignity, they rendered her priſon a receptacle for common offenders; confining in her view, a young man, whom, after much perſecution, they deprived of life, without judge or jury! They were induſtrious in cutting off every avenue, which could poſſibly become an inlet of pleaſure to the unoffending victim of their rigour. Through the medium of a ſervant, ſhe had indulged the benevolence of her nature, by a regular diſtribution of charity among the ſons and daughters of want, who abode in the vicinity of Tutbury Caſtle! And who but muſt execrate that unequalled inhumanity, which, having diſcovered, ſternly denied even this ſoothing alleviation of her unparalleled woes?

But Elizabeth had not yet attained the ſummit of her wiſhes; and, perſevering in her atrocious career, her obſequious parliament gratified her by an unprecedented ſtatute, which made "*a ſovereign and independent princeſs anſwerable for her conduct to the ſubjects of another potentate!*" Thus was the way open for the accompliſhment of that tragical cataſtrophe, at which the ſanguinary views of the Engliſh queen had ſo long pointed; and it only remained to involve the Scottiſh princeſs in real or *ſuppoſitious* guilt. To enſnare and betray the injured ſufferer, arts the moſt

exquiſitely

exquiſitely iniquitous were employed; nor was any temptation left uneſſayed, which might allure her into practices againſt the dignity and life of Elizabeth. Babington's conſpiracy preſented a favourable occaſion, and every probable meaſure was embraced to engage her therein; but her virtue and her diſcretion remaining inacceſſible, was proof againſt every aſſault; and *forgery* became once more the *dernier reſort* of her implacable foes! Letters were written for her, to which ſhe was an utter ſtranger; and upon thoſe letters were founded her trial and ſubſequent execution!! Her cloſet was rudely broken open, without her previous expectation of ſuch an event, and her cabinets, borne to Elizabeth, were examined in her preſence; yet, amid the multiplicity of papers they contained, to the no ſmall regret of her enemies, *a criminating ſyllable was not to be found!* The magnanimity and genuine dignity, with which Mary replied to the commiſſioners appointed to proceed againſt her, aſtoniſhed and confounded even her moſt determined foes. "It is," ſaid ſhe, with admirable compoſure, "a matter altogether uncommon, that Eliza-
"beth ſhould *command me to ſubmit to a trial, as if I*
"*were her ſubject.* I am an independent ſovereign,
"and will not tarniſh, by any meanneſs, my high
"birth, the princes my predeceſſors, and my ſon. To
"ſpeak to me of commiſſioners, is a vain mockery of
"my rank. *Kings alone can be my peers.* The laws
"of England are unknown to me, and I have no coun-
"ſellors, to whoſe wiſdom I can apply for inſtruction.
"My papers and commentaries have been taken from
"me; *and no perſon can have the perilous courage to ap-*
"*pear as my advocate.*"

The deſolate captive perſiſted in denying the authority of the commiſſioners, yet ſhe was aware that they would, notwithſtanding, proceed to her trial; and a ſweet hope of obtaining that triumph, to which her integrity entitled her, induced this truly intereſting ſufferer to wave for a moment her hereditary queenſhip, and to appear before the tribunal of thoſe uſurp-

ers,

ers, who were predetermined to condemn her. Dignity, modeſty, majeſty and innocence, were ſtrongly pourtrayed in the *matter* and *manner* of her defence; and an attention thereto muſt wring ſympathy from the coldeſt heart that ever beat in a human boſom. "The accuſation," ſaid ſhe, "preferred to my preju-"dice, is a moſt deteſtable calumny. I was not en-"gaged with Babington in his conſpiracy; and I am "altogether innocent of having plotted the death of "Elizabeth." After having produced irrefragable proofs of her integrity, ſhe adds—"I will confeſs that "I have yielded to the ſtrong impulſes of nature; and "that like a human creature, encompaſſed with dan-"gers, I have exerted myſelf to recover my greatneſs "and my liberty. The efforts I have made can ex-"cite no bluſhes in me, for the voice of mankind muſt "applaud them. Religion, in her ſterneſt moments "of ſeverity, cannot look to them with reproach; "and to conſider them as crimes, is to deſpiſe the "ſanctimonious reverence of humanity, and to give "way to the ſuſpicious wretchedneſs of deſpotiſm. "But the attainment of my kingdom, the recovering "of my liberty, and the advancement of that religion "which I love, could not induce me to ſtain myſelf "with the crimes which are objected to me. I would "diſdain to purchaſe a crown by the aſſaſſination of "the meaneſt of the human race. To accuſe me of "ſcheming the death of the queen, my ſiſter, is to "brand me with the infamy which I abhor moſt. It "is my nature to employ the devotion of Eſther, and "not the ſword of Judith. But amidſt the inclement "and unprincipled pretenſions, which my adverſaries "are pleaſed to invent, to overwhelm me with ca-"lamities and anguiſh, I can trace and diſcover the "real cauſe of their hoſtility and proſecution. *My* "*crimes are, my birth, the injuries I have been compelled* "*to endure, and my religion. I am proud of the firſt, I* "*can forgive the ſecond, and the third is a ſource to me of* "*ſuch comfort and hope, that for its glory I will be con-*"*tented that my blood ſhall flow upon the ſcaffold.*"

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The ſoul-affecting pleader evinced her exquiſite ſenſibility and deep ſenſe of gratitude, when, during her trial, reference being made to the Earl of Arundel, with ſtreaming eyes ſhe pathetically uttered the memorable exclamation, which has been ſo often cited: "*Alas! alas! how much has the illuſtrious houſe of* "*Howard endured for me!*" Beauteous and deeply wronged mourner! never was calamity more digniſied, never was ſorrow more ennobled! In vain did ſhe ſolicit permiſſion to juſtify herſelf before the Britiſh parliament, or Elizabeth and her privy council. Her enemies continued deaf to her ſolicitations, and with unprincipled effrontery, under the ſanction of a legal proceſs, in which the greateſt outrage was done to juſtice, ſentence of death was paſſed upon the Queen of Scots! nor was the execution of this unprecedented ſentence long delayed!!

Meaſures were taken to procure the conſent of James to this violation of hoſpitality, decency, and nature! But the propoſal filled him with aſtoniſhment, grief, indignation and remorſe. He ſpurned, with filial deteſtation, every ſuggeſtion upon this head, and haſtened to diſpatch to Elizabeth the moſt ſpirited and reſentful repreſentations, upon the enormous violence of her proceedings. Foreign princes alſo, ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and infinitely ſhocked at the imperious preſumption of Elizabeth, preſented her, upon this melancholy occaſion, the moſt preſſing remonſtrances; but nothing ſhort of the death of Mary could ſatisfy thoſe baleful paſſions, which had obtained a tremendous aſcendency in her boſom. Mary received her ſentence with uncommon ſatisfaction, and even triumph! She however regretted, that ſhe could not obtain the attendance of a clergyman of her own perſuaſion! But ſubmitting to neceſſity, ſhe ſtill preſerved her equanimity; and when her keepers poorly deprived her of thoſe tokens and inſignia of royalty, by which ſhe had till then been diſtinguiſhed, ſhe calmly ſaid, "*In deſpite of your ſovereign, I will die a queen—my royal* "*character is indelible; and I will ſurrender it with my* "*ſpirit,*

"*ſpirit, to the Almighty God from whom I received it, and* "*to whom my honour and my innocence are fully known.*" She diſdained to ſupplicate for life; and her laſt letter to Elizabeth is deſcriptive of piety, reſignation, heroiſm, and the utmoſt elevation of mind.

"*I am happy, Madam, that I am arrived at the laſt ſtage* "*of my long and lamentable pilgrimage. My fate, though* "*altogether unmerited, I ſhall encounter with cheerfulneſs.* "There are now a few circumſtances only which attract my attention; and for thoſe it is proper that I "apply directly *to yourſelf.* In England, which has departed from the true religion, I cannot hope to be "interred with the kings, our progenitors, according "to the ceremonies of the Catholic church. In Scotland, the ſepulchres of my anceſtors have been profaned and violated. When my enemies, therefore, "have glutted themſelves with my blood, I entreat, "that my remains may be carried by my domeſtics to "France, where the bones of my mother are depoſited. "There, my body, which never knew any quiet while "my ſoul was united to it, will reſt in peace. As my "ſecond requeſt, I beg that I may not be abandoned "to the ſecret tyranny of my adverſaries. They may "conſume me with lingering torments; or, what I "dread more, they may ſully my fame with foul ſlanders. Let my execution be public, that there may "be undoubted witneſſes, who may bear teſtimony to "my firmneſs in my religion, and make an honeſt report of my dying agonies. It is my third requeſt, "that my ſervants may depart out of your dominions "without moleſtation, and that you will permit them "to enjoy the legacies which I am to bequeath them "in my teſtament. Theſe favours I implore you to "grant, *in the name of Jeſus Chriſt; by our conſanguinity; by the ſoul of Henry VII. our common progenitor;* "*by our royal dignity; and, by the reſpect which you bear* "*to our ſex!* It will pleaſe me to receive an anſwer "from you: Nor accuſe me of preſumption, that, "while I am leaving this ſcene of things, I take the liberty to remind you, that you are not to live forever;

"and that there is a tribunal, before which you muſt ap-
"pear, to render an account of your proceedings againſt
"me."

The ſilence of Elizabeth to theſe requeſts, and the comfortleſs and alarming ſuſpenſe in which that ſilence involved Mary, would, had the unprecedented cruelty of the Engliſh queen admitted an aggravation, have given the finiſhing touches to her ſyſtem of barbarity! Mary, however, continued to poſſeſs an aſtoniſhing meaſure of internal tranquillity; and her firm affiance in Jehovah remained a never failing ſource of conſolation. Elizabeth, with an air of levity, ſigned the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots; yet, fearful of the conſequences, ſhe ſought, by renewed application to the dagger of the aſſaſſin, to remove from herſelf the public odium. Through the inſtrumentality of Davidſon and Walſingham, ſhe recommended it to the keepers of Mary, *"to ſhed privately the blood of their "royal priſoner! Though a ſovereign princeſs, and entruſted "with the cares of a great nation, ſhe bluſhed not to give "it in charge to her miniſters, to enjoin a murder! and "this murder was connected with every circumſtance that "could make it moſt frightful and horrid. The victim "for whoſe blood ſhe thirſted, was a woman, a queen, a "relation! who was ſplendid with beauty, eminent in abil-"ities, magnanimous under misfortunes, and ſmiling with "innocence!"*

The manner in which Mary, on her bed of languiſhment, received the annunciation, that the enſuing morning was appointed for her execution—her characteriſtic remark thereon—her dignified compoſure amid the rude and unfeeling inſults to which ſhe was ſubjected—the elevated ſtrains in which ſhe aſſayed to comfort her weeping domeſtics!—her ſerenity at ſupper!—the tender leave which ſhe took of her ſervants!—her amiable condeſcenſion and pious counſel—her letters to her friends—her adjuſtment of her teſtament—her ſolemn devotions—her peaceful and ſaint-like ſlumbers—the ſerenity of her morning preparation—her diſtribution of her wardrobe and jewels—her reception of the eu-

chariſt—

chariſt—the fervour of her kneeling devotions—her raiſed eyes, claſped hands, and ſoul-affecting attitude—the holy confidence with which ſhe poured into the ear of Deity, her ſufferings and her wiſhes—the heavenly ſerenity with which ſhe preſented herſelf to the high ſheriff—her addreſs, when coming forth, to Melvin, who had for many days been prohibited her preſence: "*Lament not, honeſt Melvin; but rather exult that thou* "*ſhalt ſee Mary Stuart delivered from all her woes. The* "*world, my good Melvin, is but vanity; and an ocean of* "*tears would not ſuffice to bewail its ſorrows.*"—The enviable compoſure and ſelf-command with which ſhe deported herſelf, while ſubjected to the ſhocking inſolence of the Earl of Kent—the graceful dignity with which ſhe advanced to the ſcaffold!—her majeſtic carriage—the mingling emotions of commiſeration, reverence and admiration, which pervaded the boſoms of the attending ſpectators—the fortitude with which ſhe aſcended the ſcaffold, ſurveying, with inimitable benignity and heart-piercing tranquillity, the block, the axe, and the executioners!—the ſtreaming eyes of ſurrounding witneſſes, exhibiting a contraſt to her unexampled heroiſm—her gentle mildneſs, amid the ſhameful indignities and unbecoming inſults, which were heaped upon her by the Dean of Peterſborough—the augmenting lamentations of her men and women ſervants, and the *impreſſive manner* in which ſhe urged their ſilent ſubmiſſion—her recommendation of queen Elizabeth to the protection of the Almighty!—her maternal recollection of her ſon—her energetic addreſs to the Redeemer of the world!—her laſt adieu—the aſtoniſhing ſerenity with which ſhe placed her neck upon the block!——All, and every of theſe circumſtances, form a climax, which is greatly worthy of the life to which they conſtitute ſo magnanimous a cloſe!

Elizabeth, ere ſhe ſtruck a blow ſo fatal to her own reputation, ſhould have recollected, that the atrocious deed could not be conſigned to oblivion; that it would deſcend to poſterity in all its horrors! that, at the tribunal of ſucceeding generations, her exquiſite diſſimulation

lation would avail her little; and that, ſtript of the falſe colours, in which ſhe attempted to evade the public odium of this black tranſaction, the murder which ſhe contrived to perpetrate, would be conſidered in all its deformity! The perturbed ſenſations, ſighs, groans, and deep anguiſh, which marked the concluding hours of Elizabeth, and which operated ſo forcibly as to extend her, for the ten ſucceeding days and nights immediately preceding her exit, upon the floor of her apartment, exhibit a ſtriking contraſt to that ſerenity which illumined the parting moments of the Queen of Scots, and forcibly point the difference between the ſenſations of that mind, which, ſtained with guilt, becomes the abode of remorſe, and the calm reflections of the boſom which hath cheriſhed the propenſities of integrity, and in which white-robed innocence hath delighted to dwell.

It is worthy of remark, that Elizabeth reſigned with her life, all pretenſions to that crown, of the titles and ſucceſſion of which ſhe was ſo tenacious; that the ſon of Mary mounted the Engliſh throne; that a princeſs, lineally deſcended from her, in the fourth generation, had the glory of uniting and conſolidating the realms of England and Scotland, under one general government; and that, if we except the uſurpation of Oliver Cromwell, the Britiſh ſceptre hath, from the death of Elizabeth, been continually ſwayed by the poſterity of the Queen of Scots.

Deſirous, my dear Margaretta, to delineate to you my ſentiments, together with the reaſons on which they are grounded, I have engaged in a more copious detail than I had deſigned; yet it may lead you to an accurate ſtudy of an intereſting piece of hiſtory; and I ſhall not dilate ſo largely upon our remaining ſubjects. I am charmed with the elegance of your tranſlation from Madame Dacier. Your Achilles ſeems to weep his Patroclus dead, in all the dignity of grief; and your improvements give complete ſatisfaction to the boſom of your truly affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. LI.

No. LI.

When valour in the patriot's boſom glows,
And virtue all her energies beſtows—
The intrepid chief becomes his country's boaſt,
His plans conſiſtent, and his arm an hoſt.

To MARGARETTA.

AS it is of importance to form juſt ideas of perſons and things, I adviſe you, my dear, to give Sully's Memoirs a ſecond peruſal; and, that you may do this both with profit and pleaſure, I proceed in my curſory remarks.

You ought, my love, to conſider that the Duke of Sully was, *comparatively*, a private man. Henry was born for a nation, and the duke was born for the king. Henry undoubtedly poſſeſſed the talents of a great warrior and a great monarch—Sully was an able miniſter of incorruptible fidelity and uncommon diſintereſtedneſs. But while we do juſtice to this illuſtrious ſtateſman, we cannot, however, regard him as a faultleſs character; we think the treachery and diſſimulation by which he obtained from the Count of Soiſſons, and the Princeſs Catharine, their marriage contract, was highly reprehenſible; nor are we quite ſatisfied with the duke of Sully for ſo frequently holding up to public view the diſſenſions of the royal pair. He too often unveils his hero; he dwells too circumſtantially upon that part of his character in which alone he was vulnerable. It is true the importance of the miniſter is thus augmented, but this does not diminiſh our diſguſt at the recital; and when he relates *ſo much*, and with an affectation of delicacy, pretends to *conceal a great deal*, leſt it ſhould obſcure the luſtre of his maſter's glory, the impoſition becomes groſsly palpable; we loſe ſight of the uniformly faithful ſervant, and behold only the ungenerous and abſurd egotiſt.

Sully, it muſt be confeſſed was always at hand to extricate, but he is not *therefore* inveſted with a *general*

ſuperiority of character. The mind *impaſſioned*, and debilitated by any *particular circumſtance*, becomes, in the *moment of imbecility*, unequal to cool deliberation; and, amid the hurricane of the paſſions, it is incumbent upon the man of reaſon to point the better way. If Henry's diſpleaſure at his miniſter was frequently without a cauſe, his reſentments *appeared to him* juſt; and when inveſtigation diſcovered his error, his frank acknowledgments were worthy his character; and the noble condeſcenſion with which he invariably ſought a reconciliation, was an abundant compenſation for any vehemence of paſſion to which his ardent nature ſubjected him. Conſtantly the firſt to condemn himſelf for every intemperate act or expreſſion, he delayed not the reparation, which was always as ample and explicit as language could render it; and he declared that conſequent on every amicable eclairciſſement his ſlumbers were more ſweet, and he eſteemed the adjuſtment of theſe grievances as an addition to his felicity. We cannot deny, that if the value and importance of the miniſter was thus demonſtrated, a moſt enchanting idea of the frankneſs and candour of the monarch is alſo given. Henry was aware of the natural vehemence of his diſpoſition, and his good ſenſe was conſtantly arming him againſt the inroads of paſſion. He was fully ſenſible of the errors into which the angry man is often precipitated; but virtue nerved his boſom, and he ſucceſsfully oppoſed the aſſaults of impetuous rage. A ſeries of calamities, together with his innate ſenſibility, inveſted him with ſelf command. Reaſon took the lead, and every reſentful impreſſion ſubmitted to her dictates; he became mild by habit, and reflection rendered him uniformly juſt.

Generoſity was inherent in his ſoul; and his innate conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority, while it was far removed from the *debaſing effects* of ſelf partiality, invariably taught him to diſdain a malicious or ignoble action. Sully obſerves, that Henry "*never forgot to reward any* "*additional trouble by ſome new inſtance of his bounty,* "*and that every proof of kindneſs made upon his mind an*

"*indelible*

"*indelible impreſſion;*" and indeed his liberality was on all occaſions truly princely.

No, my dear—Sully was not the principal artificer of Henry's glory; nature had early marked upon the mind of the youthful prince the features of heroiſm; his face was an index of his mind, and an elevation of expreſſion and a prepoſſeſſing frankneſs formed its general contour. His manners were inſinuating and full of vivacity; and even in the commencement of his career, his virtues and his talents extorted the approbation of all who knew him; while his bravery and his military abilities rendered him the ſoul of his party. Henry cannot be juſtly charged with a want of tenderneſs, becauſe Sully's memoirs preſerve no record of his regrets on account of the death of his mother. It ſhould be remembered that at the demiſe of the queen of Navarre, Roſny did not occupy that place in the king's boſom, to which his merit afterwards introduced him. Catharine de Medicis was miſtreſs of ſufficient addreſs to garb her treacherous and bloody politics in the alluring habiliments of reſpectful kindneſs; the Queen of Navarre, her family and adherents, were effectually deceived; nor did the wiſdom, experience and remarkable penetration of the Admiral de Coliquy, eſcape the ſnares which had been laid with ſuch exquiſite diſſimulation.

The maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, which may be principally charged to Catharine de Medicis, will always ſtand prominent in the liſt of bloody tranſactions. Neither high birth, riches, virtue nor talents, were a protection from the fury of thoſe licenſed murderers, who were inhumanly let looſe upon an unſuſpecting multitude! Peaceable and unarmed, the defenceleſs inhabitants imagined themſelves in the utmoſt ſecurity, when, in one tremendous moment, the horrible deſtruction commenced. More than ten thouſand perſons, with circumſtances of aggravated and unparalleled cruelty, were barbarouſly butchered! and ſo comprehenſive was the infernal mandate which authorized this ſhocking carnage, that it extended even

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to infants at the breaſt. The ſtreets ran with blood; and, "*kill, kill, maſſacre, the Huguenots,*" was the watch-word of the furiouſly zealous Catholics! That Henry, in a cataſtrophe ſo deeply tragical, ſhould feel his individual griefs abſorbed in the national infamy, in the national calamity, is a circumſtance which evinces the patriotiſm of his character; and it became him alſo to oppoſe, to the unprincipled and inſidious deſigns of Catharine de Medicis, a plan which might ſerve as a barrier to thoſe miſchiefs ſhe ſtill contemplated. Henry was in no inſtance deficient in ſenſibility. His ſiſter had made an unworthy choice, and it became him, as her ſovereign and her brother, to direct and point her confidence; nor can his fraternal attachment with propriety be queſtioned.

Henry's firſt reception of Roſny does honour to his feelings, to his gratitude, and to his liberality; and if he was bleſt with an able miniſter, his miniſter alſo was amply recompenſed. The confidence which the king repoſed in Sully, was a proof of his wiſdom and penetration; for it was the regularity and economy of the youthful candidate for his favour, which firſt advanced him in the eſteem of his ſovereign; and this election, in a monarch, young, brave, impaſſioned, and in ſome inſtances devoted to pleaſure, fully evinced the ſolidity of his underſtanding. But a fondneſs for order ſeemed inherent in the boſom of Henry—"*He "was born with the virtues and method of economy, and "therefore practiſed them without conſtraint.*" He diſtinguiſhed judiciouſly; and, diſcriminating characters with the utmoſt preciſion, while he diveſted falſehood of its glare, he ſeemed to poſſeſs a kind of intuitive knowledge of truth.

His martial genius, intrepid bravery, and full poſſeſſion of military talents, in all their ſplendid variety, was evinced by his remarks, while yet a child, upon the terrors of the veteran ſoldier; by the ardour which the relation of battles enkindled in his youthful boſom; by his undaunted heroiſm and juſt obſervations at the battle of Moncontour, when he had hardly attained

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his ſixteenth year; by his addreſs and bravery, in quelling the mutineers in the city of Eauſe, while his remiſſion of their offences gave thoſe indications of his clemency, which his ſucceeding life abundantly confirmed; by his admirable conduct at Nerac, extricating himſelf by his valour from imminent danger; by the order of his march to, and his attack of, Cahors; by the hardſhips which, for five ſucceeding days and nights, he endured before that city; and by his undaunted and memorable reply to thoſe who counſelled a retreat—"*'Tis Heaven which dictates what I ought to "do upon this occaſion. Remember then, that my retreat "out of this city, ſhall be the retreat of my ſoul from my "body. My honour requires this of me; ſpeak therefore to "me of nothing but fighting, conqueſt, or death.*" Henry's reſources in the midſt of difficulties, and the ſplendor with which he emerged from the moſt deſperate circumſtances, with the facility with which he accommodated himſelf to the moſt laborious occupations in the military department, conducting the miners in perſon, and animating the workmen by every proper exertion, together with his capability of enduring fatigue, cannot but excite our aſtoniſhment! His victory at Contras—his commiſeration for the children of adverſity, and the veneration in which he held the meritorious ſoldier—his generous aid of Henry III.—his arrangements upon the death of that prince—the invincible reſolution with which he ſurmounted difficulties ſufficiently powerful to overcome a hoſt of warriors—his aſtoniſhing intrepidity in oppoſing himſelf, with only *three* thouſand followers, to an army of *thirty* thouſand men, alternately keeping guard in perſon, directing the trenches, ſnatching his haſty ſuſtenance in the ditch, and denying himſelf a moment's reſpite from his unparalleled fatigues—are ſo many ſplendid claims upon our admiration! His ſucceſs, in a combat ſo unequal in point of numbers, as was the battle of Argues, aſſumes a miraculous aſpect; nor can we withhold our veneration, while liſtening to his reply to the Count de Belin, who expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the inadequate

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number of his troops—"*You see not all, my friend; for "you reckon not God and my claim, who fight for me.*" The action of Argues would singly have secured the immortality of Henry; but his arduous struggles and uniform bravery multiplied his exploits, and gave them a brilliancy worthy of the finished chief which nature had designed.

The military hero unites conduct with courage; he coolly deliberates; and, what he theoretically resolves, he practically pursues. Henry IV. exhibited this completion of character in a very eminent degree; and Sully observes, that "*he never suffered his ardour in bat-"tle to hinder him from following the calmer dictates of "wisdom.*" At the battle of Ivry the Gallic hero gathered fresh laurels: The excellent disposition of the several divisions, the valour with which he fought, and the victory obtained over numbers so greatly disproportioned to his own, covered him with glory. On the evening preceding this action, and in his subsequent conduct, he gave striking proofs of a virtuous as well as a great mind; and his tenderness for Sully, who had been wounded in the battle, is strongly *evincive of that sensibility, in which you suppose him deficient.* Henry, considered as a warrior, in pursuit of glory and of a crown, (his right to which was incontestible) gave a remarkable proof of the transcendent goodness and exquisite compassion of his heart, by raising the siege of Paris, at a moment when its conquest was within his grasp, merely to prevent that carnage which he had discovered his soldiers meditated, in revenge for the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and his permitting the besieged those supplies which it was in his power to cut off, was a fresh triumph of humanity. "*I am not sur-"prised,*" said Henry, "*that the Spaniards and the chiefs "of the league have no compassion upon these poor people; "they are only tyrants: For me, I am their father and "their king, and cannot bear the recital of their calami-"ties, without being pierced to the soul, and ardently desir-"ing to bring them relief.*"

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The enemies of Henry bore teſtimony to his rare qualities, particularly to his intrepid bravery. "*By "heavens,*" ſaid they, "*this prince deſerves a thouſand "crowns for his valour!*" The ardour with which the king expoſed his perſon on many occaſions, and the vehemence with which he yielded to his inſatiable thirſt for glory, triumphed, in ſome inſtances, over that prudence which was generally a balance to his undaunted courage. Among thoſe daring exploits, which were ſtrongly tinctured with raſhneſs, may be reckoned the action of Aumale; where he oppoſed himſelf, at the head of one hundred ſoldiers, to the Prince of Parma, whoſe army conſiſted of thirty thouſand effective men! But the valour and conduct of his retreat is perhaps unrivalled in hiſtory. The reply of Henry to the remonſtrances of his friend, is the beſt apology which can be given for theſe deviations from his generally wiſe and prudent movements—"*I cannot do otherwiſe; "and, ſince it is for my glory and crown that I fight, my "life and every thing elſe ought to be of no conſideration "with me.*"

An inſtance of the king's humanity occurs at Dreux; where, in the moment of victory, arreſting the progreſs of death, he diſtributed ſums, proportioned to their neceſſities, among thoſe who, thus doubly conquered by his proweſs and by his munificent clemency, could hardly help taking rank among the moſt faithful of his ſubjects.

Victory attached itſelf to the perſon of Henry wherever he commanded; and it was univerſally acknowledged, that to his own bravery and excellent arrangements, he was indebted for the ſplendor of his arms. At the campaign in Burgundy, and the battle of Fontaine Francois, he even ſurpaſſed himſelf. The enemy with whom he fought were two-thirds ſuperior in number; but the Gallic hero was abundantly adequate to the moſt arduous achievements; and his exploits during that action appear almoſt miraculous: Every thing, he was ſenſible, depended upon his own exertions; and, at the head of one hundred and fifty horſe,

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he arreſted the flight of that diviſion of his army which had been routed; he oppoſed himſelf bare-headed to the impetuoſity of the victors; and, completely defeating the enemy, ſnatched from them a triumph of which they ſeemed already ſecure; and this admirable and well-timed exertion of valour, happily ſaved his followers from that general carnage which would inevitably have enſued. But I do not aim at enumerating all the battles and ſieges in which this monarch was engaged. I only glance curſorily over the actions of a hero, who was neither elated by proſperity, nor depreſſed by adverſity. He communicated a portion of his ardour to thoſe among his followers who were the leaſt ambitious of glory. He was equal to every military duty; and his invincible bravery and indefatigable application excited that noble emulation, which is the parent of great actions.

But it is not as a military hero, EXCLUSIVELY, that Henry is entitled to applauſe—he was a patriot king. His ſubjects ſhared equally his regards, while merit was ſure to obtain his patronage. His entrance into Paris ſtrongly marked his benignity, and his paternal attachment to his people. His ſoldiers, exactly diſciplined, exhibited a degree of regularity that would have done honour to a well ordered family; and, taking poſſeſſion of the ſquares and ſtreets, in military array, the populace ſuſtained not the ſmalleſt injury. His enemies experienced his clemency; and in that triumphant moment when he might have taken ample vengeance, *a general amneſty was proclaimed*, and all thoſe who had borne arms againſt him were fully and freely pardoned. On the petition of the injured towns and villages, which, from the tremendous devaſtation made by the overflowing of the Loire, were ſtripped of all their poſſeſſions, Henry thus directs his miniſter: "*God has given me ſubjects that I may preſerve them as* "*my children: Let them meet with tenderneſs and charity* "*from my council. Alms are always highly acceptable to* "*God, and in caſes of public miſery more eſpecially ſo. It* "*would be heavy on my conſcience, if I neglected to do every*

"*thing*

"*thing I can for their relief.*" Thus, in word and in deed, did Henry conſult the public weal. He conſidered himſelf as placed at the head of a numerous family, whoſe happineſs it was his duty to conſult; nor did he heſitate in relinquiſhing his moſt favourite purſuits, if he might thereby contribute to the felicity or emolument of his kingdom.

Henry's clemency to delinquents was deſcriptive of the utmoſt lenity and tenderneſs of diſpoſition. He preſerved his ſerenity and cheerfulneſs, even when ſuffering from the ſtroke of the aſſaſſin, who had aimed an ineffectual blow at his life. He laboured to preſerve Mareſchal Byron and other conſpirators; and he magnanimouſly paſſed by every offence, as far as was conſiſtent with the ſafety of his perſon and kingdom. The noble frankneſs with which he received all thoſe, who, from whatever motive, had joined the league againſt him, greatly augments the ſplendor of his renown. His way to the throne of France had been ſtrewed with difficulties and misfortunes, of a nature which required all his bravery and fortitude to ſurmount; but, having attained his hereditary right, he proved himſelf greatly worthy the royal authority with which he was cloathed. His reception of Admiral Villars, who had thrown himſelf at his feet, whom he haſtily raiſed, obſerving, that ſuch ſubmiſſion was due only to God—of the Duke of Maienne, whom he tenderly embraced, and of many others, was truly magnanimous, and ſerves to evince the inborn grandeur of his ſoul. The cheerfulneſs of his diſpoſition endeared him to his friends and the nation at large. "*The "lineaments of his face,*" ſays Sully, "*had that agreea-"ble livelineſs which forms a ſweet and happy phyſiognomy, "and perfectly ſuited that engaging eaſineſs of manners, "which, though ſometimes mixed with majeſty, never loſt the "graceful affability and eaſy gaiety, ſo natural to him.*"

The veracity of Henry was numbered among his prominent virtues. He pronounced an inviolable adherence to truth, the firſt requiſite in a man of genuine bravery and worth; and, when dictating the articles

of capitulation at a ſiege, the ſacred regard he was known to pay to his word, rendered it to the beſieged as acceptable a pledge, as the ſtrongeſt bonds which ſuſpicion could invent. Henry's feelings, as a father, hath not been ſurpaſſed: As a huſband, if he was not uxorious, he was at leaſt manly and polite; and when it is remembered, that his matrimonial connexion was only the ſuperſtructure of policy, candour will confeſs, that this was the utmoſt which ought to have been expected from a prince ſuperior to diſſimulation. If Mary de Medicis had been bleſt with diſcretion, and poſſeſſed of thoſe attractions, addreſs, and feminine delicacy, which have diſtinguiſhed ſome ladies, ſhe might, perhaps, have rendered Henry affectionate. It is to be lamented, that Margaret of Valois was not to his taſte. I have always been particularly affected by the hiſtory of this princeſs; her merit appears to me inconteſtible: Her dignified reſignation of the king; her unremitted attention to the perſon who ſucceeded her, and the rational attachment ſhe continued to evince for the royal pair, are circumſtances which announce her truly noble, and place her, in my opinion, with the firſt of women.

Henry evinced his love of literature, by his patronage of learned men; and it is with regret we proceed to ſay, that virtue muſt deplore the deep ſhade, too often thrown over the ſhining qualities of the Gallic hero. His illicit attachments frequently enveloped in clouds the noble endowments of a mind, capable of exhibiting a finiſhed model of tranſcendent excellence. Yet, while we lament a deviation ſo capital, it is with pleaſure we repeat a fact, which muſt be conſidered as an *eſſential palliation of this ſingle error. Henry never ſuffered a purſuit of pleaſure, of whatever deſcription, to arreſt thoſe valuable purpoſes which marked the magnanimity and heroiſm of his ſoul.*

But, you obſerve, that Henry was an apoſtate, while the Duke of Sully preſerved his religion. I am, my dear, pleaſed with your warmth upon this occaſion; and yet it is true, that actions, proper and becoming to

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an individual, are not always ſuitable to the head and repreſentative of a numerous and enlightened people. From a monarch, youthful, ardent, and devoted to military fame, we are not to expect an unyielding ſyſtem of divinity. Henry was bred a Calviniſt; and perhaps this is the only reaſon which produced him, in the commencement of his career, a Proteſtant. The intereſts of humanity loudly demanded a ſacrifice of his particular mode of worſhip; and it is ſurely highly derogatory to our holy religion, to ſuppoſe it calls upon us to immolate the lives of thouſands, merely for the eſtabliſhment of a tenet, which cannot *rationally* be regarded as affecting the preſent intereſt or future felicity of the creature. Perhaps the zeal of religion has betrayed many upright minds, and it may have enkindled *falſe fires* in the boſom of the *perſecuted*, as well as the *perſecutor*.

France bled at every pore; ſhe was torn by inteſtine diviſions; and her extenſive provinces were on the eve of being deluged in blood!—Ought Henry to have perpetuated the miſery of millions, merely for the ſake of ideas, which, *ſtrictly ſpeaking, cannot be ſaid to conſtitute the fundamental articles of religion?* Henry was a patriot king—Muſt he exhauſt thoſe talents which were calculated to eſtabliſh the happineſs of a nation, in deſtroying a people he was born to protect? Henry was a meritorious prince; he was entitled to felicity—Muſt he devote himſelf to the calamities attendant upon endleſs hoſtilities? If the king embraced the Catholic faith, he thereby became a miniſter of peace; he might lull to ſleep, or utterly exterminate the fiery zeal of perſecution; the gentle ſpirit of tolerance might be cheriſhed and invigorated; it would be in his power to arreſt and remedy the progreſs of thoſe diſorders which had deſolated France; and a happy or tragical cataſtrophe was apparently involved in his deciſion. The beneficent influence of a philanthropic example, recommended by, and originating from, the throne, would diſſeminate the mild principles of peace, love, and general fraternity. France demanded of

Henry

Henry a reſtoration of her internal quiet. Tranquillity, affluence and ſafety were in his gift. Lacerated, and almoſt expiring, while ſhe well near deſpaired of relief, ſhe yet forcibly and energetically pronounced, that Henry's abjuration of Calviniſm would be a balm for every wound; that hoſtilities would then ceaſe; and peace, with its attendant train of felicities, would once more bleſs her wide domain! And what was the conceſſion which Henry was required to make? *Not a dereliction of his God, either in the character of Creator, Redeemer, or Preſerver;* and the liberality of his ſentiments induced a perſuaſion, that the Architect of all worlds was equally ſerved by the *ſincere* Catholic as by the Proteſtant. The obſervation of a few ceremonies was the ſupernumerary he was called upon to embrace; and, conſidering the forfeiture emboſomed in his rejection, reaſon will candidly acquit him. Beſides, the king being a Proteſtant *only in name*, had never inveſtigated the peculiar tenets of his ſect; and the Catholic prieſts, called upon at this juncture to defend their ſentiments, produced in the royal preſence their moſt ſpecious arguments; while their Calviniſtic opponents, *convinced of the neceſſity of the king's converſion, veiled before them; either declining to defend themſelves, or purpoſely employing weapons which they knew to be unequal to the combat!* Sully inſiſts, that *internal conviction was thus, in fact, forced upon the mind of the monarch;* and, as the inmoſt receſſes of Henry's heart were ever open to Sully, the above repreſentation extorts our full aſſent to the opinion of that miniſter.

"But Sully preſerved his religion inviolate." It appears, my dear, that the Duke of Sully had thoroughly examined his faith, and that it had become the deliberate election of his riper years. Neither was he involved in the ſame neceſſity with his maſter; his *individual aggrandizement* would have been his only inducement to the relinquiſhment of his religious ſentiments; and a motive ſo decidedly intereſted ought never to gain the aſcendency in a noble mind. It ſhould alſo be remembered, that Henry's abjuration

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was ſtrongly enforced and accelerated by the advice of Sully.

The truth is, Henry was a philanthropiſt; and thoſe beneficent plans which, at an early period, occupied his mind, not confined to France, included the whole Chriſtian world. Indeed it is from thoſe general arrangements, which, calculated upon a large ſcale, embraced all Europe, that he is more particularly entitled to the appellation *great;* and, the probability is, that had he accompliſhed his vaſt purpoſes, his wiſhes would only have been bounded by the univerſe. Henry was well qualified for the completion of his magnanimous deſign; he poſſeſſed an accurate knowledge of the ſtate and various intereſts of all thoſe countries, the general emolument of which he contemplated; and his intrepidity, profound wiſdom, and rare abilities, had become a univerſal theme. If I underſtand the vaſt project which Henry had conceived, its object was to faſhion all chriſtendom into one great family, or extenſive republic, which republic was to be equitably parcelled out into hereditary and elective monarchies and ſovereign republics; amenable, however, in ſome leading arrangements to a general council; and the diviſion was to be made in ſuch a manner as to remove every occaſion of jealouſy or apprehenſion; thus arreſting the progreſs of the devouring ſword, and putting a ſtop to that effuſion of blood, and thoſe perpetual hoſtilities, which are an outrage to humanity. The members of this auguſt union were to be regulated and governed by one general plan; their preſiding head, or chief magiſtrate, was to be elected from the ſeveral potentates by the free ſuffrages of the whole; and the affairs of this complex commonwealth, were to be adjuſted by general and inferior aſſemblies, conſiſting of deputies from the individual States of this Chriſtian republic; men were to be protected in the free exerciſe of their religion; toleration was to be eſtabliſhed, and the rights of conſcience held inviolate.

Henry, in the contemplation of this ſplendid achievement, magnanimouſly determined to reject all com-

penſation for the expenſe and hazard of the enterprize. The boundaries which he affixed to the ſeveral powers, effectually barred France from all *acquiſition of territory*; and he only reſerved to himſelf the glory of diſſeminating over the face of Europe the rich bleſſings of harmony and peace. That Henry ſhould have been capable of conceiving this plan, at a period when France was reduced by inteſtine diviſions to the verge of deſtruction, and when he himſelf was nearly overwhelmed by misfortunes, is truly aſtoniſhing! and that when thus ſtruggling with calamity, he was able to originate and organize the moſt ardent and beneficial undertaking that could occupy the mind of man, is a circumſtance which muſt remain an inconteſtible proof of the grandeur of his intellect. This prodigious and ſtupendous deſign, was, at firſt, utterly rejected by Sully; and he ingenuouſly confeſſes that his rejection proceeded from a temper naturally cold, cautious and unenterprizing. But upon examining the project in all its parts, he ardently adopted it; and, as delineated in his memoirs, it appears not only practicable, but highly rational.

It is remarkable that Queen Elizabeth had projected an enterprize, which anſwered in all its parts, feature by feature, to that of the Gallic hero, and this previous to the commencement of their correſpondence upon this grand ſubject, and long before it had a being in the mind of Henry. It is to the honour of Elizabeth that ſhe was ſolicitous to effectuate a revolution ſo importantly beneficial, without having recourſe to arms. Sully ſuggeſts an idea, that Henry, after the conference at Dover, was indebted to the Engliſh Queen for the perfecting of ſome parts of his ſcheme. But the Gallic monarch, and his miniſter, were enthuſiaſtic admirers of Elizabeth; they were filled with aſtoniſhment at her political abilities; they declare they cannot beſtow praiſes upon her adequate to her merit; they conceive that in "*reſpect of wiſdom, penetration, and all the other per-*
"*fections of the mind, ſhe was not inferior to any king, the*
"*moſt truly deſerving of that title.*" Henry conceived

ſhe

ſhe merited immortal praiſe; and he lamented for her, at her death, "*as for a ſecond ſelf;*" and indeed Elizabeth's capability of conceiving, adjuſting and cheriſhing a plan ſo magnanimous, together with her whole connexion with Henry, reflects a luſtre on her character, that greatly adds to the fervor of thoſe wiſhes, which would endow her with *conſiſtent magnanimity*; it cannot but redeem for her a moiety of our eſteem; and we would gladly impute her whole tranſactions with the Queen of Scots to the influence of ſome infernal inſtigator, who, throwing a veil over her better genius, impelled her to deeds truly diabolical.

At length, every thing was prepared for the commencement of thoſe operations which were to terminate in the eſtabliſhment of peace and equality, throughout the chriſtian territory. The treaſury of Henry was amply repleniſhed, his reſources were prodigious, his army was embodied, his arrangements were made, allies were engaged, and contingencies were provided for, when the death of the Duke of Cleves, with the conſequent diſputes relative to the ſucceſſion to his dignities and poſſeſſions, opened the way to, and gave the ſignal of, onſet.

But alas! the days of Henry were numbered! and this auguſt prince became the victim of that dark and inhuman zeal, whoſe bigotted policy hath frequently been ſtained by the blood of the moſt excellent among mankind. It was, indeed, a fearful moment, and muffled in clouds, dark and portentous—the ſuperintending genius of France, and of Europe, relinquiſhed its guardianſhip—the fiends of murder aſſumed the regency—and, when we reflect upon the ſudden diſſolution of the ſplendid proſpects, which roſe ſo fair, and promiſed ſuch vaſt emolument, around the dagger of the fell aſſaſſin, ten thouſand augmenting horrors gather!

Voltaire's Henriade I have never ſeen. I am told it is tranſlated into Engliſh; but I intend purchaſing the original, and giving it to you, as an exerciſe for your talents as a tranſlator. This employment will, I conceive, be calculated to poliſh both your French

and

and Engliſh. Your geographical deſcription of Scotland, is, I think, accurate; but you have made a little miſtake in the relative ſituation of France. Your continued improvement in every uſeful and ornamental branch of ſtudy, is the ardent wiſh of your affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. LII.

Soft tears of pity trickling from the eye,
The cheek of youth, with added charms ſupply;
The pearly dew the yielding heart refines,
While every thought, benevolence entwines.

To MARGARETTA.

I DO not, my dear, regret the tears you ſhed over the meritorious ſufferer—Compaſſion ameliorates the boſom, rouſes the virtues, and prepares us for the exerciſe of all thoſe kindly offices, which our relative or ſocial duties may require.

In the hiſtory of Charles I. of England, the *impartialiſt* will lament a virtuous and amiable prince, miſled by education, rendered unhappy by a combination of cauſes, and finally betrayed to death by a treacherous and hypocritical miſcreant, who, *in effect*, uſurped his offices and dignity. The endearing benignity and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, which Charles ſo eminently poſſeſſed, had, previous to his acceſſion to the regal dignity, enthroned him in the hearts of the people. Nature had implanted in his boſom all the qualities which go to the compoſition of a *patriot king*—but ſtrong impreſſions of the ſacred, irrevocable, and heaven deſcended prerogative of majeſty, had been deeply made upon his infant mind. His father had ſpared no effort to endow his ſon with ſentiments, which he himſelf had been unable to defend in any other way than by his pen; and Charles, conceiving himſelf under obligations to tranſmit, undiminiſhed, to poſterity,

poſterity, thoſe divine rights, delegated to him as a ſacred depoſit, eſteemed every encroachment as a criminal invaſion of thoſe privileges, for which he had become reſponſible.

With plans, originating in views receiving from paternal influence and authority the ſtamp of rectitude, he mounted the Engliſh throne; and his meaſures were by conſequence very inclement to that ardent love of liberty, which then began to animate the public mind, and to induce a conviction that the deſcendants of one common Parent muſt have inherited, from nature, an inherent and equal right to the tranſcendent felicities, attendant upon *rational* FREEDOM. Yet Charles, *taught by experience*, would have become the father of his people; but the unbending ſpirit of the times, once rouſed to action, and aided by unprincipled, intereſted, and hell-born ambition, laid low a monarch, who, however widely he had miſtaken the path, was, nevertheleſs, anxiouſly ſolicitous to promote the happineſs of his people.

The marriage of Charles with a princeſs of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion; his attachment to the Duke of Buckingham; the war, in which he engaged, in conſequence of that attachment; the unconſtitutional demands which his neceſſities impelled; his unwarrantable extenſion of authority, in levying ſhip money; the frequent diſſolution of parliament; illegal taxes; arbitrary impriſonment; billeting ſoldiers; martial laws; the ſevere and ill-judged zeal of Laud; the attempt to eſtabliſh Epiſcopacy in Scotland; the proſecution of the citizens of London, in the ſtar chamber; the deſpotic proceedings of that court, and the repetition of extorted loans—were among the leading cauſes, which procured the ruin of a prince, calculated to give dignity to, and reflect honour on, any ſituation in life, in which he might have been placed. The noble ſtand, made by the people of England in defence of civil liberty, and their arduous ſtruggles for thoſe rights and privileges, which ought, indeed, to be conſidered as unalienable, can never be too much admired;

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they are entitled to the eſteem and veneration of mankind; and the manly and undaunted firmneſs, with which the Hampdens of that eventful day, oppoſed themſelves to the encroachments of arbitrary power, will continue, to the lateſt poſterity, to command the eſteem, and excite the emulation of every boſom, capable of that fervid and animating glow, which a love of freedom will invariably inſpire. But, when the amiable monarch, convicted of thoſe errors, which, originating in education, had been cheriſhed and confirmed by intemperate councils, acceded to every demand which freedom, organized by reaſon, and ſubmitting to the neceſſary regulations of government, could ſuggeſt—when his rebellious ſubjects, in defiance of every amicable overture, audaciouſly continued their practices againſt the dignity, the government, the peace, and even the life of their ſovereign—every indignant feeling takes the alarm, and we heſitate not in pronouncing their proceedings truly unwarrantable, and highly atrocious. A combination in favour of the *Magna Charta of Nature* muſt ever enſure approbation; but an attempt to ſeize thoſe *preſcriptive rights of the executive*, which the experience of all ages has pronounced requiſite to the due adminiſtration of order, and the ſupport of that ſubordination, which emboſoms the general weal, is a crime, the fearful conſequences of which, no human foreſight can calculate.

Charles, mild and peaceable, and attached with even paternal tenderneſs to his ſubjects, entered with the utmoſt reluctance into thoſe ſanguinary meaſures that were deemed neceſſary to the preſervation of regal authority. Vigorous exertions, at the commencement of the civil war, might have arreſted that torrent of misfortunes by which he was afterwards overwhelmed. But the clemency of the monarch ſuffered the moment to paſs, in which, by proper and deciſive movements, he might have obtained his own terms.

It does not appear that the deſign was ſimply to remove obſtructions, nor to repair a decaying fabric; a project abundantly more comprehenſive than that of curtailing

curtailing the *obnoxious privileges* of the crown, while its *beneficial powers were extended*, was formed. Every baleful paſſion was abroad—miſrepreſentations and malignant aggravations were countenanced. Animoſities obtained, with every paſſing moment, an aſtoniſhing augmentation of inveteracy; and the daring purpoſe was conceived and ſyſtematized, of utterly deſtroying the venerable ſtructure of government, and of aboliſhing forever that power, which had been, for a ſucceſſion of ages, regarded as the foundation or chief pillar in the Engliſh conſtitution!

Deplorable was the ſtate of the monarch! Surrounded by difficulties beyond the reach of human wiſdom to ſurmount, or even to control! And as if theſe were not ſufficient, an attempt was made to faſten upon him the odium of thoſe very calamities which pierced his boſom with the deepeſt ſorrow! nor did the finger of malevolence fail of pointing him out as the author of that horrible maſſacre in Ireland, of the riſe and conduct of which he was entirely ignorant, and which every principle of his ſoul deteſted. In the ſtruggle between the king and the parliament, many brave men loſt their lives. Upon the virtues of the *Falklands* and the *Hampdens* of that diſtreſsful period, every reader will pronounce a panegyric. Their magnanimity, patriotiſm, undaunted bravery, and various accompliſhments, although oppoſed in arms, will enſure them the undivided admiration of every ſucceeding generation. In the chalice prepared for the king, every bitter ingredient was to be infuſed; and the parliament, apprized of his conjugal tenderneſs and fidelity, contrived to ſtab him in the tendereſt part, by preferring an impeachment againſt the queen! Nor indeed was any ſpecies of contumely ſpared; the private papers of the royal pair were ſeized and "*publiſhed by the command of parliament, who took a vulgar and brutal ſatisfaction in ridiculing all thoſe tender effuſions which were never drawn up for the public eye!*" It is impoſſible to attend, without the extreme of grief and indignation, to the ſupplicating monarch! to the contemptuous

temptuous ſilence of parliament! to the ſeveral ſtages of his degradation! to that ſurrender which his imperious neceſſities impelled! to the ſubſequent ingratitude of the Scots! to the rude and barbarous zeal of the clergy! to the indecent transfer of the king's perſon, and the variety of indignities which he ſuffered in the various ſtages of his impriſonment! to his ſeizure by Joyce! to his being led about at the pleaſure of the prevailing party! now a priſoner with the army, and anon with the parliament, while he is on all ſides the victim of perfidy and unwarrantable ambition!—Theſe accumulated calamities, I ſay, wound the ſoul of ſenſibility, and are an outrage upon every ſenſe of humanity and propriety.

Imagination preſents the intereſting and highly injured prince. We behold his venerable head, prematurely bleached by misfortune! his beard is neglected, and even his apparel, worn and decaying, evinces his deſolate ſituation! one decrepit ſervant only attends him! he is forſaken and ſolitary! he exhibits an affecting example of the inſtability of human grandeur! Over this melancholy figure of a deeply oppreſſed ſovereign, we cannot but weep—every ſentiment of commiſeration is embodied—and we ſpontaneouſly reverence the royal captive!

In the fate of Charles, and Mary, Queen of Scots, who was his immediate grand-parent, there is, in many inſtances, a ſtriking reſemblance. Like her's, his troubles in a great meaſure originated in religious diſſenſions. The ſame ſpirit, which in the days of Mary perſecuted Popery, now manifeſted equal acrimony againſt Epiſcopacy; and the ſame vehemence was in exerciſe againſt the uſe of the liturgy, as had been heretofore oppoſed to the maſs. Both thoſe ſovereigns had the grief to meet in hoſtile fields their rebellious ſubjects, and both were compelled to fly for ſhelter to an implacable foe; both were betrayed, and in both inſtances a *ſpecial edict* was procured, on which to ground the proceſs that aimed at the lives of thoſe illuſtrious ſufferers! They were alike ſtripped of the externals

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of royalty, and they *ineffectually* preferred their ardent ſolicitations to be heard in their own defence in the preſence of the two houſes of parliament! while, by a uſurpation of authority, and under the regency of diabolical paſſions, they were alike produced upon the ſcaffold. The fortitude and noble ſerenity of Charles was as exemplary as that of his royal anceſtor; but although his own misfortunes wrung no tears from his eyes, or degrading complaints from his lips, his very ſoul was pierced for the calamities of his friends! Yes, it conſiſts with the teſtimony of hiſtory to aſſert, that no conſideration of his ſufferings, as an individual, could deſtroy his equanimity of temper; and although ſeparated from the beloved companion of his boſom, and dethroned by thoſe rebellious ſubjects who were hourly aggravating their crimes, by heaping upon degraded majeſty every ſpecies of indignity! Although cruelly maligned, and bitterly inveighed againſt, impriſoned by his moſt obdurate foes, and infamouſly treated! yet, ſtrange to tell, the benignity of his countenance, and the equality of his deportment continued uniform and unbroken, while every movement ſeemed to ſay—*In defiance of thoſe accumulated evils, which have combined for my deſtruction, I am ſtill a ſovereign; and, ſupported by conſcious rectitude, the ſublimity of virtue confers upon me that kind of elevation of which no earthly power can deſpoil me.*

The ſoul-affecting meetings between Charles and his children, having moiſtened with the *temporary* tear of remorſe and commiſeration, even the eye of the obdurate Cromwell, muſt in truth be beyond the power of deſcription! Charles ſupported, through his mock trial, an admirable preſence of mind; and his intrepid fortitude and heroic firmneſs, while encountering thoſe various and brutal indignities to which he was ſubjected, evinced that true magnanimity, which could only have belonged to a mind radically virtuous. The noble independence of lady Fairfax, and that undaunted heroiſm with which ſhe bore her perſonal teſtimony, even in the preſence of the murderers of the

king, againſt thoſe ſanguinary proceedings avowedly aimed at the life of her ſovereign, will reflect eternal honour upon her memory!

To arreſt the progreſs of meaſures ſo atrocious, it was in vain that foreign princes interpoſed their good offices; the preſſing remonſtrances of the *relenting* Scots were diſregarded, and the pathetic ſupplications of the weeping Henrietta were ineffectual! The Falklands and the Hampdens of that day, were, alas! no more! The affrighted virtues had either fled the Albion ſhore, or were ſequeſtered in the boſom of a few upright perſons, whom the turpitude of the times had deprived of all power! Yet amid this general derelict-tion of humanity, and prevalence of profligacy, we hail, with glowing admiration, the names of the Duke of Richmond, the Earls of Hertford, Southhampton, and Lindſay, who greatly ſolicited permiſſion to relinquiſh their lives, if they might thereby redeem from death their highly injured and virtuous ſovereign! Nor can even the frozen boſom of apathy refuſe, to this attempt to extricate the unfortunate prince, thoſe unequivocal expreſſions of applauſe, that tranſcendent worth muſt ever extort! The manly demeanour and heavenly compoſure, which Charles exhibited, during the interval between his ſentence and his martyrdom, his exemplary piety, the ardour of his devotion, the cheerfulneſs with which he marked the approaching hour of emancipation, adverting to the cloſing ſcene as a "*great and joyful ſolemnity*," and his addreſs to the ſorrowful clergyman who attended him in his laſt moments, are ſo many finiſhing ſtrokes of a character in which we involuntarily take an intereſt, and to which we feel ourſelves unalterably attached. What muſt have been the rectitude of that life, a retroſpect of which could furniſh no other ſubject of remorſe, than that *extorted conſent* which he yielded to the death of the virtuous Strafford! Eſpecially when it is remembered, that the Earl himſelf nobly inſiſted on being made the ſacrifice of a reconciliation between the king and the people, and that the withholding the

royal

royal ſanction would not, upon that occaſion, have preſerved the generous nobleman. This tranſaction, however, preſſed hard upon the mind of the monarch, and he mentioned it with regret upon the ſcaffold.

Charles poſſeſſed the virtues of the heart in an uncommon degree, and his talents were undoubtedly great. Hiſtorians delineate him as a man of ſuperior worth, and uniform probity. They deſcribe him as the moſt finiſhed gentleman, the moſt ardent and faithful friend, the moſt humane and compaſſionate maſter, the tendereſt parent, the moſt affectionate huſband, and exemplary Chriſtian, that the times in which he lived produced. Nor can we wonder at the ſighs, tears, and lamentations, which we are told marked his exit!!

Peter the Great is our next ſubject; and this monarch, in regard to many circumſtances, ſtands, *as far as I have known*, upon the page of hiſtory without a parallel. A cloud gathered round the morning of his days, and his education was little attended to; but genius ſurmounts every difficulty; *rich in native ſplendors, it is ſelf illumined;* it is ſuperior to every envelopement, and no barriers can confine its progreſs. The youthful Czar early diſcovered an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge; his firſt arrangements were deſcriptive of military ardor and talents; and enliſting in the loweſt grade, in thoſe regiments which he inſtituted, organized and eſtabliſhed, he became a candidate for preferment; nor would he accept promotion, until his abilities had rendered his right thereto inconteſtible. When we behold the Czar of Ruſſia engaged as a labourer in the ſhip-yards of Holland and England, we heſitate not in conferring upon him the ſirname of Great! And we are at a loſs which to admire moſt, the ſingularity or the independence of that mind, which, in defiance of cuſtom, and thoſe enervating indulgencies in the gift of royalty, embraced ſuch unparalleled meaſures for the benefit of a community, which his predeceſſors had been accuſtomed

tomed to conſider as created for their individual emolument.

Peter was laudably ambitious of acquiring every uſeful attainment, and his information was various and reſpectable. With an eye of the cloſeſt inveſtigation he viſited the artificer, and his knowledge in the mechaniſm of thoſe arts, to which he attended, was proportioned to his indefatigable diligence. In Iſtia, and in the academy of ſciences in Peterſburg, they ſtill exhibit thoſe bars of iron, which Peter himſelf, without the aid of an aſſiſtant, ſhaped at the forge of Muller, affixing thereon his own mark. He demanded of Muller the wages which he allowed to other workmen, and he purchaſed therewith a pair of ſhoes, which he was particularly fond of diſplaying, always obſerving, "*I have earned them well by the ſweat of my "brow, with hammer and anvil.*" Peter drew from every circumſtance all poſſible information; and, fond of conſidering himſelf as the *pupil* of *contingencies*, he was ſolicitous to make the greateſt proficiency. His talents as a ſoldier were far above a mediocrity; and although he was ſometimes unſucceſsful, yet being taught the art of war by Charles XII. of Sweden, his military fame became conſiderable.

The Swediſh monarch aſcended the throne of his anceſtors, at a period when the nation, (whoſe ſceptre he ſwayed) had attained the ſummit of proſperity; but, ſeized with a kind of military frenzy, he abandoned his native dominions, fought with prodigious intrepidity a number of battles, and achieved ſuch aſtoniſhing exploits, as plunged his ſubjects into a train of evils, which well near accompliſhed their ruin!

It was from this hero that Peter learned the art of war; yet the better genius of the Czar finally prevailed over his maſter; and, after obtaining ſome important advantages, the deciſive victory of Pultowa eſtabliſhed his celebrity, and he had the glory of reinſtating the depoſed Auguſtus upon the throne of Poland.

The Czarina Catharine, ranks among the moſt extraordinary women of whom hiſtory records an account.

count. The child of misfortune, ſhe was reared by the beneficent interpoſition of pious charity; but, elevated by her beauty and her talents, to the throne of Ruſſia, ſhe proved herſelf abundantly worthy of the confidence repoſed in her. She was the conſtant companion of the Czar in all thoſe enterpriſes which he undertook both by land and ſea; and ſhe was, it is ſaid, both an able counſellor, and a brave general. By her wiſdom and her preſence of mind, Peter was repeatedly extricated from the verge of deſtruction, particularly when he was encompaſſed on every ſide at the battle of Pruth, and in the naval engagement with the Swedes, in the gulf of Finland. The order of St. Catharine was inſtituted by Peter, in honour of this Empreſs; and the inveſtiture of the candidates were in her gift. Peter appointed this illuſtrious woman to ſucceed him in the empire; and her arrangements upon his death were deſcriptive of conſummate prudence. The academy of ſciences, at Peterſburg, was eſtabliſhed by her; ſhe augmented the navy, and proſecuted the project of diſcovering a north-eaſt paſſage to China.

Ruſſia is indebted to Peter the Great for her civilization; he endowed her with power, reſpectability and dignity. He diſtributed her ennobled citizens in ſeveral parts of Europe, that they might thus acquire and bring home thoſe improvements ſo neceſſary for the public weal; and large gratuities were tendered to foreigners of ability, who ſhould conſent to become denizens of Ruſſia. His inſtitutions and eſtabliſhments, were numerous; his armies were organized and diſciplined after the moſt approved models; his fleets thronged thoſe ſeas which waſh the Ruſſian ſhores; he erected fortreſſes, and multiplied commodious harbours; and, allured by a patronage ſo powerful, the arts and ſciences, in the reign of Peter the Great, firſt found an aſylum in Ruſſia. As a legiſlator, he was reſpectable. Peterſburg hails him as its founder; and many other cities which he reared, and canals which he trained, bear witneſs to his induſtry,

and to the wiſdom of his adminiſtration. He is ſaid to have been a munificent prince; and his puniſhments are deſcribed as the ſuperſtructure of juſtice. He is characterized as upright, aſſiduous and modeſt; and we are alſo informed that he had ſufficient ſelf-command to deny himſelf the intemperate uſe of ardent ſpirits, of which he was immoderately fond.

Yet many vices are attributed to Peter, who certainly, in ſome inſtances, was not *great;* and even my Margaretta complains of his rigour to his ſon. But, my love, Alexei was ſtained with many crimes, beſide that of rebellion; and you will recollect that much praiſe has been aſcribed to the rigid virtue of the elder Brutus, who *unrelentingly conſented to the death of his offending children.*

It is now, my dear, late at night; you are faſt locked in the arms of ſleep; and may your ſlumbers be peaceful. This letter, which I am to place on your toilette, will meet your early attentionin the morning; and if you ariſe in perfect health, and in the full exerciſe of all your ſweet and amiable virtues, tranquillity will be continued to your affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

No. LIII.

The rights of conſcience to enjoy ſecure,
Truth, liberty and honour to inſure—
To plant religion on a foreign ſhore,
Mid nature's wilds a refuge to explore—
For this our father's croſs'd the billowy main,
While many a virtue mingled in their train.

To MARGARETTA.

I REPEAT, my dear, that I am charmed with the glowing energy and ſympathetic ardour of your youthful boſom. The earneſtneſs with which you perſonate the identical character traced by the hiſtorian,

(which

(which ſo completely diveſts you of every other conſciouſneſs, producing a temporary oblivion of yourſelf, and giving you eagerly to embrace the joys and ſorrows of the virtuous hero or heroine) is my ſecurity for your improvement; and I think it can ſcarcely happen, that the ſtudies you purſue ſhould not endow you with a fund of uſeful information.

In your ſelection from the worthies who firſt planted the virtues of civilization in this younger world, you have evinced much judgment. The private and political character of Governor Winthrop is perhaps without a blemiſh—*his civiſm was the growth of reaſon*—and he entertained principles which, as I conceive, are the eſſence of all thoſe governments that are the ſuperſtructure of rectitude, or, in other words, that compriſe the well-being of both the *governor* and the *governed*. If there was a tinge of error in the ſentiments or adminiſtration of this time honoured ſage, it reſulted from that ſpirit of religious intolerance, which in his parting moments he feelingly regretted.

In tracing the eventful life of William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennſylvania, my mind is impreſſed with an uncommon glow of admiration. It has been obſerved, that the perſecuted man becomes, in his turn, an inexorable perſecutor: But Penn is an illuſtrious exception to this general rule. He ſeems to have poſſeſſed, from nature, a mind firm and dignified, and it was apparently imbued with every virtue that can ſublime or adorn humanity. His uniform adherence to the religion of his election; the patient firmneſs with which he endured the diſpleaſure of a beloved and revered parent; his cloſe conformity to the dictates of conſcience; and the noble independence with which he ſurrendered himſelf to obſervances that ſubjected him to the cenſure of the grave and the ridicule of the gay, are unqueſtionable inſtances of the ſuperiority of his mind, and commandingly demonſtrate a genius rendered luminous by its own inborn ſplendors, and cultivated by ſtudious application. Even his enthuſiaſtic zeal, *as it was never tinctured by*

cruelty,

cruelty, is amiable and endearing; and we bleſs the fervid imagination, which, however pertinacious in its tenets, in no moment yields to the dark and murderous hues of prejudice.

Penn's religious ſentiments early involved him in many inconveniences; we find him while a ſtudent at the univerſity of Oxford, ſubjected to the penalties annexed to non-conformity; the reſentments of his father were grievous and durable! He was frequently impriſoned; but he appeared equal to every calamity; and the elevation of his ſpirit was not to be ſubdued! He diſdained, with honeſt warmth, that emancipation from his bonds which was to be the purchaſe of an abjuration of his principles; and his captivity was employed in literary purſuits. It appears that he exhibited a complete example of rectitude; and had he been long held in durance, it would have confirmed the odium of thoſe meaſures by which he had been ſo arbitrarily detained: But, acquitted by the verdict of a legal proceſs, his priſon doors were thrown open; and the indignation of his father giving place to the ſplendid virtues of a ſon, who reflected the higheſt honour upon his name and lineage, an act of amneſty ſucceeded, and the demiſe of the old gentleman put him in poſſeſſion of a handſome patrimonial inheritance. His opulence, however, in no degree diminiſhing his devout and unalterable attachment to Quakeriſm, he ſtill continued obnoxious to an intolerant government. He was again impriſoned in the tower of London, whence he was transferred to Newgate, from which place, (after malice and tyranny had made an ineffectual diſcovery of their malignant inveteracy) he was at length releaſed.

Penn viſited many parts of Europe, and he was always induſtriouſly employed, both by preaching and writing, in diſſeminating thoſe ſentiments which he regarded as the offſpring of truth: He conferred the higheſt luſtre upon the ſect to which he adhered; indeed his probity, philanthropy, mildneſs of diſpoſition, talents, literature, and great goodneſs of heart, muſt be conſidered

ſidered as conferring reſpectability upon human nature at large; and it was a moſt beneficent arrangement in the economy of paternal Providence, which made Penn a proprietor in this new world. His abilities as a legiſlator have been extenſively celebrated; and many of his regulations have been adopted by the wiſdom and experience of later days. We bleſs the propitious events and favourable gales which wafted him acroſs the broad Atlantic; and we mark with complacent veneration his judicious ſyſtem of government, and the mildneſs of his adminiſtration. His upright conduct relative to the aborigines of this country, ſo calculated to ſecure their affectionate confidence, was deſcriptive even of parental kindneſs, and was attended with the moſt beneficial effects. His ſacred regard to the rights of conſcience, induced him to eſtabliſh, without reſerve, that kind of toleration which admits the free exerciſe of all thoſe religious ſentiments that originate in an acknowledgment of the great Firſt Cauſe, and produce the individual amenable to the laws of ſociety: And thus was Pennſylvania rendered an aſylum for the perſecuted of every perſuaſion; while this circumſtance, ſays an elegant and judicious writer, "*contributed more than any thing elſe to its proſperity,*" Penn, in fact, effectuated his philanthropic purpoſe—"*He ſupported power in reverence with the people; and* "*he ſecured the people from the abuſe of power;*" and we are almoſt ready to pronounce the term of his adminiſtration, a renovation of the lapſed nature. Indian ferocity was ameliorated by the uniform exerciſe of probity and tenderneſs: Mild equality aſſumed her moſt captivating aſpect; and the colony is ſaid to have exhibited a ſtriking reſemblance to a "*father and* "*his family; the latter united by intereſt and affection;* "*the former revered for the wiſdom of his inſtitutions, and* "*the indulgent uſe of his authority. Thoſe who were ambitious of repoſe found it in Pennſylvania. The community wore the ſame equal face—no one aſpired, no one* "*was oppreſſed: Induſtry was ſure of profit, knowledge* "*of eſteem, and virtue of veneration.*" But the patriot legiſlator,

legiſlator, ſtimulated by the ſtrongeſt incentives, departed for his native land, and clouds gathered round the infant government. Yet humanity cannot conſider the philanthropic chief as in any degree reprehenſible. The Engliſh priſons were filled with his perſecuted and ſuffering brethren; and his powerful interpoſition, on his return to the Albion ſhore, procured the enlargement of no leſs than thirteen hundred of his friends, who were held in durance.

The plan of the city of Philadelphia, which is decidedly the metropolis of America, and which attracts the attention and extorts the admiration of ſtrangers of every deſcription, was completed under the auſpices of Penn; and it may be a queſtion, whether, in proportion as ſucceeding proprietors have departed therefrom, they have not diminiſhed the beauty, elegance and convenience of the city.

A ſuperficial obſerver may be ready to aſk—Since Penn was ſo nearly exempted from the depravity which adheres to the individuals of humanity, how are we to account for the calamities which encompaſſed him, for his frequent impriſonments, and for the misfortunes which ſeemed to attend the evening of his days? But reflection will ſuggeſt the ineffable conſolations attendant upon a courſe of virtue; and reaſon will not fail to point to that refulgent day, which, dawning in worlds beyond the ſky, will aſſuredly ſucceed the long, dark and heavy night of mortality.

The volume of manuſcripts, ſo lately put into your hands, which contains many letters upon hiſtory, renders it unneceſſary to continue my remarks in this line. My future ſubjects will be circumſcribed within more narrow bounds; and I have, perhaps, ſaid enough to ſtimulate your reſearches. I break off abruptly, to incloſe the landſcape which you have ſo accurately pencilled, to our good friend, Mrs. W——. The poſt ſets off in leſs than an hour; and I only add, that you are, at this moment, every thing I wiſh. I am your affectionate mother,

MARY VIGILLIUS.

POSSIBLY,

POSSIBLY, the number of letters, which my ſolicitude to comply with the wiſhes of Mrs. Aimwell hath engaged me to furniſh, may not have been in uniſon with the feelings of the generality of my readers. I am aware, that when a huſband and a father ſit in judgment upon the productions of a beloved wife and daughter, an impartial deciſion can hardly be expected. If, however, I am conſidered as reprehenſible, apologies will but augment my error; and therefore, after addreſſing a few lines to my young friend, Miſs Aimwell, I put a period to thoſe efforts, which have had their origin in a tender anxiety for the improvement and felicity of the young proficient.

To Miſs SOPHIA AIMWELL.

MY GOOD YOUNG LADY,

BLUSH not at receiving a letter from an old man, who is a ſincere admirer of your ſex, and who cannot ſee an amiable and deſerving young girl, but he immediately becomes intereſted in her movements, and anxious relative to her deſtination. Borne on the wings of imagination, he pierces the envelopement of futurity, he contemplates her, eſtabliſhed a uſeful and important member of ſociety, at the head of a well regulated family, or performing a ſubordinate part with that propriety, in which conſiſts the prime excellence and value of exiſtence. If he reverſes theſe agreeable expectations, he beholds her adding to the circle of frivolity, ſeeking to fill up time by purſuits unworthy the attention of a rational being, and turning with diſdain from thoſe qualifications, which are juſtly reckoned among the firſt acquirements in female life. Surely, the *affected idler*, who boaſts an *utter deteſtation of family attentions, and a total ignorance of domeſtic duties*; who, abſorbed in the multifarious enchantments of cards, ſcandal and faſhion, becomes ardently ambitious of being conſidered as elevated to the very *ſummit of inſignificancy*, is truly and diſguſtingly ridiculous.

I will

I will own to you, young lady, that in proportion as I conceive the charming maid is about, by her blameleſs and praiſe-worthy conduct, to add to the reſpectability and dignity of human nature, or to increaſe the number of uſeleſs triflers, who wear away their hours without *plan, object, or even motive*, I feel inclined to beſtow my benediction, or otherwiſe, to yield to the impulſe of contempt; and I will further confeſs, that I generally make my admeaſurement of the deſtined progreſs of the intereſting adventurer, by the commencement of her career.

Your mamma intimates that you love my Margaretta, and that you will be influenced by the Gleaner. This information points the ardour of my wiſhes as they relate to you, and renders me doubly ſolicitous reſpecting thoſe occurrences, the effects of which, in a great meaſure, depend upon the uſe you make of your preſent hours. A young lady has taken a capital ſtep, and obtained an admirable baſis for the ſuperſtructure of improvement, when ſhe learns properly to appreciate the value of time. Thoſe important moments in which you may ſecure a fund, that will ſerve as the reſource of revolving years, are rapidly paſſing off; and it ſhould be your care, to mark them by ſuch attainments as may endear you to your friends, and render you acceptable to ſociety at large.

Your predilection for me will induce you to read attentively the letters of Margaretta and her mother, which have been produced to public view principally for your emolument: But do not, my dear, accept their ſketches of perſons, writings and events, merely upon truſt. With the beſt intentions in the world they may have erred; and I recommend it to you, to turn to the ſeveral authors they have occaſionally mentioned, and after a careful peruſal of the volumes from whence they deduce their concluſions, compare your ideas with their's; let me know the reſult; and thus give me an opportunity of tracing the coincidence, which I perſuade myſelf will appear in the ſentiments of elegant and informed minds. If Miſs

Aimwell

Aimwell accommodates herſelf to my wiſhes, determining to grant a requeſt, which is made with even paternal fervour, I am miſtaken if her mamma will again have reaſon to complain of her want of attachment to her book.

But, truſt me, dear Miſs Sophia, it is hardly poſſible to poſſeſs any thing valuable, without a due attention to method. If you ſlumber away a large proportion of the twenty-four hours, and apply yourſelf to the purſuits of the day as chance or neceſſity directs, your life is a ſcene of confuſion; what may be the work of *any hour*, is too often the work of *no hour*; and in the mean time you are ſquandering that which the wealth of both the Indies can never redeem. Summon, my lovely young friend, that reſolution which is now, it may be, dormant in your boſom; indeciſion and indolence are alike enemies to the proficiency of induſtrious virtue. Reſolve to appropriate your hours, and let their regular return preſent your needle, your book, your pen, or your pencil. Happily, yours is the age of flexibility, and a little perſeverance will eſtabliſh thoſe habits, which will transform your exerciſes into the moſt eſſential requiſites of your felicity. I can hardly conceive it poſſible to inſiſt too frequently or too importunately upon the incalculable value of order. It ſeems to me to be the ſtamen of every important attainment; it may be denominated the central orb of virtue; and it influences, invigorates and beautifies, both the aggregate and the minutiæ of life.

Reflect a little—You are ſummoned to make one in a party of pleaſure; muſic, dancing, and all thoſe ſocial enjoyments that diſtinguiſh the convivial circle, it is expected will conſtitute the amuſement of a ſcene, at which diſcretion is to preſide. But as the occaſion will require a more than ordinary attention to your dreſs, as alterations are to be made, and ornaments are to be procured, much time muſt be devoted to preparation; and as theſe particulars naturally come under the direction of your mamma, ſhe engages to

devote herſelf to the buſineſs. But the queſtion is, *when will ſhe commence her employment? ten days* are to elapſe previous to the promiſed period, and there is ſurely *time enough*. To-morrow the robe ſhall be made; the next day the head dreſs—and ſo on. To-morrow arrives, and the appropriated hours are ſtill deferred; day after day revolves, and the neceſſary arrangements are yet at a ſtand! Mamma buſies herſelf as chance directs, and ſhe is occupied by her miſcellaneous avocations agreeably to the caprice of the moment. The important day at length preſents, *and nothing is done;* what a ſcene of buſtle and confuſion ſucceeds; you muſt abſolutely either tarry at home, or make your appearance very ill dreſt.

Should your houſe-maid be ſuffered to neglect or to perform the buſineſs of her ſtation without a due reſpect to order, your apartments would exhibit a ſcene of anarchy, and you might chance to repoſe upon a bed badly prepared, or perhaps not made at all. Your cook, thrown from her accuſtomed routine of duty, would ſerve your table with ſpoiled viands; and you are to congratulate yourſelf that your mamma poſſeſſes that ſpirit of government, which aſſigns to proper perſons and hours the buſineſs of the day; thus producing that uniform regularity ſo eſſential to domeſtic tranquillity. But you are not only to *admire*, but alſo to *imitate*. If induſtry and method are ſo eſſential in the inferior occupations of life, they are more indiſpenſably requiſite in the important buſineſs of forming and maturing the talents, pointing the virtues, and educating that intellect, upon which depends the future conduct of the youthful voyager.

Excuſe, my good young lady, theſe hints, and continue to cheriſh in your gentle boſom that flattering prepoſſeſſion, which you have hitherto acknowledged for your ſincerely attached friend,

THE GLEANER.

No. LIV.

N°. LIV.

Rich is the fragrance well-earn'd praiſe beſtows;
Its ſpicy gales with genial fervour blows:
The meed of worth immortal verdure wears;
E'en blighting time its vivid colouring ſpares.

PERHAPS there is not, in the gift of art, a more prevailing incentive to propriety of conduct, than the *hope of reward*. To look for a recompenſe, is very conſiſtent with the dependent ſtate of humanity; and it belongeth only to the Father of Intelligence, to move *eſſentially* and *independently* upon the great ſquare of rectitude.

Reaſon no ſooner begins to bud, than the child is ſtimulated to act rightly, by the hope of a ſugar-plum, a gingerbread toy, or that more honourable inducement, a mother's approbating ſmile. The ſtudent calleth into action every effort, allured by the proſpect of a new book, the eulogy of the preceptor, or an accelerated holiday; and the man of letters, while he indulgeth contemplations congenial with his nature, is rendered more indefatigable in his reſearches, by the honeſt hope of a ſplendid name. As the love of fame is more or leſs influential on every mind, it may be properly characterized a univerſal paſſion; and we conceive, that the expectation of an honorary, if not of a lucrative compenſation, frequently beſtoweth the motive, and furniſheth the prevalent excitement, to good and proper actions.

Under this perſuaſion we are induced to wiſh, that in every commonwealth, town and village, ſome particular guerdon was aſſigned, to be annually beſtowed on ſuch perſons as had attained, in purſuits confeſſedly uſeful, a ſuperior degree of excellence. I recollect, ſome years ſince, peruſing a volume written by Madame de Genlis, which contained a circumſtantial account of an inſtitution, that would, if I miſtake not, could I tranſcribe it accurately, exactly illuſtrate my meaning.

meaning. Unfortunately, Madame de Genlis is not in my library; and a ſketch, drawn from a memory not remarkable for its tenacity, will be neceſſarily imperfect. However, without aiming at the method or language of this admired lady, it may be ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe, if I am able to preſerve the moſt prominent features of a narration that gave me much pleaſure at the time, and indelibly impreſſed on my mind a high ſenſe of the utility of an *expreſsly ſpecified public recompenſe* for eminent or ſingular virtue.

The inſtitution, which is beautifully and elegantly commemorated in the pages referred to, received its eſtabliſhment at a very early period after the commencement of the Chriſtian era: It was the growth of Salency, a village in Piccardy, and owed its being to a St. Medard, who was a native of that peaceful hamlet, and ſole proprietor of the territory. Surely, the mind of this St. Medard muſt have been chaſte, elegant, and highly ſuſceptible of every virtue. But thoſe amateurs of excellence, who have not traced the Feſtival of the Roſe in the highly embelliſhed writings of the French authoreſs, are here preſented with an opportunity of judging for themſelves.

The inſtitution is called, the Feſtival of the Roſe: The prize contended for, is annually furniſhed—this prize is a hat, fancifully decorated with roſes—and the elevation it confers, enhances its value far beyond all price. The candidates for this expreſſive emblem are females—it is always the reward of indiſputable ſuperiority—all claims but thoſe of virtue, are inadmiſſible—the diſtinctions which originate in the gifts of fortune, beauty of perſon, or grandeur of deſcent, involve not the ſmalleſt pretenſions to this honorary meed—and it is invariably adjudged by the voice of impartiality. The ceremonies attendant on the inveſtiture, are ſaid to be the moſt ancient which are now extant. Many centuries have witneſſed its influence, and have reaped from its excitements the moſt ſubſtantial benefits. Three village maidens are proclaimed candidates for the enſuing year; and the anceſtors of

theſe girls muſt be, for many preceding generations, perſons of irreproachable lives and unimpeached manners. What an irreſiſtible motive is thus furniſhed for the obſervance of every rule of right! The deſire of deſcending with honour to poſterity, and of ſurviving even the icy darts of death in our offspring, is, I preſume, inherent in every mind; and the knowledge, that a ſcrutinizing inveſtigation of our actions would annually ſucceed, even after we had ceaſed to be viſible upon this globe, would indubitably inſure a more general and exact circumſpection of conduct.

The claims of the three lovely competitors, when eſtabliſhed by meritorious anceſtry and perſonal worth, are formally preſented to the Lord of Salency, whoſe office it is, to elect from this trio, the candidate whoſe conduct, on a ſtrict inveſtigation, he ſhall regard as the moſt faultleſs. Every conſiderable action is brought to view; the beſt poſſible information is ſought; witneſſes are heard; circumſtances are compared; the moſt upright concluſions are formed; and the Lord of Salency proceeds to proclaim the beauteous paragon, queen of the approaching year. Nor is his taſk invidious; for emulation, in the boſom of females, whoſe minds are properly turned, and who are educated with ſuch ſplendid expectations, never degenerates into envy—they are ſenſible that an election muſt be made—they are within the circle of excellence—it is glorious to be conſidered as a candidate—to make one of ſuch a trio, they have ſtood upon the verge of perfection—another year may witneſs a confirmation of their claim—they have only to commence anew their efforts—thoſe efforts which the corroſive murmurs of diſcontent would forever blaſt—and they heſitate not to join the acclamations, which reſponſive hail the lovely *competitor*. Many days previous to the ceremony attendant on a beſtowment of the prize, the name of the ſucceſsful candidate is publickly announced, and the ſacred aiſles reverberate her praiſes; a certain day in the year is appropriated to the celebration of this feſtival; its revolution is rendered important, by the

reward it confers on virtue, and it is graced, by every effort of rural taſte. It is ſelected from the vernal ſeaſon—its pleaſures are long anticipated, and its dawn is marked by all the fervour of youthful expectancy, ſanctioned by the matured complacency of lengthening years. To the ſequeſtered haunts of virtue, the Lord of Salency ſhapes his path, and he enters, with a kind of veneration, a cottage which has reared to maturity ſuch tranſcendent excellence; he receives the hand of the daughter of worth, and he conducts her, who is arrayed in all the charms of triumphant modeſty, to receive the reward, deliberately and righteouſly adjudged to merit.

The rays of royalty have ſought to caſt over this inſtitution, additional luſtre. A monarch of France, perſuaded of its beneficial effects, and charmed with its ſimplicity, diſpatched a favourite nobleman, who was commiſſioned to preſent to the matchleſs maid a ring of value, with a ribbon of expreſſive blue; and from this epoch the crown of roſes is adorned by a blue ribbon, which flows therefrom in graceful ſtreamers; while amid the time honoured wreath, a ring obtains a conſpicuous ſituation; and the choſen maidens, who are ſelected to make up the train of the queen, wear on their ſhoulders a blue ribbon in the manner of a ſcarf; thus carefully preſerving the memory of an attention, which they naturally regard as truly dignifying. The queen, *on the day of her coronation*, is diſtinguiſhed by every poſſible mark of elevation; the proceſſion is intereſtingly and pleaſingly affecting; the new elected ſovereign is attended by twelve young girls, arrayed in white garments, and decorated by blue ribbons fancifully diſpoſed; twelve youths, who likewiſe wear the uniform peculiar to the day, form her eſcort. She is preceded by bands of vocal and inſtrumental muſic: and the commencement of the proceſſion is announced by the martial, deep toned, and animating ſound of the drum. The ſtreets of the happy village are lined by long and thick ranges of admiring ſpectators, who are collected for

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the purpoſe of rendering to merit the voluntary homage of the heart. Through theſe ranks the dignified maiden paſſes along—every tongue joins to applaud, and ſpontaneous benedictions mark her footſteps. On the lips of the ſurrounding matrons dwells the eulogy of diſcretion—aſſembled fathers hail the auſpicious era; they recount the meritorious maidens whom they have ſeen thus triumphantly conducted to the ſane of virtue, they compare the preſent with the paſt, and, diveſted of every particle of miſanthropic rancour, they mingle in the mirthful train.

In the centre of the temple, a conſecrated ſeat is converted into a kind of temporary throne, which, adorned with more than regal ſplendor, receives the elevated nymph. Religious rites ſucceed, which having performed, the venerable clergy lead the van, and the Lord of Salency, taking the hand of the elected lady, is joined by her appropriated train, and followed by the populace, who in goodly numbers throng the ſtreets, while loud and continued acclamations are heard, until they reach the chapel of St. Medard, when a ſudden and affecting ſilence pervades the whole of this promiſcuous multitude. The officiating clergyman then holding in his hand the emblematically decorated hat, with a ſolemn and affecting tone of voice, pronounces thereon a bleſſing. He expatiates with devout energy on the ways of wiſdom, *they are indeed ſtrewed with flowers.* Behold how bending thouſands proſtrate at the ſhrine of virtue; ſee how well, even in this life, her votaries are rewarded; obſerve how lovely is her appearance; ſhe is captivating as the morning of life, beautiful as heaven, and graceful as the daughters of paradiſe. Thus proceeds the man of God, ſtill holding the crown of roſes, while the enchanting maiden kneels at his feet. What an elevating and truly intereſting ſcene! how deep muſt be the impreſſions of ſuch a moment! what noble incentives to rectitude are hereby furniſhed! the ſpectators are univerſally affected; the humid drop glitters in every eye; while not a heart but melted by the ſweet

and

and perſuaſive voice of truth, ſeemeth to experience on the ſpot, the intuitive glow of virtue. Religion appears enrobed in lovelineſs; a kind of pious awe is conſpicuous in every countenance; while the prieſt, having in a dignified, animated, and ſolemn tone of voice, completed his pathetic eulogium, places upon the meritorious head, that crown which in the eſtimation of reaſon, is of more intrinſic value than all thoſe ſplendid gems that ever yet encircled the brow of royalty. The ſolemn act of coronation thus decently and properly performed, a *Te Deum* commences, in the courſe of which, the proceſſion is again formed; and the blooming ſovereign, attended as at the firſt, and diſtinguiſhed by her well earned crown, enters once more the church; and, proceeding to the middle of the choir, takes her ſtand as before, exhibiting, until the concluſion of the ſervice, an example of modeſt and genuine devotion.

The rites of public worſhip being concluded, our young queen hath next to receive the renewed homage of an affectionately attached and crowded audience, who attend her to a conſecrated ſpot, fitted up by the hand of rural elegance, in which beautiful receſs, this daughter of excellence, and queen of innocence, is met by duteous and expecting ſubjects, who approach her with thoſe ſimple gifts that make up the riches of the village ſwain, and which ſhe receives as the voluntary tribute of well diſpoſed loyalty. She is then eſcorted with the ſame demonſtrations of reſpect, to her uſual place of reſidence, where it is at her option to ſpread for her noble conductor and his retinue, the feaſt of innocence. This feaſt conſiſts of all thoſe rural delicacies which are in the gift of elegant ſimplicity; and the healthful viands, diſpoſed by the hand of taſte, conſtitutes a repaſt, becoming the hilarity of virtue, and well ſuited to the gueſts, who are ſummoned to partake thereof. If I miſtake not, Madame de Genlis informs us, that there have been inſtances, where the crown of roſes has been, for many ſucceſſive years, decreed to the ſame individual candidate, until,

until, perhaps, (for the diminution of virtue ſo illuſtrious, could not but be marked with exquiſite regret) the lovely model had ſunk the claims of maidenhood, in thoſe more complicated duties, which are involved in the dignified character of a matron.

If it ſhould be imagined that our fair authoreſs in the recital, from which the foregoing particulars are recollected, is leading us over the enchanting grounds of fiction, it is ſtill capable of improvement; and the ſcheme, although the offspring of imagination, may, nevertheleſs, when made the ſubject of legiſlative conſideration, ſuggeſt hints, and be productive of plans, friendly to the cauſe of every ſpecies of excellence. From conſpicuous rewards of merit, the female world ſeem injudiciouſly excluded. To man, the road of preferment is thrown open—glory crowns the military hero—the bar, the pulpit, the medical career, the huſbandman, the merchant, the ſtateſman, theſe all have their *points* of *eminence*; and *virtue*, blended *with firſt rate abilities, may conduct their poſſeſſor even to the Preſidential Chair of the United States*. But the ſex, agreeably to exiſting regulations, can enjoy but *ſecondary* or *reflected* fame; and he, who ſhall be happy enough to add a new motive, to thoſe virtues which are natal in the female boſom, will, undoubtedly, deſerve well of mankind.

On this ſubject I am reminded of an obſervation I lately heard from the lips of *one* of the moſt valuable of our countrymen. In our hoſtile fields he continued a long tried and well approved veteran; *and his victorious arm, ſince the completion of the revolution, hath been employed in quelling an audacious inſurrection.* In the boſom of peace he is a reſpectable and illuſtrious citizen, actively engaged for the promotion of the general weal; his leiſure hours are, nevertheleſs, devoted to literary purſuits; and his well written manuſcripts, will, I pleaſingly believe, enrich this younger world with a number of truly elegant and uſeful productions. This Chriſtianized ſage obſerved, —He had often thought that in proportion as the

female

female proficient advanced in the career of excellence, in exact ſuch proportion ſhe *regained her ſuperiority in the ſcale of being.* "*It is evident,*" ſaid he, "*that the woman was originally the head of the man,* for thus the ſacred text pronounceth—*The conſequence of thy tranſgreſſion ſhall be, that thy huſband ſhall rule over thee,*" from whence he inferred, *that, previous to her declenſion, ſhe was inveſted with ſovereignty;* otherwiſe, her ſuppoſed puniſhment muſt have been conſidered as an unmeaning parade of words.

Perhaps the deſire of ſway attributed to females, may inveſt this idea with a powerful ſtimulus to propriety of conduct; and yet I ſhould queſtion the ſtability of a ſuperſtructure erected upon ſuch a foundation. But I am, nevertheleſs, free to own, that if I cannot implant *intrinſic* worth, I have imagined, that even the *ſemblance* thereof beſtows upon ſociety a fairer poliſh, and is attended by more *ſalutary conſequences, than a total neglect of appearances.* For if the conduct, from whatever motive, is irreproachable, and the turpitude of the heart is confined therein; it is the individual alone who can be conſidered as the ſufferer.

No. LV.

Fortune to arduous efforts ſometimes yields,
And in her arms the bold adventurer ſhields;
An enterpriſing genius fond to bleſs,
Her gilded domes ſhe gives it to poſſeſs.

HAD indulgent Heaven entruſted me with the care of a young family, I ſhould have been ſolicitous to have implanted in their opening minds, as early as poſſible, a fervid wiſh for as great a ſhare of *independence,* as might have conſiſted with that *ſubordination,* in which they were deſigned to move. He, whoſe principal funds of enjoyment are ſecurely laid up in his own breaſt, can draw his bills without the incumbrance of formalities; and, as he will be in little danger of making

making falſe calculations, he will rarely ever find them proteſted. A ſpirit of independence naturally involves an attempt to call into action thoſe efforts, from which the reſpectable eſtabliſhment at which we aim, muſt generally reſult; and he, who poſſeſſes ability to ſhape his own fortune, provided integrity is the main ſpring of his movements, will aſſuredly find the juſtice of his claims upon the eſteem of mankind fully acknowledged.

I ſhould not be ſo anxious reſpecting the particular employments of my children, if their avocations were reputable, as that their talents and qualifications might be ſuch, as would give them to fill their ſtations with advantage to thoſe with whom they were connected, and with honour to themſelves. An attempt to bias the mind of a child, can hardly be juſtified by reaſon: Nature ſhould make her choice; and the parent, with all thoſe aids he may be able to command, ſhould implicitly follow her direction. Yet, while I acknowledge the propriety of ſuch a procedure, I am free to own, that ambition, irreſiſtibly operating in my boſom, would ſpontaneouſly point my views to the learned profeſſions; and was the ſuffrage of my wiſhes deciſive, I ſhould certainly qualify my ſon to take upon him the duties of an able lawyer. I am aware that it is commonly ſuppoſed ſuch an election is unfriendly to the morality of the individual thus appropriated; but, I am very far from adopting this prejudice; it is unqueſtionably rational to conclude that he who is conſtantly occupied in the contemplation of *right* and *wrong*, in weighing the merits of the various pretenſions which may come under his obſervation, will find his underſtanding enlarged and informed—will learn properly to appreciate; and *if his mind is rightly turned*, he will naturally become enamoured with the beauties of virtue, and evince an utter dereliction of vice. Some of the firſt characters which America has to boaſt, are ſelected from the bar; and at the head of thoſe diſtinguiſhed luminaries who have deſerved the eternal gratitude of their country, figures

that

that truly illuſtrious patriot,* John Adams, Eſq. Vice-Preſident of the Union; a man who is not only the pride and ornament of Columbia, but who is alſo rendered, by his rare abilities, highly eminent amid thoſe celebrated nations of the elder world, where ſcience, virtue and patriotiſm invariably command the meed of well-earned applauſe.

I once knew a lawyer, (but he is now dead to me) nature had ſtamped upon his breaſt her moſt exquiſite ſenſibilities. Integrity, too, was the prime ſource of his actions; he would never accept an exorbitant fee; he uniformly refuſed to cloud the pure atmoſphere of his underſtanding, by thoſe pleas which are condenſed in defence of a bad action; and as he was conſtantly the advocate of virtue, if he ever loſt a cauſe, the odium reſted either with the jury, or with thoſe honourable Judges, to whoſe ſpecial verdict the deciſion was referred. About the ſkirts of his heart no chicanery ever hung; and while he poſſeſſed an infinitude of ready wit, in the moſt intricate pleadings which he was ever neceſſitated to deliver, he uttered no ſentence which originated in ſophiſm, or which would not bear the cloſeſt inveſtigation of reaſon.

Quickneſs of perception, brilliancy of imagination, fluency of expreſſion, and pointed wit—theſe are among the qualifications which *he* ought to poſſeſs, who would aſſume this important profeſſion; nor can the young novitiate attain to any conſiderable degree of eminence, however fervid his pleadings may be, if thoſe requiſites are not, in ſome meaſure, inherent in his nature. But when theſe are all embodied, led on by judgment, and retained in defence of truth, what can reſiſt their progreſs? An action may be ſometimes ſo intricate, as to require the beſt informed judgment to develope its complexure; and yet it is true that a ſudden thought may turn the whole courſe of the pleadings, which, from apparent neceſſity, had almoſt extorted a manifeſtly cruel, or, perhaps, *in effect*, unrighteous verdict.

Doubtleſs,

* It is perhaps unneceſſary to obſerve, that this Eſſay was written previous to the acceſſion of this illuſtrious perſonage to the preſidential chair.

Doubtleſs, my readers have frequently admired the pleadings of the ingenious Portia, in the Merchant of Venice. Suffering the terrors of apprehenſion for the worthy Antonia, we are ready, in his favour, to break the ſtaff of juſtice, and to violate thoſe laws by which the ſacred bands of government are cloſely bound, and all its ſalutary and eſſential rights protected. We liſten with eagerneſs to the newly announced advocate; and we experience a degree of horror while we hear him pronounce, *that the Venetian law cannot deny* the forfeit; that there is no power in Venice can alter a decree, &c. &c. Yet we are ſoothed by his beautiful expoſtulation—"*The quality of mercy is not ſtrained; it* "*droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, upon the place* "*beneath. It is twice bleſſed; it bleſſeth him that gives* "*and him that takes.*" But the ſentence is paſſed!—Antonia muſt prepare his boſom for the knife! and we are ready to wiſh ourſelves poſſeſſed of the power of the baſiliſk, that ſo we might daſh from exiſtence the inhuman Shylock, who ſtuns us by his vociferations. "*A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a* "*Daniel. O wiſe young judge, how I do honour thee,*" &c. But if our indignant feelings are wrought up to the higheſt pitch, how exquiſitely gratifying is the inſtantaneous tranſition; and how do we echo thoſe applauſes beſtowed on the diſguiſed Portia, when ſhe emphatically proceeds to ſay, "*Take thou thy pound of fleſh;* "*but in the cutting, if thou doſt ſhed one drop of Chriſtian* "*blood, thy lands and goods are, by the laws of Venice,* "*confiſcate,*" &c. Thus, upon a ſingle thought, obvious when conceived, the ſcene of death is changed; juſtice preſerves her ſacred rights, and mercy beams triumphant.

Every reflecting mind muſt have remarked how frequently the concatenation of ideas aſſociates remote reſemblances, and under this influence, the developement produced by Portia, brings to my recollection a little narrative that I received from a perſon of intelligence and obſervation. It is not, either in its proceſs or object, ſo ſanguinary as the tale arranged by Shake-

ſpear; yet, as in lieu of the enchantments of fiction, it connects the credentials of truth, it may, in that view, as well as from the circumſtances it involves, arreſt the attention of the reader.

A gentleman reſiding in one of the ſmall towns in the neighbourhood of the city of Dublin, and poſſeſſing a genteel competency, not only ſupported the reputation of an ancient family, but even added additional luſtre to thoſe claims his anceſtors had poſſeſſed upon the eſteem of mankind. He knew the full value of the independence he enjoyed; and, although genuine hoſpitality, that true Hibernian trait, ſuſtained no diminution in his individual character (his ſtyle of living being in fact munificent) he was yet well aware that the obſervation of a regular ſyſtem of economy was the ſureſt foundation for the continued exerciſe of that liberality which was inherent in his nature. Having no offſpring of his own, he had taken into his houſe a favourite nephew, who naturally became the object of all thoſe tender feelings and various emotions that ſucceed each other in the boſom of a parent. His education was on the moſt liberal plan; and every incitement to improvement was generouſly furniſhed. The judicious arrangements which had been adopted, were crowned by ſucceſs, and the young gentleman attaining his twenty-firſt year, poſſeſſed a mind well informed, admirably intelligent, and extenſively accompliſhed. It was a received opinion that he would ſucceed to his uncle's eſtates, and the youth himſelf had imbibed, as a matter of courſe, theſe reverſionary expectations. The old gentleman was ſenſible of this conſequence of his indulgent patronage, and it became to him a ſource of anxiety. He ſaw it probable that his nephew, entertaining an idea that a reſpectable eſtabliſhment was already ſecured to him, would aim at no meritorious achievement—that he would devote himſelf to a life of imbecile inactivity, ſupinely paſſing thoſe hours which ſhould be marked by application, diligence and uſefulneſs; and, ſolicitous to teach him properly to eſtimate his own value; to

rouſe

rouſe to action the energies of his ſoul, and to open his views to thoſe reſources which depended entirely upon himſelf—he deliberated long, fondly ſtruggling with that ardent affection which nature had authorized, and habit confirmed. At length, however, he had recourſe to an expedient that was, perhaps, as ſingular as it proved propitious; and on the evening of a ſerene day, devoted to literary eaſe, our good old gentleman ſummoned his nephew to his cloſet, addreſſing him to this effect:

"I think, Sir, it is now ſome months ſince you have written Man, and from your firſt dawn of being, I have ſtill ſupported you. Nature hath furniſhed you with ſolidity of underſtanding, and ſhe hath connected therewith great brilliancy of imagination; nor have the aids of education been wanting. Perhaps my plans have been too extenſive; but the event will either furniſh my acquittal, or faſten upon my mind a conviction of error. I have hitherto diſcharged to you, Sir, the part of a parent; you have been in all reſpects diſtinguiſhed as though you had been in fact my ſon; yet you are not my ſon; you are only my brother's ſon. You poſſeſſed no legal claims upon me, but I have qualified you to ſhape your own fortune, and that too in a reputable and genteel line of life: You know, Sir, that the neceſſary ſteps have been taken to furniſh you with credentials for your appearance at the bar—thoſe credentials you now poſſeſs; and your future eminence reſts wholly on your own efforts. But you are yet to learn that from this night you are to look for no further aid from me! I have provided two excellent horſes, and an honeſt man to attend you in quality of a ſervant. With to-morrow's ſun you muſt depart for Dublin, there to take ſuch ſteps for your reputable eſtabliſhment as your deliberate and beſt informed judgment ſhall dictate. Here are twenty guineas—they will ſerve you till you come to ſome deciſion. I ſincerely wiſh you ſucceſs; but whatever may be your circumſtances or exigencies, expect no further favour from me, nor ever reckon on another ſhilling of my fortune.

fortune. This is the laſt time I will ever meet you until you are inveſted with that property and reſpectability which ſhall give you a right to the independence that abilities like yours ought ever to command. Neither will I, until that period ſhall arrive, hold with you the ſmalleſt intercourſe. This hour I draw the ſeparating veil; and I am, with regard to you, to all intents and purpoſes, as if I had ceaſed to exiſt! Farewel, young man! May God go with you, and may the bleſſings of virtuous induſtry reſt upon your head."

The careful, the paternal friend, having thus uttered himſelf, (to conceal emotions which he had till that moment governed) ruſhed inſtantly from the cloſet, and ſought ſhelter in the retirement of his bed-chamber; while the young man, ſinking under a thouſand mingling ſenſations, and almoſt petrified by aſtoniſhment, paſſed the night in a manner which may be better imagined than delineated. He, however, knew his uncle too well to remonſtrate; and, actuated by diſappointment, tender regret, and perhaps a tinge of reſentment, with the early dawn he bid adieu to that native village, and to thoſe ſweetly rural haunts, which, from his infantile days, had been to him an Eden of delight; where he had imaged all that he conceived of bliſs, and ſketched ſuch years of happineſs, as never yet revolved ſince paradiſe was forfeited by man's tranſgreſſion.

The reader who is ſufficiently intereſted to paſs on to the next Eſſay, may attend to the ſequel.

No. LVI.

Fortune may flutter on a *ready* thought,
And be, by one attempt, forever caught.

DEJECTED, forlorn, and almoſt deſpairing, our young adventurer reached Dublin. A ſpacious inn afforded him ſhelter; but, ah! how diſſimilar to that paternal manſion he had perforce relinquiſhed!

He

He wiſhed for a retired apartment, and he requeſted to ſee the landlord. The hoſt entered; and the eye of our ſorrowful youth immediately marked a fixed melancholy which ſeemed to brood in every feature of his face. Softened by what he then conceived the moſt dreadful of misfortunes, his ſympathetic feelings were eaſily arreſted, and he ſpontaneouſly queſtioned —"What is the matter, landlord?" The landlord, unlike to other landlords, was not diſpoſed to be communicative; he returned an ungracious anſwer, and as if to avoid further interrogation, abruptly quitted the apartment. "*This poor man*," ſaid our young proficient in the ſchool of adverſity—"*this poor man is afflicted*; affliction is fond of ſociety; I will court his confidence, nor will I yield the purſuit until I have extorted the ſecret of his ſufferings." Again he rang, and again ſummoned the landlord, who, with the ſame wo-begone countenance, made his ſecond appearance. "Suffer me, Sir, to repeat my inquiries; I am not actuated by idle curioſity, but calamity ſeeks companionſhip; I, too, am a ſon of ſorrow, and we may poſſibly aid each other." "*No, Sir*," returned the landlord, "aid is out of the queſtion; but my ſtory is eaſily told, and it is too notorious for me either to expect or wiſh concealment.

"This inn, Sir, with all that it contains, was once mine. The traveller, each day, contributed to augment my honeſt gains, and I deemed myſelf beyond the reach of indigence. But, alas! on one fatal evening, three gentlemen, apparently poſſeſſing integrity, and abounding in affluence, took apartments under this roof: They were engaged in a law-ſuit, and they had claims to eſtabliſh, which required time to inveſtigate. They depoſited in my hands a large bag of gold, to an immenſe amount, obtaining my promiſe that I would not deliver it, except the whole party united to demand it. Some weeks had ſucceeded this tranſaction, when, going abroad in the morning, as I imagined to proſecute their buſineſs, one of the aſſociates returned in great agitation, conjuring me to

produce the gold, affirming that their cauſe was brought on, that they ſhould obtain a verdict on that day, and, if they were not poſſeſſed of the immediate means of gratifying their advocates, it would be loſt for want of the neceſſary efforts in their favour. In a moment of weak credulity, I yielded up the depoſit, nor was apprized by a ſingle foreboding of the ruinous conſequences, until the return of evening brought the other two coadjutors. I met them with a face of congratulation, concluding they had obtained a fortunate deciſion; but judge of my ſurpriſe when I learned that many days would probably elapſe, before they could be gratified by a hearing, and that they had not yet made their arrangements. My aſtoniſhment was beyond expreſſion; yet I was not apprehenſive of the conſequences to myſelf. Conſcious of my own integrity, I ſimply related the truth, and aſked them what ſteps they would take? With abundance of *ſang-froid*, they replied, they had no ſteps to take—they had delivered a ſum of money to my care, obtaining my promiſe that it ſhould continue as a depoſit, not to be relinquiſhed but at the united demand of the parties concerned; and that, of courſe, they ſhould aſſuredly require it at my hands! Nothing could exceed my conſternation; they delayed not to make their requiſition, and they took care it ſhould be attended by the legal formalities. Neither my abilities nor my inclination admitted of a reimburſement ſo unjuſt. I made application to council, and was flattered by a certainty of a favourable iſſue. An action was ſpeedily commenced. Pleadings have been heard, and lawyers' fees, together with many *etceteras* have exhauſted my reſources. I have been barbarouſly pillaged—to-morrow is the day appointed for a final hearing—ruin ſtares me in the face; and if I eſcape impriſonment for life, both myſelf and family muſt be turned out houſeleſs wanderers, commencing in the evening of our days, the ſad progreſs of indigence and beggary!"

"You are then poſitive that judgment will go againſt you," replied the young novitiate. "O, moſt undoubtedly,"

doubtedly," cried the landlord, "the law, I am told, cannot be wreſted in my favour." "Permit me," returned our adventurer, "to obtain your confidence; you behold, in me, a perſon qualified to take upon him the part of an advocate for the oppreſſed; and, if you will join me to your council, I feel aſſured that your affair will terminate happily." "What, Sir," exclaimed the landlord, "are you ſeeking the gleanings of thoſe hard earned gains, which your wealthy brethren have ſo rapaciouſly plundered? No, Sir, I have no more pieces to ſquander; and I ſhould not be ſorry, if I knew I ſhould never more behold the face of one of your mercenary profeſſion."

The young man, allowing for the petulancy of a perſon, who apprehended himſelf on the eve of becoming the victim of misfortune, pointed by injuſtice, mildly returned—"It is neceſſary, landlord, in order to your being conſidered as my client, that I receive a retaining fee. I have, in my own mind, no doubt of obtaining a ſucceſsful iſſue to your buſineſs; one guinea, however, will be ſufficient; and if I do not procure a verdict in your favour, I pledge my honour that I will return it." The landlord drew up a heavy ſigh—"*You look like an honeſt man—you may be an honeſt man—God forbid that I ſhould ever ſuſpect an honeſt man. Here, take it—'tis my laſt piece, and may it redeem its maſter's property.*"

Matters thus adjuſted, the eventful morning at length dawned; the court was aſſembled, and the advocates for the plaintiffs and defendant prepared to call into action their moſt energetic abilities; while a reſpectable jury, arranged in due form, ſtood fixed in mute and ſolemn attention. The council for the plaintiffs urged, that the depoſit had abſolutely been made, and a promiſe obtained that it ſhould remain as a ſacred truſt—they expatiated eloquently and learnedly on theſe facts; and they concluded with a ſolemn appeal to the jury, praying for a grant of that reſtitution, which they ſo juſtly demanded. The council for the defendant endeavoured to invalidate

thoſe affirmations, inſiſting on the expediency of ſtronger proofs. It was their plan to perplex, by croſs examination, and at any rate, to procure a ſuſpenſion of the final determination. In ſhort, it became evident that *law*, and *apparent* juſtice, were for once conſtrained to appear in oppoſition to a deciſion, which the unbiaſſed equity of every mind would have unheſitatingly pronounced; and no hope for the poor, deſpoiled, and betrayed landlord ſeemed to remain.

Juſt at this juncture our young gentleman produced himſelf at the bar. It was his firſt pleading, and his mien and geſtures were marked by a graceful and prepoſſeſſing diffidence. His diploma was unqueſtionable, and he was announced as an advocate for the defendant. A confuſed murmur pervaded the court; and the council, on both ſides, betrayed unequivocal marks of diſapprobation. It being, however, beyond their power to conteſt his credentials, he was permitted to proceed; and, with a modeſt aſſurance, he conciſely delivered his ſentiments.

"My lords, and gentlemen of the jury—I ſtand up as council for the defendant; and to avoid giving this honourable court, and this reſpectable jury, any further trouble, we diveſt ourſelves of every ſubterfuge—we acknowledge the juſtice of the pleadings of the council for the plaintiffs—we freely acknowledge the depoſit, and the conditions on which ſaid depoſit was made; which conditions were, that no part of the property ſhould be returned, without the preſence of the parties ſeverally intereſted; and whenever *the three individuals, from whom we received the truſt, ſhall all unite to make the demand, preciſely conformable to the letter of the obligation, into which we entered*, we are ready to deliver up the whole of the depoſit, with which we were charged."

Aſtoniſhment immediately moulded the features of the court; the extricating expedient was ſo ſimple, ſo obvious, ſo exactly conformable to the *letter*, as well as *ſpirit* of equity, and in the ſame moment ſo replete with protection to the upright but too credulous landlord, that it was wonderful it had not before occurred.

curred. But it is hardly poſſible to give an idea of the unbounded joy of an Iriſh populace, aſſembled upon ſuch an occaſion. Their ſympathetic feelings had irreſiſtibly engaged them on the ſide of the ſuffering hoſt, who it ſeems had uniformly ſuſtained the character of an honeſt man. Loud and affecting applauſes reverberated from every quarter—they embraced the young advocate in their arms—they would have borne him to his lodging upon their ſhoulders, and they could hardly be prevailed on to remit theſe clamorous teſtimonials of their approbation. The landlord——but agreeably to my uſual cuſtom, on every of theſe occaſions, I very freely bequeath the delineation of his tranſports, and his gratitude, as an exerciſe for the imagination of the ſuſceptible reader.

To our young adventurer, the high road to fame and fortune was now thrown open; handſome gratifications were poured in from every quarter—he aſcended with rapid ſteps the hill of eminence, and he ſoon became enriched beyond his moſt ſanguine expectations. The whole of the judicious plan, laid by his venerable, his paternal friend, now became obvious to his underſtanding; he ſighed to embrace once more the hand of him, who, having endowed him with capability, had compelled him to thoſe movements, from which originated his ſplendid fortunes; and ordering, upon a remarkable fine morning, a ſuperb equipage, he took his way to his native village, attended by every veſtige of that independence, which his uncle had made the condition of their future intercourſe. The ſhades of evening brought him to thoſe well known haunts, where he found the good old man, reclining in an arbour, which formed a fit receſs for age and contemplation. With expreſſions of grateful, duteous and unbounded affection, he inſtantly proſtrated himſelf at the feet of this venerable parent, (whom he properly and pathetically hailed as his guardian genius) and his reception exceeded his fondeſt hopes.

The old gentleman evinced his wonted firmneſs and dignity of character; but theſe prominent traits were,

were, however, blended with all a father's tenderneſs. Having raiſed his nephew, he claſped him to his boſom—"You are welcome, my ſon—right welcome to theſe aged arms, and to this, your rightful heritage—Think not you have any information to give me—the faithful being, whom I beſtowed on you as a ſervant, has been my conſtant correſpondent; and, in conſequence of my inſtructions, he has proved a cloſe obſerver of your actions. No movement has been concealed from me; and my emotions almoſt deny me utterance, while *I pronounce that I know, and I approve.*"

This reſpectably venerable ſage continued, to life's extreme, a complacent witneſs of the elevation and confirmed celebrity of his nephew; and ere he cloſed the ſcene of mortality, his laſt rational act pronounced this ſon of his adoption the ſole heir of all his poſſeſſions. Thoſe of my readers who are acquainted with the private hiſtory of the celebrated Mr. Delany, one of the moſt able and eminent law practitioners in the city of Dublin, will readily recognize theſe outlines.

N°. LVII.

Perhaps he never ſaw the kindred line——

I PITY, from my ſoul, every candidate for literary fame! If they are warm in the purſuit, and engaged with ardour in the profeſſion of their election—if they are induſtrious in their application, and unoffending in their ſubjects, diligently labouring to endow them with every valuable property, of which they are ſuſceptible—if the precepts they inculcate are enforced by the example of their own lives—if they do and are all this, they certainly have *much merit*, and are entitled to no ſtinted ſhare of that applauſe, for which they are probably ſolicitous. But alas! how are their ſteps environed with peril! their family, their education, their perſons, their characters—theſe all become ſtanding ſubjects of converſation! while their matter, and their

their manner, are regarded as free plunder, and the invidious critic is deaf to the voice of candour!

What author but trembles at the critic's lash! and how many are deterred from the eventful path, by the apprehension of the lion in the way! And was *real merit* soothed and encouraged, were faults detected and pointed out with mildness, was strict *impartiality observed, and justice always the aim*, I, for my part, should bid the lion roar on, wishing, very sincerely, that his terrors might become properly influential.

It is the opinion of some persons of sound judgment and great abilities, that nothing more is left for a modern writer, than to give a *new dress to old ideas*; but great men are not infallible, and possibly this conclusion may be rather hastily drawn. Solomon said "*there was nothing new under the sun*;" but since the days of Solomon, what profound discoveries have been made; how momentous, how honorary, and how useful! How have the arts and sciences improved, and how has knowledge increased in the world. The use of the loadstone—printing, that capital vehicle of information—the art of war, *meliorated* by the composition and use of gun-powder, &c. &c. while hardly a day passes, on the which novelty peeps not out.

It is, perhaps, true, that the heaviest charge preferred against literary adventurers, is that of plagiarism: After an original thought, a hue and cry is raised—it is traced from author to author—the cheek of innocence is tinged with the indignant blush, excited by suspicions of fraud; and a group of respectable characters are supposed to stand convicted of the high crime of *knowingly* and *wittingly purloining their neighbours' goods*.

To condemn, upon presumptive evidence, is both treacherous and cruel, and it is a procedure which finds no place in the decisions of equity. I do not contend that plagiarism is never practised—far from it; I believe it constitutes the essence of many a volume, and that it is a kind of depredation, which is too often the *dernier resort* of the scribbler; but I *insist*, and I can produce

produce proof positive of my assertion, that the charge of plagiarism is frequently *unfounded*, and consequently *unjust*. Originality is undoubtedly rare, and it is probable it will become still more so. A writer finds many subjects touched, and retouched, if not wholly exhausted; and, should his abilities embrace a new object, or even a novel arangement, he is condemned, ere he can establish his hypothesis, however self evident it may be, to combat the giant prejudice, to wage war with a host of cavillers, to oppose himself to the burnished shafts of criticism, and to withstand the secret machinations of envy. But, every discouragement notwithstanding, I humbly conceive there is much more originality in the world, at this present time, than is commonly imagined.

What, I would ask, constitutes originality? or, in other words, cannot an original thought be twice conceived? Let not the critic sneer, before he permits me to explain myself. An idea is expressed in conversation, and a stander-by declares—"*I had this moment the same thought, Sir.*" Query: In whose bosom was the idea original? Suppose, that in the days of Homer, there had arisen, in the wilds of America, or in any other remote part of the globe, a genius, who had delineated every idea of that immortal bard, who had painted the charms of another Helen, arming monarchs and heroes in the licentious cause of a perfidious woman! whose fertile brain had teemed with other Hectors, skilfully opposing them to that Achillean arm, which was nerved for their destruction; suppose his sentiments, his similies and expressions had been nearly similar; and, (since nature, liberal in her operations, might have produced a *second prodigy*, the suggestion cannot be justly said to wear the features of *impossibility*) suppose proof irrefragable had been furnished, that not the smallest intercourse had subsisted between these children of indulgent munificence, and that they had not even a knowledge of each other's existence; should we not, in such an arrangement, have characterized both bards, as possessing original excellence?

For

For my own part, I am ſo far from regarding it as wonderful, that a *ſimilarity of talents ſhould exhibit a ſimilarity of ideas, and even of expreſſions, that I am really aſtoniſhed ſuch ſimilarity is not more frequently demonſtrable.* Let us reflect for a moment—Two beings, endowed with ſtrong underſtandings and clear perceptions, are educated in different and far diſtant parts of our world; but their language, their government, and particularly their religion is the ſame; from the ſame decalogue their precepts are drawn; virtue is the goal to which they are pointed, and from one ſource every excitement to virtue is educed. Maturity is at length attained; and, ſetting down to contemplate a given ſubject, ought they to be accuſed of plagiariſm, although their productions receive a kindred ſtamp?

The good divine, whoſe mind hath been early imbued from that identical fount at which his cotemporaries have quaffed, receives a like education, and like academical honours; and with religious ſentiments exactly correſponding with his brethren, he mounts the pulpit, and opens the ſacred book, ordained at once a ſtandard of his teſtimony, and the origin from whence he is to deduce thoſe momentous truths, on which he is to expatiate. His text cannot vary, and he may be a ſtranger to the *flagitious crime of ſtealing*, although the branches growing upon one root, ſhould reſemble each other.

A writer may, *without being a juſt ſubject of reprehenſion*, enrich his page with the moſt brilliant thoughts of another; *he may himſelf be deceived;* from extenſive and miſcellaneous reading, ſcattered ideas, ſentiments, and ſometimes ſentences, are collected. The volume of memory containeth many pages; and from childhood to ripening and declining years, what multifarious images are inſcribed thereon. From this reſervatory we naturally draw, and, it *may ſometimes happen*, that ideas deduced from thence, *may be miſtaken for original productions of the mind.*

I once had a friend—were I at liberty to name him, every individual, acquainted with his *uncommon worth*, would bow to his ſuperior merit; Ah! how have his fine qualities and gigantic talents been obſcured by a train of adverſe circumſtances, all pointed and brought home to his boſom, by a natural propenſity to melancholy. Unfortunate ſon of genius! I drop a tear over thy preſent misfortunes, while I recollect, with unabating admiration, the radiant commencement of thy career. I know it, dear Sir, this apoſtrophe is nothing to the preſent purpoſe; and I ſit corrected.

This poet (for a genuine poet he verily was) poſſeſſed a ſtrong underſtanding, with a correct judgment, and a glowing fancy; and, what is not commonly an appendage to theſe advantages, his memory, alſo, was aſtoniſhingly retentive; and he was as far removed from the *practice* as he was from the *neceſſity* of plagiariſm. Our bard, thus highly qualified, employed himſelf one morning in penning a poetical epiſtle to a friend, whoſe abilities were reſpectable. The epiſtle finiſhed, forwarded and received, was peruſed with much ſurprize; for, ſtrange to tell, it contained a number of lines that were found verbatim in a favourite author, with whoſe productions the perſon addreſſed had recently furniſhed his library! and *ſaid lines bore on their margin no quotation marks!* It is the part of a *ſincere friend* to point out a fault, and our poet was queſtioned on the ſubject; he deteſted plagiariſm, and poſitively aſſerted his entire property in the problematic eſſay; but, *to the law and to the teſtimony*—the book was produced, and the poet eagerly ſeizing it, caſt his eyes on the title page, which he no ſooner traced, than inſtantly recognizing, he claſped it to his boſom with all that ſtrong enthuſiaſm and *fine frenzy* which ever marked his character. The volume proved an *old acquaintance, which had been the delight of his boyiſh days, and of which he had long been in purſuit*; and it appeared, that writing in a ſimilar manner, and on the ſame topic, he had drawn thoſe lines from the ſtore-houſe of memory, where they had been many years ſafely lodged, unconſcious

conſcious that the well adapted fugitives were not the *true born offspring of his own brain.* Now this, gentle reader, is a kind of plagiariſm, if ſuch it can be called, which cannot come under the deſcription of fraud; and whatever may be the *effect* of its *operation*, it is indiſputably *guiltleſs* in its ſource.

But, while *I pledge my veracity* for the *authenticity* of the foregoing anecdote, I readily grant that circumſtances ſeldom concur to produce events of this complexion; and, conceding thus far, I expect that every perſon accuſtomed to reflection, will unheſitatingly acknowledge the propriety of what I have advanced, (viz.) *that ſimilarity of ideas and expreſſions, when the ſubject is the ſame*, may often originate in different minds, evidently obtaining in thoſe boſoms, where inborn integrity and conſcious propriety had implanted *ſo ſtrong a ſenſe of right and wrong*, as to create a juſt and ſpontaneous abhorrence to whatever could, *in the remoteſt degree, be denominated plagiariſm.* I had lately an opportunity of converſing on this ſubject, with a female, to whom I am *naturally attached*—ſhe has for many years been a ſcribbler, and ſhe feelingly lamented that ſhe had repeatedly ſeen ideas, and complete ſentences, iſſue from the preſs, which had long been contained in her manuſcripts, and which ſhe had flattered herſelf with the privilege of preſenting, as *original thoughts!* This, however, happened more frequent in her proſaic, than in her poetical productions; yet, even in the laſt, ſhe adduced ſome inſtances of conſiderable ſimilarity; from which, by way of illuſtration, and for the amuſement of the reader, I take the liberty to ſelect two. On the 28th of January, 1784, this penwoman wrote ſome lines on a particularly intereſting occaſion, which lines contain the following ſimile:

As the fond matron, while the flame aſcends,
Which her whole int'reſt in one ruin blends,
Wildly exclaims—Give me my infant train;
Poſſeſs'd of them, the ſtrokes of fate were vain:
'Scap'd from the wreck, ſhe ſees her girls and boys,
And one ſhort moment perfect peace enjoys.

Early

Early in the year 1784, copies of the whole of this poem were put into the hands of ſeveral gentlemen, who may perhaps recollect it; but ſtill it is *only a manuſcript*; and it is not until within a few months, that ſhe has met with that beautiful production, entitled, the Botanic Garden, the offſpring of an elegant European pen, *firſt publiſhed in the year* 1793; in which ſhe obſerved, in the following highly finiſhed lines, *the ſame thought*.

"Th' illumin'd mother ſeeks with footſteps fleet,
"Where hangs the ſafe balcony o'er the ſtreet;
"Wrapt in her ſheet, her youngeſt hope ſuſpends,
"And panting, lowers it to her tip-toe friends:
"Again ſhe hurries on affliction's wings,
"And now a third, and now a fourth ſhe brings;
"Safe all her babes, ſhe ſmooths her horrent brow,
"And burſts thro' bickering flames, unſcorch'd, below."

Now it is *demonſtrably certain*, that neither of theſe writers *borrowed*, or, more plainly ſpeaking, *purloined* from each other. Producing, therefore, the foregoing lines as a proof in point, I proceed to the ſecond inſtance. Previous to her peruſal of the Botanic Garden, ſhe had been requeſted to write an ode on a very affecting occaſion: This ode was to be publickly chaunted, for the benefit of a worthy young man; and it was an addreſs to the benevolence of the audience. It is not my deſign to give the ode entire; I only tranſcribe the part which is neceſſary to introduce the lines that ſhe imagined ſimilar—thus they are expreſſed:

YE ſpirits bland, from heav'n deſcend,
Around this hallow'd temple bend,
With aſpect all benign:
Philanthropy, firſt-born of truth,
Of paradiſe the faireſt growth,
Replete with powers divine.

Hov'ring around, we feel you preſs,
This conſecrated fane to bleſs,
Its pious rites to guard:
Benevolence, religion twines
With bleſt munificence deſigns,
And is its own reward.

Benevolence,

Benevolence, whoſe genial ſway
Commiſſion'd hath the new-born day,
And burſt the pris'ner's chains—
Its progreſs can arreſt deſpair,
Can ſmooth the furrow'd brow of care,
While mild compaſſion reigns.

Thus, when enwrapt in Howard's guiſe,
To mortals lent from yonder ſkies,
And borne on mercy's wing;
The depth of human woe he ſought,
With lenient balm aſſuaging fraught,
Returning light to bring.—*&c. &c.*

The ode was publiſhed; and the writer was ſome time afterwards attracted by a reſemblance in the following energetic lines, found alſo in the Botanic Garden:

"The ſpirits of the good, who bend from high
"Wide o'er theſe earthly ſcenes their partial eye,
"When firſt array'd in virtue's pureſt robe,
"They ſaw her Howard traverſing the globe;
"Saw on his brow her ſun-like glory blaze,
"In arrowy circles of unwearied rays."

Many are the inſtances, which, from my own individual experience, I could record; and my volumes of manuſcripts, that I was poſitive were enriched with many original thoughts, from my delay to publiſh, have now, alas! been generally foreſtalled. My plans, my ideas, my metaphors, *ah, well-a-day!* in almoſt every thing I have been anticipated; and whenever my lucubrations are preſented, *innocent as I am*, the probability is, that I ſhall find myſelf indicted in the high court of literature for the debaſing crime of plagiariſm! Yet theſe Eſſays, although the offſpring of many a careful hour, deducing very poſſibly their higheſt charm from novelty, have now loſt, even in my own eſtimation, much of their power to intereſt and to pleaſe; and I do not, I am free to own, very deeply lament their fate.

But a recent diſcovery having ſtripped of originality this my youngeſt born, *my pet*, that I have cheriſhed

with ſuch unremitted tenderneſs, culling for it the faireſt flowers, *gleaning* every ſweet, and adorning it up to my beſt abilities; and now to find, that after all, I have been rearing the bantling of another! It is really almoſt too much for my philoſophy to bear; nor can my utmoſt equanimity prevent the hag vexation from adding another ſcore to thoſe furrows, which time and diſappointment have already ſo deeply indented!!!

No, I can never part with it—ſtill it is the child of my adoption, and I muſt ever remain its protecting father. Sympathizing reader, I will tell thee the ſtory. Thou knoweſt how much I have prided myſelf upon the *title* of theſe numbers: It was ample enough for my purpoſe; it was unaſſuming; yea, as humble as the ſmalleſt particles which fall from the granary of the opulent dealer; and yet by the wonderful force of its elaſtic power, it could extend itſelf over the vaſt fields of ſcience, wandering upon the ſuperficies of the grounds, and ſnatching thoſe gems which are ſometimes the reward of induſtrious mediocrity.

It was, I have a thouſand times ſaid, a complete ſhield *from every accuſation of literary theft.* It was—— in ſhort, it was abundantly commenſurate with my moſt ſanguine wiſhes; and what, in my eſtimation, inexpreſſibly enhanced its value, was, that I imagined it had *never before been thus appropriated.* Judge then, what were my ſenſations, when, two days ſince, turning over a volume written by Voltaire, I obſerved, among his account of literary publications, the following paragraph, which, by way of exciting thy commiſeration, I ſhall tranſcribe, verbatim.

"*Miſerable pamphlets!—the Gleaner!*—the Fault-"finder, &c.—*Wretched productions! inſpired by hun-"ger, and dictated by ſtupidity and a diſpoſition to "lying! &c. &c.*"

To find my *boaſted title* thus unexpectedly flaſhed in my face; and to meet it, too, *coupled with infamy!!!*— But my feelings may be better *imagined* than *deſcribed*; and

and the candid reader, while he acquits me of an inſtance of *plagiariſm*, ſo *impolitic* and ſo *abſurd*, will not fail to ſympathize with, and to vindicate

The mortified GLEANER.

N°. LVIII.

'Tis not in wealth, or grandeur—theſe have wings—
Earth's gariſh ſcenes no ſolid pleaſure brings;
The giddy whirl, where diſſipation treads,
Its magic ſpells around the flutterer ſpreads;
But ſorrow waits, its victims ſure to ſeize,
When mirth cannot aſſuage, nor folly pleaſe.

MANKIND are too prone to conſider opulence and grandeur as ſynonimous with the firſt enjoyments this world has to beſtow; and every effort is made for the purpoſe of aſſuming that ſtyle of living, which may produce us candidates for a rank in aſſemblies that are frequented by perſons who are pronounced the firſt people in a village, a town, or a city. Alas! alas! how erroneous is this calculation! Under the ſmiling countenance, which, to the ſuperficial obſerver, appears the ſeat of contentment, what woes, what cluſtering evils may rankle! The broad laugh, deſcriptive of ſuch extravagant marks of glee, why it may be the frantic expreſſion of deſpair; while thoſe contemplative features, where penſive reflection ſits enthroned, may be the index of a mind attaining tranquillity by viewing perſons and things preciſely in that arrangement which enſureth complacency. Appearances, it is undeniably true, are not to be truſted; and the experience of every day evinceth, that a ſuperb houſe, rich furniture, and ſplendid equipages, are not always *infallible* marks of the affluence of their poſſeſſor.

My friend, Pelatiah Carewell, was returning homeward, after a weariſome journey, taken for the diſpoſal of ſome articles of traffic, for which his frugality induced

induced him to imagine he could not afford to pay the commiſſions conſequent on committing their ſale to other hands. Nearly exhauſted by fatigue, he had hardly ſtrength ſufficient to urge forward his horſe, who ſeemed equally as diſpirited as his maſter. He was in an open ſleigh, on a very rough road; it was in the inclement month of January, and the rude winds buffetted thoſe locks which time had plentifully ſprinkled with venerable grey. Thus was Carewell circumſtanced, when a ſuperb carriage, finiſhed in the higheſt taſte, paſſed rapidly by him; the horſes, richly capariſoned, were in a foam; the curtains in the front of the carriage were cloſely drawn; it was attended by two ſervants, whoſe livery was perfectly well known to Carewell; and by a glance catched at the ſide glaſſes, he diſcovered a gentleman who was the companion of his boyiſh years. They were natives of the ſame little hamlet, were bred at one ſchool, and began buſineſs with ſimilar proſpects. But Claudius had left the rural ſeat of his anceſtors, and for many years had figured on a very large ſcale in the metropolis. He had been a noted ſpeculator, had dipped deeply in navigation, and had accounts open with every capital houſe in and about the city. Carewell imagined the preſent expedition of Claudius had for its object a viſit of ſtate to his aged parents, who ſtill continued at the village; and he reflected on the elevated ſituation to which fortune had raiſed his quondam ſchool-fellow, with ſenſations tinged with the deepening hues of envy.

How partial, thought he, are the diſpoſitions of what we term Providence; from the hour in which I could write man, I have obſerved a uniform ſyſtem of economy; the beloved woman, who did me the honour to accept my hand at the altar, hath exemplified, through her whole life, a perfect model of diſcretion. Frugality has been the order of our houſe; every unneceſſary expenſe has been abſolutely precluded, and yet my circumſtances are very moderate; and if I would not leave pennyleſs thoſe whom I have introduced

duced into being, I am, in advanced life, neceſſitated to continue thoſe exertions, and that rigid obſervance, which has attended me through my commercial career.

Claudius, on the contrary, entered on the privileges of manhood with marked avidity; he plunged headlong into the ſtream of pleaſure; he has never been known to deny himſelf a ſingle indulgence; his buildings are magnificent, his furniture is in the higheſt ſtyle, his town and country houſes are crowded with ſervants, his dreſs is that of a nobleman, his equipages are multiplied and ſplendid, and both himſelf and family are in the firſt line at every place of public and private amuſement. What, in the name of wonder, is the ſource of his proſperity? and to what cauſe am I to trace my own comparative depreſſion?

Such were the murmurings of Carewell; he drew up a heavy ſigh, and gloomy diſcontent pervaded his boſom. It was juſt at this juncture that the high ſheriff of the county paſſed him, as it ſeemed, in full chace! This was a phenomenon that arreſted the whole attention of Carewell; for an officer of juſtice had never before been known to viſit the peaceful hamlet of B——. His curioſity urged him forward, and he had no ſooner reached his own dwelling, than he learned that Claudius had been taken into cuſtody, juſt as he was entering the door of that cottage in which he drew his firſt breath! that his fine eſtates were all attached, and that it was ſuppoſed, upon an equitable diſtribution of thoſe poſſeſſions which Claudius had ſo nefariouſly obtained, his numerous creditors would not receive a ſingle ſhilling on the pound!!

Carewell dropped a tear over the errors and the misfortunes of Claudius. He entered his little parlour—neatneſs preſided, the blazing hearth had received the poliſh of induſtry, the kettle boiled for tea, the elbow chair was placed in order, and Amanda, with open arms, and a ſmile of rapture, welcomed his return. His children, too, crowded around him; and a little ſpruce waiting maid, under pretence of arranging

ranging the tea apparatus, catched a peep; while a domeſtic, who had grown grey in his ſervice, took the opportunity of repleniſhing the fire, to hail once more the benign countenance of his maſter. Carewell ſeated himſelf—his eyes and hands were raiſed to heaven, and exclamations the moſt extatic burſt ſpontaneouſly from his lips.

"This decent and completely finiſhed tenement is my own; my income, combined with my regular exertions, beſtows on me the bleſſings of competency; every thing about me is elegant; Amanda is the moſt amiable and tender of women; my children come forward with diſpoſitions that authorize the moſt pleaſing expectations; no man can advance a demand which I cannot immediately diſcharge. What is ſhow, pomp, and all the retinue of faſhionable pleaſures? real happineſs dwells not with them. Gaudy apparel, cards, plays, aſſemblies—henceforth I ſpend no ſigh on ſuch frivolities. Contentment ſhall meet me in the boſom of my family, and gratitude, eternal gratitude, ſhall raiſe her altars in my breaſt."

Carewell and Claudius are contraſts which are ſtrongly marked; but the intervening ſhades are many, and from their example more than one uſeful leſſon may be deduced; the fallacy of appearances are ſtrikingly exemplified, and we learn to eſtimate the value of economy. We have ſaid that profuſion is not generoſity; and the propriety of this obſervation muſt be ſufficiently obvious. Many a time has the humane and well deſigning Eugenio been called to lament that his extravagant benefactions to proſtitutes, vagabonds, and paraſites, have prevented his beſtowing ſmall ſums, that would have furniſhed honeſt induſtry with the means of obtaining a livelihood. Society is not benefited by the ſhilling I ſquander on him, who, depoſiting it in the next whiſky or rum ſhop, will iſſue thence a diſgrace to his ſpecies, and probably in a ſtate of inebriety, which, rendering him incapable of attending to himſelf, may produce him, with diſlocated or broken limbs, a burden on the next pariſh. But how clear

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are his claims on my property, who ſues for the means of equipping himſelf with the implements of agriculture, manufacture, commerce or navigation. The truth is, the neceſſity of *diſcriminating*, muſt be apparent to every ſober obſerver. *Principle, plan, regularity, economy, charity*—a wiſe man will embody every of theſe requiſites, and to their combined adminiſtration he will conſtantly ſubmit his movements.

Stories ſeem naturally to produce or grow out of each other; and a little narration, although perhaps not exactly analagous to the foregoing obſervations, floats, notwithſtanding, amid the viſions ſelected by fancy.

Flauntinetta was educated by the hand of diſcretion; but it is not always that education can overſtep nature, and Flauntinetta continued vain, ſilly, and conſequently devoted to all the vagaries of folly. She loſt her father in her infancy, who, repoſing perfect confidence in the good underſtanding, integrity, and tenderneſs of her mother, had left the whole of a very decent property at her abſolute and ſole diſpoſal; and committing alſo her daughter to her direction, he had reſigned into her hands the authority with which nature had inveſted him. Flauntinetta was ſoon capable of calculating her mother's income; ſhe knew ſhe was in eaſy circumſtances, and her warm imagination repreſented her funds as ſufficient for every thing, which vanity and ambition had taught her to conſider but as reaſonable appendages to a young lady of her figure and rank, and who was, beſides, an only child. Honoria had educated her daughter on the moſt liberal plan; and, labouring to implant in her opening mind a perſuaſion that the mere exteriors of pomp were beneath her attention, no day paſt, in which ſhe was not ſolicitous to inſtil ſome elevating principle or meliorating truth. Flauntinetta, however, continued refractory; ſhe ſickened for the haunts of diſſipation; was never happy but when viſiting or receiving viſits; and thoſe public entertainments, which ſhe was not permitted to partake, were viewed

viewed with the deepeſt regret. Silks of the richeſt kind, laces of the higheſt price, jewels, &c. &c. theſe all made a part of her reprehenſible wiſhes; and every maternal check produced an altercation, during which ſhe tacitly accuſed Honoria of mercenary motives, of undue ſeverity, and want of affection.

Honoria, while ſhe aſſiduouſly endeavoured to turn her views into a right channel, and to erect thoſe cautionary guards, which her tenderneſs and her anxiety convinced her were neceſſary, firmly perſevered in prohibiting every improper indulgence. She was a *diſcreet* as well as a *fond* mother; and her affection was chaſtened by judgment. The circles in which ſhe permitted her daughter to mingle, paſſed individually under her judicious inſpection; and inſtead of the richly covered brocade or golden tiſſue, the genteel perſon of Flauntinetta was habited in a neat, plain luteſtring; her laces were chiefly Engliſh rather than Bruſſels; and whenever her muſlins were wrought, the flowers were the reſult of her own induſtry. She was ſometimes ſeen at a public aſſembly, but more frequently at a play; and theſe amuſements, with private dancing parties, occaſional viſiting, and ſome rural excurſions, during the fine weather, conſtituted the routine of her diverſions.

But theſe economical regulations were a conſtant ſource of vexation to Flauntinetta. "*See, mamma,*" ſhe would exclaim, "*how richly yonder lady is habited*; ſhe looks divinely enchanting, and abſolutely moves a goddeſs." "And ſee, my dear," returned Honoria, "yon beauteous nymph, how exactly that plain muſlin is fitted to her elegant form; ſhe is a lovely young woman; her countenance is an index of ſerenity, and I could almoſt venture to pronounce, that friendſhip, truth and honour, with every feminine virtue, are the reſidents of her boſom." Still, however, Flauntinetta entirely diſapproved her mother's conduct; and ſhe determined, whenever fortune ſhould put it in her power, to make herſelf large amends for

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the penurious diſcipline to which ſhe was, for the preſent, conſtrained to ſubmit.

Thus rolled on the hours and days, which at length uſhered in the deſtined morn, equally dreaded by Honoria, and wiſhed by Flauntinetta. It was the morning that was to witneſs her eſpouſals to a man of merit, and of handſome property. The beauty of Flauntinetta had procured her an eſtabliſhment, that, had her mind correſponded with her perſon, would have been fully commenſurate with thoſe fine qualities ſhe would then have poſſeſſed. And Honoria, ere ſhe reſigned that power over her daughter, with which nature and the confirming arrangements of her huſband had inveſted her, enforced with *increaſing ardour* all thoſe excellent precepts ſhe had ſo often inculcated; but Flauntinetta heard her with alarming coldneſs, ſecretly reſolving to diſobey her in every particular! and ſhe was no ſooner a houſe-keeper, than, ruſhing into the ſtream of diſſipation, ſhe mingled with the moſt inconſiderate of its votaries, freely indulging in amuſements which reaſon and diſcretion refuſed to warrant. Over the mind of her huſband ſhe obtained an entire aſcendency, who was ready to exclaim with Milton's Adam, "*That what ſhe wills to do or ſay,*
"*ſeems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt; all other knowl-*
"*edge in her preſence falls degraded.*"

Honoria ſtill hovered round her, and like the matron bird would have pointed out the danger; but the prudent regency of Honoria was no more; and Flauntinetta, who had ever regarded her mother in a falſe point of view, now triumphed in her liberty, conſtantly receiving the admonitions of her anxious parent with an averted face, and ſuch freezing expreſſions as would have thrown the icy darts of death at any affection leſs than maternal. A period of five years, however, terminated the career of vanity, and the cataſtrophe was truly deplorable! Sickneſs followed in the train of poverty, and a melancholy and premature death brought up the rear!

Flauntinetta, the long incorrigible Flauntinetta, became a widow; and both herſelf and children were totally deſtitute!! It was in the moment of her calamity, that the eyes of her underſtanding being opened, ſhe conſequently beheld the revered guardian of her youth, adorned with every virtue which can dignify humanity; and, once more ſheltered under the maternal wing, ſhe hath, at length, learned to eſtimate the value of rational tranquillity.

To Honoria ſhe feels the weight of her obligations; but even delicacy heſitates not to cheriſh and to avow the moſt unbounded gratitude to the ſource from whence exiſtence is derived; and ſhe is frequent and fervid in her acknowledgments, that ſhe is indebted to the diſcretion and economy, which ſhe ſo often and ſo madly profaned; that her children have yet a parental dwelling; that they are indulged with the means of education, and of making decent figures in thoſe circles, in which their birth and their expectations give them a right to mingle.

No. LIX.

Virtue, howe'er obſcur'd, dwells in the mind;
The latent gem the richeſt poliſh takes:
When ſkilful hands the hidden treaſure find,
On the glad eye its native ſplendor breaks.
Events as lapidaries often prove,
Diſplacing the extraneous earthy cruſt;
The blazing furnace can the droſs remove,
While from the flames the ſterling ingots burſt.

TO develop the various avenues to the human mind, extenſive knowledge of men, as well as books, is neceſſary. Virtuous principles are ſometimes ſo completely muffled by vice, as not to emit even the moſt attenuated ray by which to aſcertain their exiſtence; and it ſhould be the buſineſs of thoſe who are ſkilled in the complicated windings of the heart, to make every effort to reclaim its wanderings. Mild perſuaſion often procures the beſt effect; and malignant

nant paſſions are frequently mollified and duly attempered by acts of kindneſs: Yet it is a melancholy truth, that there are individuals who are proof againſt the interference of tenderneſs; and it is beyond a doubt, that in ſuch inſtances coercive meaſures become abſolutely indiſpenſable. Adverſity ſometimes proves a powerful operator; it throws down the barriers reared by the impious hand of atrocity; it breaks in pieces the nefarious purpoſe; it aſſuages the tumult, and ſmooths the aſperities of the ſoul; and it brings to light and eſtabliſhes thoſe ſentiments of virtue, which were proſtrate in the boſom. A well authenticated illuſtration of this truth is ſtrikingly preſented in the records of a family, who have long been reſpectable dwellers in the State of New-Hampſhire.

Mercator, an opulent gentleman, in the interior part of that diviſion of our country, beheld the wealth he poſſeſſed, and all the independence it conferred, as the fruits of his own induſtry; and having in early life ate the bread of carefulneſs, he knew how to appreciate the harveſt, conſequent on his laudable exertions. He had laid in her grave the affectionate companion of his youth; but he continued wedded to her memory; and two boys, the only ſurviving pledges of their mutual love, ſhared equally the affections of his boſom. Their education was preciſely the ſame; but nature, true to herſelf, aſſerted her own prerogative; and, in defiance of every rule of art, produced them perfect contraſts to each other.

Acetus, the eldeſt, was a prodigy of vice! Depraved, to the utmoſt degree of which humanity is capable, he ſeemed to know no joy but in the moſt daring acts of atrocity; and it was wonderful that he ſtopped ſhort of an ignominious death. Yet, although highly criminal, he, however, poſſeſſed the moſt inſinuating addreſs; and having the art to throw over his enormities the tranſient veil of concealment, he had obtained, while on an excurſion at a diſtance from his native village, the heart of a truly amiable woman, whom he wedded; and it was hoped that a virtuous connexion

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would produce his reformation. But ill habits are not eaſily corrected. The libertine too ſoon threw off the maſk; and the misfortunes of the ill-fated Matilda, with her two beautiful children, were pronounced irremediable!

Adraſtus, the younger ſon of Mercator, was induſtrious, frugal and diſcreet; and with the exerciſe of generoſity and every ennobling virtue, he was familiar. To Acetus, as his eldeſt born, Mercator had appropriated the better half of his poſſeſſions; and he purſued every method which involved the leaſt probability of rendering him worthy his name and family: Alternately he remonſtrated, ſoothed and threatened; but Acetus was inacceſſible to every mode of attack; and large ſums, conferred by the indulgence of his father, inſtead of being converted to the aid of an injured wife and her helpleſs innocents, were devoted to the bottle, ſquandered at a gaming table, or laviſhed on proſtitutes! Mercator had but one ſtep more to take: He aſſured Acetus, that his ſucceeding to any part of his eſtates reſted wholly on his total change of conduct. Acetus ſmiled at the unmeaning threat. That Mercator ſhould diſinherit him, he conceived, an event not contained in the chapter of poſſibilities; and, confiding in the *ſeverely tried affection* of his father, he diſregarded this, as he had every other previous meaſure, and perſevered in the path of ruin!

Months rolled on. Mercator drew near the cloſe of life; and, being in the full exerciſe of his reaſon, he deliberately proceeded, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to the conſtituting that teſtament, which, bequeathing to Adraſtus, his youngeſt ſon, his vaſt poſſeſſions, proclaimed that young man his ſole heir, and legally cut off all the prior pretenſions and natural expectations of Acetus! A few ſucceeding weeks placed Mercator upon his death-bed; and his diſſolution, accelerated, poſſibly, by the atrocious irregularities of his enormouſly offending ſon, was ſpeedy and unexpected!

The hopes of Acetus now utterly extinguiſhed, all the energies of his ſoul took the alarm; and deſpair,

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in his boſom, became the parent of the moſt aſtoniſhing exertions! With a kind of ſullen indignation, he ſtrode from the manſion of his late father, and making ſale of the few moveables which remained to him, in a tenement conſtituting a part of the paternal eſtate, and now devolving to his brother, he pathetically addreſſed the innocent victim of his unwarrantable irregularities: "Go, my Matilda," in a tone of deſpondency he exclaimed, "go—return to the ſcene of thy better days—*I bleſs God that thou haſt yet a father to ſhelter thee*—Take theſe cherub children; bear them to the author of thy being—he will receive them—*he is indeed a father*—Acetus has no more a dwelling—*I diſdain the little moment that I breathe under this roof!* Leave me, my Matilda, ſole object of my love and of my commiſeration—leave, to his unparalleled miſeries, thy wretched huſband. *Acetus has not now the ability to provide for Matilda, or to ſuccour her infants.*" Through all the devious paths of vice, in which Acetus had ſo daringly ſtrayed, Matilda had never wholly loſt that aſcendency, which a mildly virtuous woman ſo naturally maintains, even in the boſom of culpability; yet, on this occaſion, her tears and her remonſtrances were ineffectual! On her bended knees ſhe ſupplicated him ſtill to continue her the partner of the woe-fraught ſcene—but ſhe ſupplicated in vain; and, well near ſinking under the mighty preſſure of her calamities, ſhe returned to that abode, which had witneſſed her early hopes and fears, and from whence, on the wings of high-plumed expectation, ſhe had ſo lately flown. But, to receive the hapleſs wanderer and her lovely children, a father's wide extended arms, and ſtill more ample heart, were tenderly expanded; and ſhe continued with this revered and natural protector, a melancholy and beautiful model of ſweet propriety.

Acetus, penetrating very far into the interior part of the country, laid out what he had raiſed from the ſale of his goods in uncultivated lands, which he purchaſed at a low rate; and he immediately applied himſelf, with unremitted diligence, to the felling trees,

and all thoſe preliminary arrangements, ſo neceſſary upon new grounds. To all his bad habits, in one deciſive moment, he bid an eternal adieu; and ſuddenly he became that very Acetus, which the good Mercator had, through a long ſucceſſion of years, laboured to produce. His efforts were prodigious; what man, induſtriouſly intent upon emolument, could accompliſh, he aſſuredly did: But ſtill he was alone; and having expended every ſhilling he could command in his original purchaſe, he had not the means of procuring labourers, nor could he obtain thoſe additional grounds which were highly neceſſary to the completion of his eſtate. It was at this juncture, that the difficulties of his ſituation appeared to him in their moſt glaring colours, when a blank cover ſupplied him with bills to the amount of one thouſand pounds! It was to no purpoſe that he diligently ſought to inveſtigate the ſource of this opportune relief; and, in a manner equally myſterious, ſums, anſwerable to his *real exigencies*, were from time to time furniſhed.

At the expiration of a few years, Acetus ſaw himſelf enriched beyond his moſt ſanguine expectations. His grounds were extenſive, remarkably productive, and uncommonly well ſtocked. His buildings were multiplied, many of them elegant, and all of them in excellent repair. Heaven ſmiled propitious on the reclaimed prodigal, and all his enterprizes were crowned by ſucceſs.

In an elegant carriage, conſtructed for the occaſion, Acetus appeared before the paternal dwelling which had ſheltered his Matilda. The tender mourner had continued ignorant of the fate of her huſband! Acetus was to be in all things eccentric! Mechanically ſhe approached the window—ſhe raiſed her humid eyes—Acetus iſſued from the carriage!—"Gracious Heaven!" ſhe exclaimed, "continue my reaſon—my Acetus approaches. My children, behold your father!" In a moment ſhe was in the arms of her huſband!—Acetus was reſtored to her—this circumſtance was of itſelf calculated to render her, beyond expreſſion, happy—

py—But he was reſtored to virtue too—and was become worthy, not only of the tenderneſs of an affectionate wife, but of the approbation of reaſon, and the eſteem of every good perſon.

Acetus, accompanied by the father of Matilda, ſpeedily removed his family to his own ample and commodious ſeat. Arrangements, preſcribed by diſcretion, and ſanctioned by reaſon, now took place. Matilda was the charming directreſs, and happineſs became the order of their lives. It was juſt one month after Matilda was reinſtated in all thoſe privileges and immunities, to which ſhe was in every view entitled, that Acetus received the ſubjoined letter from his brother.

ADRASTUS *to* ACETUS.

NEVER, my Acetus, did a mere mortal experience more extatic feelings than I, at this moment, luxuriantly enjoy. The night of myſtery is paſſed, and the morning of elucidation breaks upon us—Acetus ſhall no more continue eſtranged from his Adraſtus—I am emancipated from my bonds—events are fulfilled, and concealment is at an end. Incloſed, you have the *laſt ſolemn act of our honoured father*, with all thoſe papers which ſhould be its accompaniments. *You will ſee it is written by his own hand*—that it is duly witneſſed and perfectly accurate. You will ſee, that conferring upon you a legal claim to one half of all his poſſeſſions, it indiſputably confirms your natural right; and, you will alſo obſerve, that *it is dated ten days later than the inſtrument, under which I inherit.* Being a ſpectator of the ſtrong emotions of his ſoul, while penning this *laſt writing*, a high ſenſe of his paternal goodneſs, and of his unalterable attachment to *his Acetus*, is indelibly impreſſed on my boſom. Having completed the inſtrument, he incloſed it in an addreſs to me, which, with all imaginable ſolemnity, he put into my hands. I tranſcribe it for your peruſal: When we meet, the original ſhall be ſubjected to your inſpection.

"My ſon, my dear Adraſtus, preſerve this writing, and, as you value my bleſſing, let no eye trace its contents,

tents, nor ear hear its purport, until the full time ſhall arrive, which I have aſſigned for its operation; and, Adraſtus, *obſerve me well*, in proportion as you are faithful to me, and my poor unfortunate wanderer, may the benediction of our God reſt upon you. I doubt you not, Adraſtus; but a buſineſs of ſuch importance demands all your integrity, and the ſtrongeſt energies of filial and fraternal affection. On my demiſe, let the teſtament firſt ordained, which conſtitutes you my ſole heir, come into immediate operation—let it not be ſuſpected that there exiſts any other diſpoſition of my property; and, I charge you, Adraſtus, be unto your brother as his guardian angel—obſerve, carefully, the effect which my *ſuppoſed ſeverity* will produce; if, as I flatter myſelf, it ſhould rouſe to action thoſe energies now dormant in his ſoul—*if it ſhould blow to a flame the latent ſpark of virtuous induſtry*, follow him with ſuch aſſiſtance as his wants and his exigencies may require—*Permit a momentary ſtruggle, but O! let it not be unneceſſarily ſevere, nor too long continued*; and, above all things, keep him in ignorance of the ſource, from whence he receives the benefits which you are to confer. Every thing, my Adraſtus, is entruſted to your diſcretion—let it not fail you in this, the moſt arduous tranſaction of your life! When years have rolled on, and your brother ſhall be confirmed in habits of rectitude—(and, at this moment, a *holy confidence in the common Father of our ſpirits*, aſſures me that this period will eventually ſucceed) when he ſhall learn to do juſtice to the virtuous Matilda—when he ſhall have paſſed one irreproachable month with that lovely and incomparable woman—then—and, *by the ſacred authority of a father, I command you, not till then*, let my laſt will be put into his hands; let it be accompanied with a regular account of the intereſt, which may have accrued on thoſe poſſeſſions, which, but for his continued irregularities, ſhould have devolved to him at the period of my death; and, after reimburſing yourſelf for the ſums you may from time to time advance, let the full arrearages be delivered up.

"Thus,

"Thus, my Adraſtus, while the ſigh of anxiety ſwells my boſom, I repeat that I have conſtituted you the guardian, *during the continuance of his inſanity*, of your unfortunate brother. My ſons are equally dear to me. Acetus has wandered in oblique paths; but Heaven will reſtore him, and the tranſporting event, even in the region of bleſſedneſs, ſhall augment the enjoyments of your tenderly attached father."

Well, my brother, you have read, and your feelings doubtleſs correſpond with the occaſion; the bounty of our honoured father has ſtill followed you; his paternal goodneſs has been the continued ſource of your emolument; his revered memory is now exonerated from every reproach; and I deliver up the truſt repoſed in me with more gladneſs of heart, than I ſhould experience in the ſucceſſion to a princely inheritance. *Adraſtus ſhall no longer be baniſhed from the dwelling of his Acetus. Family harmony will again triumph*, and my utmoſt wiſhes will be fully gratified. With to-morrow's ſun I will embrace my brother, and the ever lovely Matilda. Do me the favour to ſpeak of me to your children; my introduction will be leſs formal, and I am impatient to claſp the youthful ſtrangers to my boſom. Accept the fraternal ſalutations of your unalterably attached

ADRASTUS.

N°. LX.

Cuſtoms, time honour'd, let us ſtill revere;
Stampt by antiquity, they have their worth,
When in the train of wiſdom they appear,
And are of truth and gratitude the growth.

IT is a common practice to arraign the deſpotiſm of cuſtom; and, *lovers of liberty*, we revolt from every thing which would begirt us with the lines of neceſſity. The truth is, depraved nature ſpurns at government of every deſcription; and ſince the fatal

era

era which engendered pride in heaven, and plunged a third part of its denizens into the abyſs of guilty diſobedience, a ſpirit of diſorganization hath prevailed; and it is only in proportion as the diſorders in the mental world are rectified, and the mind informed, that we become ſolicitous for the general good, and are confirmed proſelytes to the beauty and propriety of order. It is undeniably true, that cuſtoms, injurious to the well being of ſociety, have ſometimes obtained undue influence; againſt theſe, to ſet ourſelves in array, is laudable; but ſtill, thoſe rules which have obtained the ſanction of revolving ages, ſhould not, it appears to me, be diſcarded for trivial inconvenience.

My reflections have been thrown into this train by a little incident, and a ſimple tale, which perhaps I cannot do better than narrate, as the ſubject of this Eſſay. It was on the evening immediately preceding our laſt annual Thankſgiving Day, that a worthy tradeſman, ſeated in my parlour in a contemplative attitude, with folded arms, and eyes fixed on the cheerful hearth, as if he was preparing to pronounce a panegyric upon the beauties of my fire ſide, very gravely remarked: "This Thankſgiving Day is really an im-"poſition on the free citizens of this State. It "hath abſolutely ſwept away more of my running "caſh, than would have ſupported my family decent-"ly for a full month. I declare I ſhould rejoice "greatly to ſee the obſervance of a period, which orig-"inates ſo much extravagance, eraſed from our cata-"logue of old faſhion cuſtoms, and I would very "readily ſign its death-warrant." There is ſome reaſon in your complaint, ſaid I; and if it has nothing to recommend it but barely cuſtom, I alſo would freely conſign ſaid day to oblivion. It is true, it may be urged, that it is rational and pious to devote a particular day to offer up our joint praiſes, and to manifeſt our united gratitude to that omnipotent and all-gracious Being, who gives us ſo richly to enjoy; but to this it will be replied, that our oriſons and thankſgiving ought to aſcend with every returning day, that

God

God is not now honoured by the blood of thoſe innocents, which are the uſual victims of a Thankſgiving Day; that luxury enervates both bodily and intellectual health; and, that my friend, the tradeſman above cited, is not the only ſufferer from the extravagant profuſion of a Thankſgiving Day.

All this is pointed by conviction; but my mind, fond of inveſtigating, doth not eaſily yield its aſſent to a diſputed hypotheſis; and in the courſe of the week which contained our laſt annual gala, I terminated a ſentimental ramble, during which I had ſeriouſly reflected on the ſubject, by a viſit to a valuable woman, whom I have long known; and obſerving, that in her accuſtomed manner ſhe had diſtinguiſhed the era by diſtributing to the neceſſitous, I could not forbear remarking on that benevolence which was eminently prevalent in her boſom; while, on her part, that ſhe might effectually arreſt words which were iſſuing in a panegyric on her virtues, ſhe immediately drew my attention to an unfortunate female, with whom ſhe had juſt parted. This female was born in a rank of life generally exempted from ſervile dependence; for he who derives his ſupport from the real or imaginary exigencies of the opulent, admitting he is induſtrious and frugal, almoſt neceſſarily commands reſpectability; and the young Urſula was cradled in the tranquil receſſes of competency; ſhe was nouriſhed, cultured, and reared to maturity by parental tenderneſs; and the peaceful morning of her days was protected by a father's love. But Heaven deprived her of her maternal parent, whoſe place was ſoon filled by a ſtep-mother; and a train of thoſe evils ſucceeded, which too commonly reſult from ſecond marriages, when children were the offſpring of the firſt.

Urſula was marked the daughter of ſufferance; but a ſhort interval ſucceeded her father's ill-judged connexion, ere ſhe was reduced to the neceſſity of providing for herſelf; various misfortunes have attended her ſolitary ſteps; and, mortified and diſpirited by the proſtration of her early hopes, the diſpoſition of

her

her mind hath acquired a gloomy kind of acrimony; ſhe hath paſſed through life without forming a particular connexion, a prey to regret, diſſatisfied with herſelf, and with a world to which ſhe is ſo little indebted. She is now far advanced in years, and ſhe is ſtruggling with infirmities. A ſcirrhus, from the progreſs of which ſhe at times ſuffers exquiſite pain, is gradually poiſoning the ſprings of life; yet ſhe may ſtill live long; and although her exertions to obtain the *means of living* have been marked with unremitted induſtry, ſhe hath, notwithſtanding, been frequently reduced to the laſt extremity. Of pecuniary inconvenience, however, ſhe hath ſeldom been heard to complain. She hath almoſt invariably preſerved a decent kind of pride, which hath impoſed upon her lips, in this reſpect, the ſeal of ſilence.

But on the day immediately preceding our laſt Thankſgiving, comparing, doubtleſs, the aſpect of this returning feſtival to thoſe which had formerly met her view, her fortitude forſook her; and, pale, emaciated and deſponding, ſhe ſought the parlour of my philanthropic friend. The children of misfortune know where to apply; and the road to the dwelling of the beneficent matron was pointed by a thouſand good actions.

"*What ſhall I do, Madam?*" ſaid Urſula, as ſhe entered the apartment, "I fear, alas! I fear that I muſt "at length ſubmit to the rigour of my fate. *To-*"*morrow will be Thankſgiving Day*, and I have not "enough in the world to purchaſe a ſingle baſket of "coal!" "Pray what is the price of a baſket of coal?" Probably the fifth part of a dollar, more or leſs, according to the caprice or mercenary diſpoſition of the vender. "Not enough to purchaſe you a baſket of "coal! Aſtoniſhing! but cheer up, Urſula, you ſhall "ſpend your Thankſgiving Day with me; and I would "adviſe you to recollect that He who commanded you "into being, hath all hearts at his diſpoſal; that he "is the friend of the deſtitute; and that the calami-"ties to which we are ſubjected, are the diſpenſations

"of

"of paternal wiſdom, of paternal love." Urſula bowed in ſilence; ſhe was too full to ſpeak; but an affecting kind of patient reſignation ſeemed gradually to pervade her grief-worn countenance.

Juſt at this period, a gentleman entered the apartment: He had occaſionally ſeen Urſula, and he was a man of humanity. Urſula, afflicted, and much oppreſſed, would have modeſtly retired; but our philanthropic gentleman detained her. "How are you, Ur-"ſula?" "Well, I thank you, Sir," returned the poor unfortunate. "You do not look well, Urſula—"*to-morrow will be Thankſgiving Day*—I would have every heart glad *on that day*"—and he gave Urſula a handſome benefaction. Excellent memento! we will record this circumſtance in favour of *Thankſgiving Day;* and, if it is found, that the cuſtom of adminiſtering to the neceſſities of our fellow-mortals, is coeval with this feſtival, we will, without heſitation, pronounce its eulogy.

Urſula courteſied, burſt into tears, and withdrew. A ray of hope once more illumined the boſom of the cheerleſs traveller; ſhe was animated to new exertions, and again reſuming her plans of induſtry, ſhe immediately ſat out for the purpoſe of ſecuring ſome work, which a fear ſhe ſhould not be able to accompliſh, had induced her to relinquiſh. On her way, ſhe looked in on a perſon, whom ſhe had been regularly in the habit of aſſiſting, for the reimburſement of a debt, incurred in order to provide herſelf with a ſmall bed, on which to repoſe her weary limbs. Urſula poſſeſſed great rectitude and integrity of ſoul; and the reflections occaſioned by a recollection of engagements ſhe might poſſibly never be able to fulfil, had frequently tortured her boſom; but ſhe now met her creditor with an invigorated proſpect of being one day able to diſcharge the laſt farthing.

Lucinda was her creditor; ſhe is a young and amiable woman; ſhe is an orphan too, and altogether dependent on her own efforts for her ſupport: But, while ingenuity is her handmaid, competency hovers

round her; and thoſe females, whom ſhe ſo largely contributes to adorn, muſt experience genuine complacency, while they contemplate ſo fair a model for thoſe of the ſex, to whom niggard fortune hath been parſimonious of her favours. Admirable young woman! upon thy decent features, elegance and becoming modeſty ſits enthroned; propriety mingles in thy train; and, while I admire thy virtues, I will daily pray, that thy love of independence may be crowned by ſucceſs.

"Urſula," ſaid Lucinda, "you are indebted to me "juſt fourteen ſhillings—to-morrow will be *Thankſgiv-* "*ing Day*—Were it in my power, I would prepare *for* "*this day*, by an action which ſhould calm every per- "turbed mind, wipe the tear from the cheek of ſor- "row, and huſh to peace the ſigh of anguiſh; but, "however limited my abilities, what I can, I will— "From henceforth, that is, from *Thankſgiving Day*, you "are free; and remember, that for your future work "you are entitled to full and prompt payment." This was not the firſt time Lucinda had taſted the luxury of doing good; for never had ſhe ſent a bundle of work to Urſula, in which ſhe did not convey a half-worn gown, cap, ſkirt, &c. &c. Yet, let me repeat, Lucinda cannot command a ſingle penny, but what ſhe receives as a compenſation for her ingenious and perſevering efforts at her needle. She is ſingle and unprotected—but conſiſtent virtue ſtill remaineth an invulnerable ſhield! Do you wiſh to know what ſpot contains this wonderful paragon? Go then, and do homage to a little milliner, not a hundred miles from Cornhill!

Urſula bleſt her youthful benefactreſs, and returned to communicate her good fortune to my benevolent and ſympathizing friend. It ſeemed, upon that day, that the genius of benignity had been buſily employed in favour of Urſula. By a removal, to which ſhe had been ſuddenly and unexpectedly neceſſitated, ſhe was loſt to ſome well diſpoſed perſons, who had frequently aſſiſted her; neither was her place of refuge within the knowledge

knowledge of thoſe officers of the church, with whom ſhe communicated, who had been entruſted with the diſtribution of benefactions, collected for the uſe of the indigent children of ſorrow; a kind hearted man had interpoſed in her behalf, and her proportion of the charitable appropriation awaited her, at her humble abode.

Thankſgiving Day arrived—it was whiſpered that Urſula had ſaid ſhe had not ſufficient in the world to purchaſe a baſket of coal—one and another, on *that day*, contributed more or leſs liberally; and a cheering ray of competency, diffuſing its genial influence over the declining life of poor Urſula, her heart was made glad.

Thankſgiving Day is, in our country, a munificent feſtival. It hath, in every view, its beauty and its propriety—all orders, and every deſcription of people, aſſemble, to offer up their general acknowledgments, and devout oriſons to the Parent of the univerſe. The week, on which this jubilee is appointed, is devoted to the moſt benevolent purpoſes—to the recognition of the claims of the unfortunate, to the implanting, in the boſom of the orphan, the bud of hope, and to the making the *widow's heart ſing for joy*. See the thronged ſtreets—crowds of deſtitute perſons aſſert their *accuſtomed prerogative*—they paſs on to the dwellings of affluence—the ſeaſon, habit, and the feelings, conſequent thereon, conſpire to render liberality ſtill more liberal. Every preſent want is ſupplied, generoſity is conſtituted almoner, a face of hilarity diſplaces that anxiety, which naturally clouds the brow of ſuffering poverty; they return to their now joyful retreats—they ſmile over the ſudden plenty—their hearts overflow with gratitude—their ſpirits are attuned to praiſe—their diſpoſitions are in uniſon with their fellow-citizens—they chant the ſong of *thankſgiving*—they join in grateful proſtrations to the God of their life; and, the expectation of this *Thankſgiving Day* frequently ſerves to mitigate the calamities, and to ſoften the penury, of the intervening year.

Let

Let me, therefore, leaving my honeſt friend, the thriſty tradeſman, to lament for his "*running caſh*," frankly acknowledge myſelf a confirmed advocate for THANKSGIVING DAY. May the wiſdom of our legiſlators continue to recommend, and may our well diſpoſed and orderly citizens cheerfully obey—may they honour this feſtival in their *accuſtomed manner*—may it ſtill be diſtinguiſhed as the *poor man's holiday*—and may it be the coeval of this Columbian world. Yes, I will own, that I am enthuſiaſtically fond of following, as far as may conſiſt with rectitude, the example of my anceſtors. I bow with reverence, to the holidays which they have conſecrated as ſacred; and, above all, I am extravagantly—yea, paſſionately, fond of *Thankſgiving Day*.

N°. LXI.

Why is Patronius always in the right?
Is he endow'd with ſupernatural light?
Certainly not—but reaſon points his way,
And in his breaſt her powerful dictates ſway.

THE great ſecret of deciding with accuracy, abideth in the breaſt of deliberation; haſty concluſions muſt ever be hazardous, and a rational man will never ſubmit that to chance, which patient and attentive inveſtigation may reduce to certainty. I have for many years had the felicity of ranking Patronius among my intimate friends; we have lived in the moſt unreſerved confidence; and I do not recollect a ſingle inſtance, wherein he has ever been neceſſitated to retract an opinion which had received publicity from his adoption.

He is never aſſuming; his ſentiments are always advanced with modeſty, and by conſequence the bluſh of error never tinges his cheek. I am aware that this is a high panegyric, but an analytical examination of the ſyſtem of Patronius, will, if I miſtake not, evince the

the practicability of a wiſe man, whatever may be his internal perceptions, *appearing to obſervers* always in the right.

It is one of the firſt principles of Patronius, to liſten to the ſentiments of thoſe with whom he aſſociates, before he hazards even a conjecture of his own; and as he has an averſion from controverſy, he never ventures upon a ſubject, except with a view of *giving* or *receiving* information. He is, on no occaſion, the noiſy diſputant; he will not *contradict peremptorily*, nor aſſert *dogmatically*; he does not preſume that a thing *is, or is not*, preciſely as it happens on a curſory view to ſtrike his perception. He is a cloſe reaſoner, *but then he is a reaſoner*; his diſquiſitions are marked with calmneſs; and he would prefer remaining ſilently attentive during the moſt intereſting converſation, to the uttering a ſingle ſyllable in favour of an hypotheſis which he conceived falſe and untenable. Hence, it will be concluded, that he is much more frequently a hearer than a ſpeaker, and this, indeed, of neceſſity happens; yet perſuaſion dwells upon his lips, and his opinions are rarely ever aſcertained, that they are not inſtantaneouſly adopted. His character is marked by firmneſs; he is known to be conſiſtently virtuous; and his *movements*, rather than his *language*, are *deciſive*. He is an accurate definer; and when he ſpeaks, ſilence, in rapt attention, bends to hear. He propoſes his ſubject at large; marks, with preciſion, its general contour; expreſſes thoſe ideas ſuggeſted by an aggregate view thereof; and methodically proceeds to individual obſervations, from whence he deduces his comprehenſive and ſelf-evident concluſions.

Truth is the great object of his purſuit; and his reſearch after this ineſtimable gem is uniformly conducted with moderation. He is a pupil of the Socratic ſchool; and, by a regular ſeries of queſtions put to his opponent, the invidious taſk of refutation is ſoftened, and his tenets are eſtabliſhed without involving thoſe rancorous feelings which are too commonly the appendages of diſputation. By this mild mode of

convincing, Patronius is ſure never to offend. Perſons are imperceptibly informed; they admire his underſtanding, without envying its brilliancy; and I have frequently ſeen the brow of this accompliſhed victor adorned by the cheerful voices and ready hands of the grateful vanquiſhed, with the faireſt laurels that ever grew in the aromatic haunts of animating praiſe! From interrogatory arguments, Patronius derives an obvious advantage; he is ſpared the arrogance of aſſertion; conviction is gradually produced; and every one is ready to join iſſue in opinions which become ſelf-evident, which they have helped to elucidate, and which, with a pleaſing perſuaſion of their authenticity, pervade the mind. Thus are the feelings of complacency invigorated; prejudice imperceptibly undermined; and that pertinacious adherence to a favourite ſentiment, ſo natural to human pride, when attacked with leſs judgment, ſkilfully diveſted of its impoſing power. Patronius generally leaves it to his little audience, to furniſh with the garb of words, the concluſion which he has irrefragably demonſtrated; and hence, ſhould his reaſoning undeſignedly have connected a latent error, he is ſpared thoſe unpleaſant ſenſations which would have attended the neceſſity of yielding his hypotheſis, had he propoſed or defended it with obſtinacy: Thus he is a ſtranger to the *culpability* of error; and my eulogium is, *ſtrictly ſpeaking*, a ſober fact—its *conſcious bluſhes never tinge his cheek*. I grant that Patronius has been rarely equalled; and that he is placed in our world, a luminary of the firſt magnitude; and yet, I humbly conceive, I may propoſe him as a model for imitation; for although we may never reach the ſummit he hath attained, emulation may nevertheleſs produce its effect; and every advance we make toward the point of rectitude, will be honourable to ourſelves, and beneficial to ſociety.

Patronius has the felicity to combine thoſe qualities which have been ſuppoſed heterogeneous; and, while his movements are the reſult of cool deliberation and noble firmneſs; while his conduct is under the guid-

ance

ance of prudence and propriety, the fervour and conſtancy of his regards amount to the enchanting and amiable enthuſiaſm, inſeparable from ſublime and holy friendſhip. Patronius evinceth that a ſtrong and well regulated mind is ſuſceptible of *every excellence*; and his actions may, in the ſame moment, be conſidered as the ſpontaneous growth of nature, and the reſult of educated wiſdom—they are rich and abundantly productive; they are luxuriant as the wild and indiſcriminating impulſes of unſyſtematized liberality: But a *nice* inveſtigator will obſerve them carefully pruned by reaſon, and circumſcribed by the incloſure of diſcreet munificence.

I do homage to the active mind of Patronius. Intellect, it is ſaid, will always command reſpect; and, from full conviction, I receive this ſentiment into my *treaſury* of *incontrovertible facts*. Will a weight of years deſtroy the energy of talents ſo conſpicuouſly eminent? If it will, we could almoſt breathe a wiſh to arreſt the progreſs of time; and with a little variation we apply and devoutly aſpirate the Homeric petition in favour of Neſtor: "What now thou art, Oh! ever mayſt thou be; and age the lot of any ſage but thee." But the uniform temperance of Patronius, will entitle him to an old age of health; while his mind will continue cheerful and active, purſuing uninterruptedly a courſe of uſefulneſs to the lateſt period of his mortal exiſtence; thus finiſhing his career with thoſe meliorated ſplendors that in the morning of his days ſhining with ſtrong effulgence, emitted the faireſt hopes of meridian excellence. While he lives he will poſſeſs the applauſe of his fellow men; and poſterity will learn to venerate his memory.

"The applauſe of his fellow men!" cries Apathy; "And pray, good Mr. Gleaner, of what uſe will this be to Patronius? Pleaſe to inform us to what the applauſe of his fellow men will amount? Fame is a wind blown vagabond; ſhe delighteth not in durable habitations. *Virtue, in the perſon of* WASHINGTON, *hath endeavoured to render her ſtationary*; but the flood of light

with

with which ſhe hath encompaſſed the hero, hath at length become inſufferable; it hath ſtruck blind a number of well meaning individuals; and it hath ſo far excited the rancour of the ſcreech-owls of our day, that, if the guardian chief ſhould not ſuddenly eſcape to his native ſkies, it will be wonderful if they do not for the time being, envelop him in that denſe atmoſphere which circumſcribes their own ideas; it will be aſtoniſhing, if, encircling him by the murky clouds of envy, they do not deſpoil him of the vagrant fame. Yet, lured by the charms of a conduct irreproachable, ſhould fame continue to enwreath *the honoured brows of Waſhington*, as worth ſo rare is ſeldom the growth of mortality, pretenſions more equivocal muſt ſubmit to the veil of obſcurity, or conſent to become the ſport of alternate cenſure and applauſe. Praiſe is an airy commodity; a breath beſtows it, and a breath retracts; it ſoothes for a moment, but it ſoon evaporates; it enervates the mind, inſinuating a perſuaſion, that, having reached the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual attainments, every future effort is ſuperfluous, and it renders us impatient under the moſt gentle and neceſſary reproofs. For my part, although I may admire your Patronius, I nevertheleſs throw my gauntlet, and poſitively aſſert the inutility of every ſpecies of commendation; being fully able to prove its inability to confer happineſs, and its inefficacy on the morals of mankind. He who expects his peace from the eulogizing voice of fame, is making his couch on the pointed thorns of caprice—is building a ſuperſtructure on the fluctuating waves of opinion, than which nothing is more futile and unſtable. I truſt not then the treachery of ſentiment, the bubble fame is not an object of my purſuit; and I am regardleſs of the opinion of the world."

Stop, ſtop, Mr. Apathy—attend a moment, if you pleaſe. The world is a vaſt, an ample theatre, and its inhabitants are an audience to each other—we are alternately actors and ſpectators; and, if we hold in contempt the opinion of thoſe who are aſſembled as our judges, the probability is, we ſhall ſoon view with

indifference

indifference thoſe virtues, the attainment and practice of which, is the purchaſe of their eſteem; and it is to be feared we ſhall ultimately become unworthy of the good we have learned to deſpiſe. I ſhould tremble for a ſon or daughter who regarded with indifference the ſacred intereſts of reputation. To what purpoſe are we diligently employed in embelliſhing our perſons, or in poliſhing our manners? theſe adventitious graces make no *eſſential* part of inborn integrity, or of a ſolid underſtanding; yet, they are pleaſing exteriors, which render us acceptable to thoſe with whom we aſſociate. But, was there no individual whom we wiſhed to impreſs—was there no heart, on whoſe fair tablets we were anxious to ſtamp ideas of our merit, theſe external ornaments would, perhaps, be but little ſtudied; nay, in defiance of cuſtom itſelf, the probability is, they would gradually be totally laid aſide.

"*Sir, I ſay again, I regard not the opinion of the world;*
"*my period of emancipation has arrived, and I, at length,*
"*feel myſelf ſuperior to its cenſures or its applauſes.*"

Alas! alas! Mr. Apathy, you have then loſt an admirable incentive to conſiſtent rectitude, and you have but one ſtep further to go—you have only to throw off thoſe feelings of reſtraint, which have hitherto influenced you, in regard to that all-pervading Being, who created the world and thoſe intelligencies whom you now ſo heroically deſpiſe—you have only to leap this barrier, and you rank with the four-footed tenants of the ſoil! your fears and your expectations are, like theirs, bounded by the gratification of the moment. To the duration of communicable good, you are a ſtranger; for you cannot participate the enjoyments of thoſe, whom you contemplate with ſuch unfeigned and ſyſtematic contempt.

But, as I would hope this globe, in its extenſive round, contains not the human being, who is, in his heart, at all times, and upon every occaſion, an unwavering Atheiſt; ſo I pleaſingly believe, that there exiſts not a rationally intelligent man, or woman, who is not

ambitious

ambitious of that fair fame, which is, ſooner or later, the accompaniment of virtuous deeds.

The Gleaner, ſolicitous to cultivate the good and amiable qualities of his readers, would endow them with that delicacy which trembles at the voice of accuſation, and which, enwrapping itſelf in the mantle of propriety, is ſedulouſly careful to avoid even the ſhadow of ſuſpicion. He would endow them with that kind of ſenſibility, or exquiſite perception, which ſhould produce them primarily deſirous of rendering themſelves well pleaſing to Deity; and, thus inſuring the approbation of their own hearts, he would next implant the ardent wiſh to conciliate the eſteem, affection, and judiciouſly diſtinguiſhing applauſe of worthy perſons of every deſcription; nor could he, it is humbly conceived, preſent his friends, the younger part of them particularly, with a more powerful ſtimulus to, or truly efficacious taliſman of, CONSISTENT VIRTUE.

N°. LXII.

I love to trace the independent mind;
Her beamy path, and radiant way to find:
I love to mark her where diſrob'd ſhe ſtands,
While with new life each faculty expands:
I love the reaſoning which new proofs ſupplies,
That I ſhall ſoar to worlds beyond the ſkies;
The ſage who tells me, ſpirit ever lives,
New motives to a life of virtue gives.
Bleſt immortality!—ennobling thought!
With reaſon, truth and honour, richly fraught—
Riſe to my view—thy ſweet incentives bring,
And round my haunts thy deathleſs perfumes fling;
Glow in my breaſt—my purpoſes create,
And to each proper action ſtimulate.

AS there is no idea, by which I am ſo exquiſitely tortured, as that of annihilation, I naturally turn, with diſguſt and horror, from the reaſonings of him, who, laying impious hands on that principle of animation

animation which originates in Deity, would confound it with the common maſs of matter; and who, with grub like induſtry, having enveloped himſelf in his earthy cone, entertains as little expectation of breaking his ſepulchral encloſure, as the reptile who thus mechanically encruſts itſelf.

"Mamma," ſaid my little grand-daughter to Margaretta, "Mamma, where do butterflies go?" I repeat, that a child may aſk a queſtion which would puzzle a Sir Iſaac Newton to reſolve. But although neither the wiſe nor the untaught may be able to deſcant *learnedly* on the deſtination of butterflies, yet do we take inexpreſſible pleaſure in tracing their various and ſurpriſing tranſmutations, and in dwelling with eager attention on their eventful career, until, borne on the gentle zephyr, they become tenants of the aërial world.

May not the butterfly be conſidered as a humble figure of the creature Man? In its reptile ſtate it ſeems faſtened to the earth; it is indefatigable in its attempts to obtain that ſubſiſtence it will need but a little while. At length it is evidently on the decay; it ſets about preparing for its departure; it makes ready the filaments in which it enwrappeth itſelf; it enfolds and contracts them; gradually they become a ſepulchral cruſt, in which ſecurely enveloped, the deceaſed inſect *apparently bids a final adieu* to the buſy ſcenes in which it hath taken ſo laborious a part. But mark the aſtoniſhing change: Theſe habiliments of death are thrown off—the hideouſly diſguſting form is no more—its newly acquired wings are expanded—they aſſume a variety of hues, and look as if deſigned in the gayeſt moments of a fertile and brilliant imagination. Hardly will the little flutterer deign to reſt on the boſom of that earth, to which it formerly ſo cloſely adhered; and, perched on ſome beauteouſly fragrant flower, and indulging in all the rich variety of ambroſial food, it ſips the emboſomed ſweets. With what aſtoniſhing celerity its movements are performed—lightly it purſues its elevated path, and we

gaze

gaze with admiration upon its wonderful improvements. Was not the whole proceſs ſubmitted to our obſervation, we ſhould call in queſtion its reality; and cold philoſophy would teach us, firſt, to reaſon—ſecondly, to doubt—and, finally, to embrace the creed of infidelity.

Man, in his preſent ſtate of being, moves heavily on this opaque globe—he is principally ſolicitous, reſpecting matters which appertain wholly to this life—he is often anxiouſly oppreſſed, while every acceſſion to that property he is carefully ſeeking to augment, does but increaſe his burdens. But whatever impediments may ſeem to bar his way, he, however, advances onward—he attains the period when his quick ſenſe of earth-born joys is no more—he verges on the days on which he can ſay he hath no pleaſure—for a little moment he abides, and his open grave is prepared—he is incloſed in the narrow houſe, and the green turf clothes, with undiſtinguiſhing verdure, the hallowed ſpot where he repoſes. Do we ſay that we have bid him an eternal adieu? we do not ſpeak correctly; for, in the morning of the reſurrection, he ſhall burſt the barriers of the grave—he ſhall iſſue from the chambers of the tomb. Behold how mortality hath put on immortality—he is beautiful as the inhabitants of the celeſtial world—he hath become as a winged ſeraph—he mounts, he ſoars on high—he purſues his trackleſs way—he attains the heaven of heavens, and he mingles with the angels who ſurround the throne of Deity.

Is my figure exceptionable?—I ſhall not contend—I did not expect it would anſwer in all its parts. I think, however, ſome of its features will be acknowledged ſtriking; and I could as eaſily, had I not ocular demonſtration, believe the reſurrection of the body, incloſed in yonder tomb, as I could lend my credence to the egg, the worm, the cone, the aurelia, and the butterfly.

Yet, I do not vehemently inſiſt on the reſuſcitation of this time-worn tenement. In the bloom of youth, and vigour of my days, my reluctance to a final ſepa-

ration

ration from organs ſo incomparably well adapted to my exigencies, was extreme; but a length of years have revolved—the fine machine is going to decay—I begin to detect its inconveniences—it is a heavy clog upon my purpoſes—and, when I am bounding forward with all the celerity of thought, I am retarded and pulled back by its unwieldy properties. I naturally wiſh for a vehicle more agile; and imagination, darting into futurity, anticipates accommodations more conſonant with my wiſhes. Hardly a day paſſes, in which I do not diſcover, in my preſent reſidence, new inſtances to prove that the building is greatly impaired; nor is this a circumſtance of regret. My glaſs informs me, that time hath furrowed my face; that my eyes no longer ſparkle with the vivacity of youth; that the gloſſy ornaments of my head are rapidly giving place; that my form is bent; that I hobble in my gait, &c. &c. No matter—my attachment to this earthly reſidence is alſo on the decline, and I will ſupport, with fortitude, the ſufferings which may be neceſſary to its diſſolution. Whether my all-wiſe and omnific Father will raiſe it again on a nobler principle, is a queſtion that cannot greatly agitate my mind, ſince I know that his paternal goodneſs will ordain for me, preciſely that habitation, which ſhall be the beſt calculated for the full enjoyment of all my faculties. If I—if my beſt ſelf can eſcape from this wreck of nature, I am then ſure to be as "*bleſt as I can bear;*" and, the *ſuperiority* and *inferred durability* of ſpirit, is beyond a doubt.

"Certainly not," cries the oppoſer, "*for the mental* "faculties decay with the corporeal; *thus evincing the* "*truth of the hypotheſis, which deſcribes them as both per-* "*iſhing together.*"

But againſt ſuch a comfortleſs and derogatory ſentiment I enter my proteſt. The immortal principle of life, retaining, *in this debilitated body*, its priſtine vigour, glows indignant at the humiliating idea; and, notwithſtanding the *decaying organs by which it operates*, it ſtill aſſerts its own inherent fervours. *Age* cannot,

in *reality*, curtail the inborn powers of the ſoul; their elaſticity, for want of uſe, may be abridged, but their *native energies* can never depreciate. From the moment in which the immortal mind becomes a ſojourner in mortality, certain organs, by which it is to operate, are aſſigned to the celeſtial reſident, and theſe organs become the medium of its manifeſtations. In infancy the mental faculties are under a neceſſity of awaiting the acquirements of that progreſſing machine, in which they are enveloped; and the reaſon is obvious; the moſt ſkilful artiſt muſt be furniſhed with inſtruments proper to his occupation. In the vigour of manhood the ſoul ſtill finds many a laudable wiſh ungratified—its habitation is not in every reſpect accommodated to its views—it would move with all the rapidity of motion—it would take the wings of the morning, and compaſs the globe in a day—it would deſign and execute in one and the ſame moment—and the reſtleſs anxiety it experienceth is a preſumptive proof, that it is appointed to a higher and more perfect ſtate. Old age arrives—and the *bodily organs, ordained for diſſolution, experienceth the imbecility that marked the ſtate of childhood*—the impriſoned ſpirit aſſays to quicken the ſluggiſh ſtream—it endeavours to rouſe the torpid pulſe—it would render flexile the ſtiffening ſinews—with tremulous anxiety it ſearches every compartment, throws its inquiring glance through each avenue, and would act upon the complicated machine as in thoſe days when it appeared ſo much under its command—but it will not be—and it is in vain to ſtruggle againſt a ſtatute which hath paſſed the great ſeal of Heaven. The retiring immortal at length becomes conſcious that it is on the eve of its departure; it collects its ſcattered faculties, and, ſubmitting to that ſtate which bears a ſtrong reſemblance to inactivity, and which is impoſed by neceſſity, it awaits, with more or leſs reſignation, the approaching moment of its final emancipation. But ſhall we for this expatiate on its diminiſhed luſtre, ſtrip it of its immortality, prepare its funeral dirge, and conſign it to the gulph of oblivion?

Strange

Strange perverſion of ideas! moſt illogical concluſion! and truly unworthy ſacrifice of all thoſe commanding incentives to virtue and ſplendid hopes, that originate in an expectation of future exiſtence.

That it is highly irrational to characterize the immortal mind, from the *demonſtration* it maketh of its faculties by the medium of *decaying bodily organs*, is apparent from a variety of conſiderations. An illuſtrative figure this moment preſents. I take my ſeat in the midſt of a reſpectable company—a muſician is introduced—I have heard much of this performer—he is very eminent, underſtands every branch of muſic, is unequalled in the line of his profeſſion, and particularly excels upon the piano-forte—the inſtrument is opened, and he commences his efforts with a favourite piece of muſic. But what a futile attempt!—ſounds the moſt diſcordant iſſue from the piano—not a ſingle note is in uniſon—the flats and ſharps are confounded—he is out of time—*a child, practiſing his leſſon*, would have produced better tones. O horrid! I exclaim; ſurely, the artiſt is either groſsly deficient, or he has *loſt thoſe exquiſite powers of execution, for which he has been ſo highly celebrated; his faculties, probably, are on the decay.*

"Miſtaken man," replies the maſter of the houſe, "your conjecture is erroneous; nothing can be further from the truth. *The inſtrument, my good Sir, is out of tune; nay, more, an accident hath deſpoiled it of its principal keys; the complicated machinery is obſtructed in its moſt capital parts; in ſhort, it is worn out by time, diſaſtrous removals, and unſkilful uſage.*" Ought I not to feel conſcious of my injurious eſtimation of the muſician? Does not the circumſtance of the *decayed inſtrument* reſtore my high raiſed ideas of *his abilities?* and will it not be proper, that I henceforward render him the homage which muſt ever be due to ſuperior acquirements?

I confeſs, I take a ſuperior pleaſure in tracing, improving and cheriſhing, every idea which eſtabliſhes the *pre-eminence, independence* and *immortality of the mind*; and, in the multifarious reflections I have anxiouſly

made

made on this ſubject, I have derived much conſolation, from recurring to the ſurpriſing activity the ſpirit often evinces, when the bodily organs are faſt locked in the embraces of the *image* of *death*. I have thought, that the action of the ſpirit is in no moment *entirely ſuſpended*; and although I have paſſed many nights without a *conſciouſneſs* of having dreamed, yet it does not therefore follow, that the mental faculties have been unemployed. The moſt pleaſing viſions have ſometimes gathered round my ſleeping hours; method and propriety have been in full exerciſe; but when the re-action of the corporeal organs has re-called the vagrant ſpirit, only diſjointed images have remained, and it has been beyond my power to recover a ſingle connected idea. Again, I have only been able to recollect that I *have dreamed*, without the veſtige of an impreſſion, by which I could trace the nature of the viſion. From theſe facts I gather, that I may dream without being at all conſcious, after the ſhadows of the night have fled, that my mind has been thus occupied. It appears to me of conſequence, to eſtabliſh the *conſtant activity* of the ſoul; for, if it can, for a ſingle moment, be diveſted of its conſciouſneſs and the appendages of animation; if it can *ſlumber with the body*, it may ſlumber for ages, it may loſe its identity, it may ſink into oblivion; and we are, by conſequence, conducted to the comfortleſs verge of materialiſm! But having expreſſed myſelf freely on this ſubject in an Eſſay, which may in future be ſubmitted to the public eye, I wave it for the preſent.

I know that dreams are whimſical, perplexing and fallacious; yet we do not always underſtand their origin or tendency; and, I conceive, there may be analogies in nature, of which we are entirely ignorant. One thing appears to me certain, that dreams furniſh no inconſiderable evidence of that *pre-eminence*, *independence* and *immortality*, which I am ſolicitous to confirm. A perſon far advanced in years, and entering on the winter of life, every day accumulates infirmities. Suffering under a ſevere paroxyſm of the gout,

after

after a ſucceſſion of hours marked by anguiſh, nature, quite exhauſted, forgets itſelf in the arms of ſleep; to the couch of miſery the pain-worn body is ſtill confined; but the gladdened ſpirit, as if felicitating itſelf on its momentary exemption, indulges the full career of fancy. The ſcene is inſtantly changed—a ſurpriſing revolution ſucceeds—youth again blooms on the cheek—the nerves are new ſtrung—the ſinews reſume their wonted agility—the blood flows briſkly through the veins—health braces the frame—hope glows in the boſom—the heart leaps for joy—all is enchantment, the enchantment of the morning of life—he contemplates the tendereſt attachment—he forms new connexions—he becomes impaſſioned—and he feels over again the ardours of youth. But alas! the fleeting viſion is on the wing—a creaking door—an impertinent footſtep—the charm is broken—and the mind is again embodied by age, infirmity, and conſequent ſuffering. Yet, I aſk, has it not thus produced a proof of its *pre-eminence* and *independence*; and may not its *immortality* be fairly inferred?

But it is ſaid, that we vainly deduce a proof of the immortality of the ſoul from dreams, ſince there are exiſting many ſtrong reaſons to ſuppoſe, that dogs and ſeveral other animals dream. And let them dream—they have my cheerful permiſſion; nor have I any objection to thoſe *faithful creatures bearing me company in my native ſky*. I ſhould be charmed with a treatiſe which ſhould prove, beyond the ſhadow of a doubt, the future and immortal exiſtence of every animated being. I ſhould be right happy to witneſs the era predicted by the prophet Iſaiah, who tells us, that the lion and the lamb ſhall lie down together; and ſhould they be led by the hand of blooming innocence, the ſcene would be ſtill more highly wrought. In one word, could I anſwer my little Margaretta's queſtion, "*Where do butterflies go?*" it would become to me a new ſource of pleaſure.

No. LXIII.

When Genius, rich in intellectual ſtores,
With inborn force the path of light explores,
Nature purſuing with untutor'd gaze,
Refulgent, ſhining in unborrow'd rays—
Then *native* ſplendours gild the beamy way,
And its own orb beſtows perennial day.

PERHAPS there is no individual, who is impreſſed with a higher idea of the advantages reſulting from extenſive literature, than myſelf. I cheerfully do homage to ſcience; a conviction of its excellence neceſſitates me to place it among the firſt of bleſſings; and I would enjoin perſons of all deſcriptions to ſeize with avidity every opportunity of accumulating knowledge. He who has neglected to ſtore his mind with ideas, to invigorate the intellectual powers, and to habituate himſelf to reaſoning, comparing, inveſtigating, and concluding, hath not only forgotten to conſtitute a fund on which he might occaſionally draw, but hath alſo defrauded ſociety of that aſſiſtance which mankind had a right to reckon on from his abilities; and thus committed a crime againſt his ſpecies, for which, alas! it is beyond his power to atone.

But while I deliberately render all poſſible reſpect to thoſe acquirements, ſo indiſpenſably requiſite to him who would run with honour the career of life, I cannot forbear confeſſing my *ſuperior admiration* of thoſe fortuitous candidates for applauſe, who, in a great meaſure unaſſiſted by the ſchools, have reached the higheſt eminence to which a human being can aſpire; nor does this diminiſh the odium ſo juſtly affixed upon him, who, inattentive to the means of information with which he has been furniſhed, produces himſelf upon the world an unlettered blank, waiting the caſual impreſſions of every intereſted compoſitor, whom chance may direct to fill up the vacant pages.

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But circumſtances may have combined to deny the means of inſtruction; and the proprietor of genius may paſs thoſe years when he ſhould have been entered and continued the pupil of ſcience, without receiving thoſe adventitious aids, which, with lapidarian influence, would have given to acknowledged merit the moſt brilliant poliſh; and if under a predicament unqueſtionably diſadvantageous, he attains to eminence, if although unfaſhioned by the cultivating hand of a preceptor, he burſts through thoſe intercepting clouds in which a variety of unpropitious arrangements had enveloped the morning of his days, and, rich in native reſources, blazes forth in meridian luſtre, we ſurely cannot heſitate to ſubſcribe to the juſtice of that deciſion, which, eternizing his name, inveſts him with immortality. It is true he will not combine the learning of a Johnſon; his diction may be neither elegant nor correct; he will be in the ſituation of a man who has to ſhape his materials, as well as to conſtruct his pile of building; but he may ſtrike out ſome bold originalities, his ſuperſtructure may poſſibly create a new order in literature, and he may form very juſt pretenſions to rank with thoſe venerable ancients who have, through a long ſucceſſion of ages, poſſeſſed the admiration of mankind. Grammaticaſter may undoubtedly convict him of a falſe uſe of nouns and pronouns, of confounding modes, tenſes, verbs and adverbs, and of the heinous crime of miſtaking a colon for a full ſtop; but the judicious critic will not expect to find the child of nature miraculouſly impreſſed with an accurate knowledge of the refinements of diction, nor intuitively familiar with thoſe rules which originated in convenience, and are the production of the combining efforts and continued improvements of ſucceeding centuries. The candid inveſtigator will be occupied, while peruſing the compoſitions of uncultivated abilities, in ſearching for thoſe natural beauties that are the offspring of genius; theſe he will point out to public view, while he will take a ſublime pleaſure in *imagining* the ſummit his author would have attained, had he been aſſiſted by education. Had

Had Grammaticaſter lived in the days of Shakeſpear, he would undoubtedly have attacked, with true Zoiluan rancour, the ſplendid Bard of Nature. The *two Witches ſolus*, which Shakeſpear is ſaid to have introduced, would have excited his moſt ſplenetic indignation; and he would have ſought out, with indefatigable avidity and wonderful ingenuity, thoſe bagatelle, denominated defects, thence *decifively* pronouncing the divine poet of Avon wholly deſtitute of merit of every deſcription. Poor Grammaticaſter, how his ſoul is wrung by envy! See where, with fiend-like aſpect, he hovers over the flowery haunts of genius; malignantly induſtrious, he is buſy in collecting the deforming weeds, which, amid a garden ſo richly furniſhed, have perchance ſprung up; theſe, with invidious cunning, he combines; he eyes them with all a murderer's ſavage exultation; "*he grins* "*over them a ghaſtly ſmile;*" and, after paſſing them through his pericranium, he produces them from the magic proceſs as high crimes in the court of literature!

The conduct of the admirer of Shakeſperian worth, or, in other words, of him who is capable of viewing with a ſteady eye the luminous path of genius, is the reverſe of this. He traces the embodied prodigy to his morn of life; he beholds him the ſon of care; imperious circumſtances deny his continuance even at a free ſchool; he is accuſtomed to the moſt rigid economy, and he is initiated into all the penury of traffic; he is early bound by the ties of matrimony, and to a life of labour he is apparently deſtined. An accident, however, of a dark and unwarrantable hue, appears to be the procuring cauſe which unexpectedly engages him in the moſt arduous purſuits; and theſe preceding facts will augment the aſtoniſhment and admiration of all thoſe who candidly reflect upon his ſubſequent achievements, and upon the unequalled elevation to which he ſoared; they will operate as a ſponge, which will, *in effect*, eraſe from his pages all thoſe peccadillos, that in an author receiving a regular education

tion would have been unpardonable. Far from impeding his eagle flight, they ſeem to point more forcibly his inimitable attainments; they are foils, which like ſpots in the ſun, ſtrikingly contraſt his original luſtre, and irreſiſtibly enforce the vigour of an underſtanding, that hath proved a rich and inexhauſtible ſource, from which many a leſſer light has borrowed its effulgence.

Miſs Hannah Moore, (the celebrity of whoſe character might almoſt ſanction error) writing to Mrs. Montague in favour of the milk woman of Cliſton, and ſpeaking of Shakeſpear, elegantly embodies thoſe ideas which I am ſolicitous to enrobe. But Voltaire characterizes this prodigious and incomparable genius, as a *barbarous poet!* Milton alſo is ranked in the ſame claſs by this *civilized writer!* yet it will not be within the compaſs even of a Voltaire, to diminiſh thoſe ſplendours neceſſarily attached to luminaries of the firſt magnitude in the literary hemiſphere.

As the ſatellite of Miſs Moore, the milk woman muſt ſtill be conſidered; and, if it is true that an adverſe cloud hath for a time intercepted the beneficent rays of that reſplendent orb, preventing the continuance of their genial influence on the humble daughter of genius, the innate refulgence of an intellect, both elevated and informed, will undoubtedly conſume every opaque impediment which hath officiouſly obtruded; and ſhe will once more receive to favour the gentle female whom ſhe hath preſented to obſervation, and whom ſhe ſo kindly ſheltered.

Woodhouſe, the Criſpian bard, extorts our pity and our admiration: Like the milk woman, common reading and writing comprized the whole of his education; and, from an application to even theſe uſeful branches of ſtudy, he was taken when he was only ſeven years of age. Perhaps Miſs Moore's account of Mrs. Yearſley, might be ſtrictly applied to Woodhouſe; but, be this as it may, he was, however, bred a ſhoemaker; at which buſineſs, he was no more than a journeyman, and condemned to labour with indefatigable

gable induſtry, for the ſupport of a beloved wife, and an infant progeny. We cannot but venerate both his genius and application; while we view him ſeated at his depreſſing employ, the pen and ink are at his elbow; he arreſts the couplets as they preſent, and, penning them down for future reviſion, he again purſues the duties of his occupation. Of his thirſt for knowledge, we receive a very high idea, when we contemplate him after a day paſſed in earning the ſcanty pittance adjudged the price of his labour, appropriating thoſe hours uſually devoted to the reſtorative ſlumbers of the night, to the obtaining that intellectual food, fortunately ſo amply ſupplied by books, with which the indulgence of his patron at length furniſhed him; and we yield him our full commiſeration, when we hear him in his poem, entitled Spring, penſively complain, not indeed ſo much for himſelf, as for the beauteous fair one whoſe fate was entwined with his. The circumſtances and ſcanty advantages of the poet, induces us to allow to his lays their *full merit*; *and the invidious attempt to point out a blemiſh*, would ſeem to connect a degree of criminality. Thus thought the elegant bard of the Leaſowes, when, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and a benevolence truly characteriſtic, he commended, ſanctioned and patronized; while his dignified condeſcenſion was only equalled by the gratitude of Criſpin, who was ambitious of elevating almoſt every poetical eſſay, by the admired name of Shenſtone.

Imagination, when tracing the progreſs of genius, unaſſiſted by education, neceſſarily ſtops to drop a tear of regret over the misfortunes, and to render the tribute of applauſe, indiſputably due to the merit and ſublime genius of Chatterton. Uncommon youth! with what facility did he arreſt and annex whatever could enrich and embelliſh; and how wonderful was the progreſs of this untutored bard! Excellent young man! defrauded, whilſt thou ſojourned among mortals, of whatever could ſoothe, invigorate, or ſuſtain; thy exiſtence became the forfeit! and nought, alas! remains

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for poſterity, but to raiſe a monument to thy memory, which ſhall endure as long as the ſmalleſt veſtige of intellectual worth ſhall continue.

But the efforts of genius, unaſſiſted by education, are alike entitled to ſuperior panegyric, whatever track it may purſue. To the natural powers of a Brindley, the celebrated projector of navigable canals, we do reverence; and, while we envy the felicity of the Duke of Bridgewater, who firſt called into action talents, ſo inherently energetic, we unheſitatingly confeſs that the total ignorance of art which Mr. Brindley evinced, while ſubmitting to the inveſtigating interrogations of the Houſe of Commons, renders ſtill more conſpicuous the magnitude of his underſtanding.

The contemplation of the powers of nature, is, undoubtedly, a delightful employ: *Native* talent inveſts with *independent* luſtre; and every inſtance of *unaided excellence*, ſtamps an idea of the *inherent value of intellect*. Mankind are proportionably dignified, as the *inborn worth* of that celeſtial emanation, which animates them to action, is acknowledged and eſtabliſhed; and, impreſſed with this ſentiment, I am free to own, that I trace with ſingular ſatisfaction, the brilliant efforts of untaught abilities, warmed to admiration and ſtimulated to exertion by the unborrowed rays which they emit; I love to baſk beneath the genial beam; and I hoard, with all a miſer's induſtry, the golden treaſure.

KULIBIA, a Ruſſian peaſant, commemorated in Cox's travels, is a rich inſtance of the wonderful powers of nature; he will ever be grouped with examples of extraordinary genius; and the bridge, thrown over the river Neva, which he projected, with many other achievements of his *untutored* abilities, will continue to bear teſtimony to the ſublimity of his intellect.

The conſideration of neglected education hath been the ground, on which the ſuperſtructure of female abilities hath been reared; it hath inveſted women of elevated underſtanding with an indiſputable claim to *ſuperior* eſtimation; for when ſucceſsfully ſtruggling with thoſe diſcouragements which are peculiarly ſexual;

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depreſſed by a ſituation neceſſarily humiliating; and checked by the invidious ſneer of the ſupercilious and pedantic critic; when, in defiance of every impediment, with talents almoſt wholly uncultivated, they boldly ſeize the palm of merit, we are unavoidably compelled to yield them that reſpectful veneration *due only to mind*, and which intellectual excellence muſt ever extort. But the apology for female deficiencies, furniſhed by want of education, will not, in future, be acknowledged as valid; the partial diſtribution of advantages which has too long obtained, is, in this enlightened age, rapidly giving place to a more uniform ſyſtem of information; and the frequently conteſted queſtion, reſpecting the intellectual pretenſions of the ſexes, may one day be diſcuſſed on fair and equal ground.

In the family of Alexy Michaelovitch, Czar of Ruſſia, a ſtriking inſtance is recorded where ſuperiority of underſtanding ſhone forth with decided brilliancy in the female line. Feodor and Ivan, ſons of the Czar, evinced in every particular a marked inferiority of intellect, while their ſiſter, the Princeſs Sophia, was endowed by nature with all thoſe ſhining talents, and that ſolidity of underſtanding in which her brothers were ſo remarkably deficient. Eminently qualified for her high ſtation; although a woman of uncommon beauty of perſon, ſhe combined therewith firſt rate abilities. She poſſeſſed an extraordinary knowledge in the theory of government; and ſhe knew how to reduce to practice its true ſpirit. Of perſons of genius and learning ſhe was the avowed and liberal patroneſs; and the introduction of polite literature into Europe, was encouraged and ſanctioned by her example. At an era when the loweſt ſpecies of compoſition both aſſumed and diſgraced the name of morality, this elegant princeſs occupied her leiſure hours in tranſlating the Medicin Malgrelui of Moliere. She alſo compoſed a tragedy, ſuppoſed to be the firſt extant in the Ruſſian language; and a circumſtance which adds eſſentially to the merit of this eſſay, is, that it was

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the production of a period when the moſt dangerous intrigues were excited and fomented againſt her adminiſtration; when the ſpirit of rebellion was abroad; and, when, by conſequence, every faculty of her mind ſeemed totally engroſſed by the moſt momentous affairs.

N°. LXIV.

With native dignity and graceful eaſe,
Mild condeſcenſion, ever ſure to pleaſe,
And affability, with poliſh true,
Will worth intrinſic, as its ſhade purſue;
Grandeur of ſoul, in rectitude array'd,
Is ne'er to haughty arrogance betray'd.

IF all thoſe perſons, who are ambitious of taking rank in what is called the firſt grade of ſociety, would be careful to adopt thoſe manners which are deſcriptive of the *real* gentleman, of the *real* lady, if they would be ſolicitous to attain thoſe virtues inherent in the boſom of the truly noble, we ſhould not ſo often be called to obſerve the indignant bluſh pervading the cheek of modeſty, we ſhould not ſo frequently lament depreſſed worth, nor witneſs the meritorious claims of the truly deſerving cruſhed by the overbearing arrogance of thoſe, whoſe only pretenſions to diſtinction are grounded upon opulence.

A ſenſation of painful and inſurmountable diſguſt has ſometimes arreſted my perception, when I have made one in the drawing-room of an imperious woman, whoſe awkward efforts to aſſume that dignity which is never annexed to affectation, have rendered her truly ridiculous. The approach of timid excellence is announced; it enters in the perſon of a female, whoſe unaſſuming manners and retiring ſweetneſs inſtantly call up to recollection Mary Woolſtoncraft's beautiful apoſtrophe to modeſty. She is adorned with all the graces which deſignate the milder virtues; ſhe might be conſidered as originating the par-

agraph adverted to; and at her appearance the moſt prepoſſeſſing ſenſations ruſh upon the mind. The lady of the drawing room advances a few ſteps, then recedes back, *ſtands erect, courteſies formally, looks forbidding, and aſſumes, as ſhe ſuppoſes, airs of importance;* while, in the eſtimation of reaſon, ſhe is only giving an exhibition of *inſufferable haughtineſs*. In the mean time, the lovely maiden (perhaps in ſome way a dependant) is abaſhed at a reception ſo little correſpondent with her wiſhes. Of her want of conſequence, and the invidious triumph of the lady, there are many witneſſes; ſhe is covered with bluſhes; ſhe ſeems to ſhrink into herſelf; confuſed and diſcompoſed, ſhe haſtens to a ſeat; and, diveſted of that innate complacency which true politeneſs is ſolicitous to cheriſh, ſhe liſtens in ſilence during the continuance of her ill-fated viſit, to a redundance of nonſenſe, diſſertations on faſhion, and refinements on ſcandal.

True politeneſs is but another name for benevolence. It is ſtudious to contribute to the eaſe and happineſs of thoſe with whom it is connected—it delighteth to give conſequence to timid worth—it ſeeketh to elevate the humble mind, and it diſdaineth to affect ignorance of thoſe characters and perſons whoſe claim to attention is indubitable, and *whom it heſitates not to careſs in its private parties*. Nature, when ſhe produces her offspring, inveſts them with *equal claims;* and *death* reduces them to one *common level*—but various are the paths which interſect the paſſage from the cradle to the grave: Subordination is undoubtedly neceſſary to the well-being of ſociety; and, without ſeeking to ſap the foundation of inſtitutions which involve the public weal, we only contend for that affability which is proper to every condition, and well calculated to ameliorate thoſe mortifying circumſtances attached to humble life.

The celebrated Mrs. Wright, introduced by her uncommon talents to a perſonal knowledge of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom of England, had, during her reſidence in that country, an opportunity of making

making many characteriſtic obſervations; and, in one of her letters, ſhe humorouſly contraſts the manners of the woman well educated, and poſſeſſing habitual and *real ſuperiority*, with thoſe of a female, conducted by a variety of fortuitous events to move in a ſphere for which neither her natural nor acquired abilities had qualified her. Mrs. Wright devoted a fine winter morning to calling *en paſſent* on ſeveral of her patrons; and among the number of thoſe whom ſhe attended, and who were ambitious of obtaining celebrity, by inſerting in their liſt of acquaintance the votaries of genius, was the lady of a baronet, who had been raiſed from obſcurity, to *all* the privileges annexed to rank and title.

In the ſuperb manſion of this *chance created lady*, Mrs. Wright, after ſending up her name, was reduced to the neceſſity of waiting a tedious interval; and, although the chilly blaſts of December were abroad, no genial blaze decorated, by its cheering flame, the gloomy chimney! It is true the elegant apartment, in which ſhe waited the convenience of *the lady*, was ornamented in high taſte; but this circumſtance did not poſſeſs a ſufficient intereſt in the boſom of Mrs. Wright to charm her ſenſe of ſuffering; and ſhe regarded the ſummons, which admitted her to the preſence of the proprietreſs of the manſion, as an emancipation from a very unpleaſant ſituation. The reception ſhe obtained, was, however, not more to her taſte. *The lady* aſſumed the moſt petrifying airs of ſuperiority; and both her language and her manner were cold as the icy breath of the northern tempeſt: But Mrs. Wright, having the addreſs to curtail her viſit, hurried away to lady N——, at whoſe toilette, *ſan ceremonie*, ſhe was immediately admitted, and inſtantly engaged in that pleaſing interchange of civilities, which ſo frequently marks a female *tete-a-tete*. Lady N—— chatted familiarly; ſoothed the ſelf complacency of our American adventurer, by eulogizing the art in which ſhe contemplated future eminence; and, after completing the labours of the toilette, agreeably to a previous appointment,

ment, accompanied her to the royal preſence; and the benign condeſcenſion of the Britiſh queen, was evinced by ſtill higher demonſtrations of affability, than thoſe which had graced the manners of lady N——.

Mrs. Wright, penetrated with the moſt lively gratitude, ſet no bounds to her joy or her admiration; and, after narrating the particulars of this interview, ſhe obſerved, that in exact ratio as ſhe approached the liberal and ſplendid ſource of genuine magnificence, the mild regency of urbanity became more ſtrikingly apparent.

Thus the orb of day, with regular munificence, diffuſeth over the globe its genial influence; while the glow-worm ſparkles only for thoſe who take their ſtation within its narrow limits.

From a gentleman intimately converſant with Mrs. Wright, I have been furniſhed with ſome anecdotes relative to this extraordinary woman, which, as their authenticity is unqueſtionable, I ſhall preſent, as a biographical ſketch, that I preſume will not be altogether unintereſting.

Mrs. Wright was a branch of a family, reſiding in Croſſwicks, in the Jerſies, of obſcure extraction, and humble circumſtances; but remarkable for the peculiarities, which diſtinguiſhed its individuals. Of her father, Mr. Lovel, many ſingularities are narrated; but, as it appears that his life was unoffending, he had a right to the indulgence of his innocent caprices. After his demiſe, his eldeſt ſon determined to erect for himſelf a dwelling, agreeably to the faſhion of his own ideas; and he combined with this reſolution the extraordinary ambition of preparing the materials with his own hands. He not only deſigned, but executed; and, both the tenement and its furniture were the production of his ingenious induſtry, while every article evinced the ſkill of a maſter! He next conſtructed a ſpinnet, from which, *ſelf taught*, he drew ſuch tones, as are not often ſurpaſſed. The violin, too, became ſubject to the verſatility of his genius; and he both made

that

that pleaſing inſtrument, and executed thereon the moſt extenſive compoſitions.

It appears, that either from want of ability or inclination, Mr. Lovel, the old gentleman, had not been over ſolicitous reſpecting the education of his children. Mrs. Wright was apprenticed to a mantua maker, with whom ſhe continued, until ſhe was miſtreſs of her buſineſs. She formed her matrimonial connexion early in life, which connexion was unhappy; and her little family drew their whole ſupport from her induſtrious application. But, although her conduct during this part of her life was truly meritorious, yet, as her exertions were apparently the reſult of neceſſity, they did not pointedly evince thoſe remarkable talents, which eventually produced her in the firſt circles in the metropolis of England; nor did the demiſe of Mr. Wright produce an immediate change in her arrangements—the mantua making buſineſs ſtill afforded her a kind of ſubſiſtence—her week's work procured her week's ſupport, and her hours revolved in their accuſtomed routine, until an accident, rendered important by its conſequences, originated a ſurpriſing revolution. A woman, offering wax figures for ſale, ſtopped at her door; when Mrs. Wright, poſſeſſing a large ſhare of that curioſity inſeparable from ſuperior abilities, queſtioned her relative to the compoſition of her commodities; and, for a ſmall conſideration, obtained that information which proved to her the ſource of uncommon celebrity, and great pecuniary emolument. The celeſtial ſpark of genius, ſo long dormant, was inſtantly blown into a flame; and, immediately throwing up her buſineſs, ſhe became the ingenious fabricator of a new and aſtoniſhing creation! Her ſucceſs was beyond her moſt ſanguine expectations: from fancy figures, ſhe proceeded to particular reſemblances; and from her faſhioning fingers grew the moſt finiſhed likeneſſes. General admiration was excited, and the gratitude of thoſe, who beheld exact tranſcripts of their beloved connexions thus multiplied and perpetuated, knew no bounds.

Bordentown, where ſhe had reſided during her marriage, ſoon became too narrow a field for the diſplay of talents ſo rare, and ſhe removed to the city of New-York, where ſhe advanced rapidly in the career of fame! She ſoon furniſhed a ſpacious apartment with her figures, conſiſting of the moſt celebrated perſonages, in ſacred and ſecular hiſtory, aſſociated with reſpectable moderns, and beings, copied from her own imagination. By the liberality of her patrons, ſhe was amply ſupplied with the neceſſary dreſſes, and her rooms became the reſort of the curious, the gay, and the idle. Her next attempt was painting; and her eſſays, in this elegant art were by no means deſtitute of merit. Among other performances, ſhe painted a miniature of Governor Tryon, which was eſteemed an admirable likeneſs. Thus, uncommonly qualified by the liberal hand of nature, the orbit of this younger world being judged a ſphere too contracted for abilities ſo ſplendid, ſhe was encouraged to croſs the Atlantic; and, furniſhed with letters to Doctor Franklin, then reſident in England, and many other reſpectable characters, ſhe bent her courſe over the great waters, taking with her ſome of her moſt capital pieces, as ſpecimens of her abilities. Governor Tryon encloſed, by Mrs. Wright, the miniature ſhe had painted, as a preſent to his ſiſter, then maid of honour; this proved a moſt happy introduction. The lady, charmed with the accuracy of the ſimilitude, was proportionably pleaſed with the inſtrument; and it is hardly neceſſary to add, that her good offices were, from that moment ſecured. The protection and aſſiſtance of Doctor Franklin was in courſe, and the nobility and gentry, of every deſcription, were numbered as her patrons. To her American collection of illuſtrious perſonages, ſhe added, while in England, the moſt celebrated characters of that nation. Even their majeſties ſubmitted their heads to the proceſs of her art, and a juſt tribute of applauſe was rendered her, by all ranks. Lord Chatham was among the foremoſt of her favourers; he was an admirer of *native genius*, and a likeneſs of

this

this truly patriotic and deſerving nobleman, the production of her ingenuity, now figures among the principal ornaments of Weſtminſter Abbey.

Thus countenanced, and thus ſupported, her income, it will be readily believed, was ſufficiently lucrative: She generally averaged nineteen guineas per week; and, conſidering the rapid progreſs ſhe had made to attainments ſo ſplendid, conſidering her origin, and grouping in the ſame view her eſtabliſhed and unequivocal celebrity, we are ready to ſuppoſe her in poſſeſſion of a fulneſs of felicity; but, it is, alas! true, that permanent happineſs is not the growth of humanity.

As Mrs. Wright poſſeſſed great depth of underſtanding, her intellectual powers were, of courſe, much exerciſed, and the calculation of the probable conſequences of events, was to her a continued ſource of inquietude. She was a profound politician, and her regrets, on account of the ſtruggles in which her native country was involved, were immeaſurably afflicting. Her attachment to the ſoil on which ſhe had drawn her firſt breath, was natural, if not laudable; but, it is to be wiſhed that ſhe had forborne to engage in a conteſt, ſo invidious, as that of an ardent diſquiſition, relative to public men and meaſures; eſpecially, as it ſeems to have put a period to thoſe advances ſhe was ſo rapidly making toward a ſplendid eſtabliſhment of herſelf and family. It has been obſerved, that, although ſhe was capable of the moſt ſolid and forcible reaſoning, yet, her converſation was often ſo fervid and irregular, as to originate an idea of a derangement of intellect; this, probably, was the reſult of a warm imagination, a deficiency in early inſtruction, and a want of the habit of methodizing her ideas; and, from this trait of incoherence in her obſervations, and manner of expreſſing her ſentiments, her character, *in fact inoffenſive*, may poſſibly have been miſunderſtood. But, be this as it may, ſhe experienced unequivocal marks of the decline of public favour; and a conviction ſo painful, together with combining circumſtances, induced her to paſs over into France, where, under the auſpices of Doctor Franklin,

Franklin, ſhe was known, diſtinguiſhed, and eſteemed. At the cloſe of the war, ſhe, however, returned to England, thus demonſtrating a decided preference to the Albion ſhore; and ſhe expreſſed the warmeſt wiſhes for the perfect reſtoration of amity and unreſerved confidence between the United States and their parent country. This aſtoniſhing woman finiſhed her mortal career in the month of March, 1786.

In the family of Mrs. Wright, genius ſeems to be hereditary: Her ſon now takes rank in the firſt line of painters in the iſland of Great-Britain; and we cannot but wiſh him a double portion of that ſpirit of emulation, which is ever ſtimulating to the higheſt attainments in the gift of fame.

No. LXV.

To taſte the ſweetneſs of the vernal air,
Deep ſcented, mildly zephyr breathing ſpring,
When every paſſing gale their treaſures bear,
And woodland warblers in the branches ſing:
Excurſive let my wandering footſteps ſtray,
Or join the ſocial train—or ſilent roam,
Purſue my journey o'er the diſtant way,
And bear the *harveſt* of reflection home.

LET me execute the projected excurſion in the month of competency; when the ripened fruits of Autumn, have received their richeſt finiſhing, and the life ſupporting vegetable, crowned by maturity, invites the reaper's hand. This is the ſelection of many a judicious traveller; but beſides that the curtailed days of September and October frequently ſpread the evening ſhades, before the diſtant tour is performed, I have many other cogent reaſons for preferring the vernal months to a more advanced ſeaſon.

The morning of the year lifts its young head, and the enthuſiaſm of enchantment is in its gift; and although I do not contend for its intrinſic ſuperiority over the more ſubſtantial bleſſings attendant upon harveſt

harveſt home, yet, to the pleaſed eye of contemplation, it is adorned with inimitable charms. Many and obvious are the advantages it poſſeſſes—its ſucceſſion is the wiſh of every heart—it diſplaceth the long dreary nights, which, with gloomy regency, have pervaded the wintry months—it unbars the gates of life—the ſnow clad mountains once more lift their green heads—the howling blaſts of winter are no more—the tepid airs are abroad—deſcending ſhowers ſucceed each other—the mildly beaming ſun emits its genial rays—all nature aſſumes an intereſting aſpect—and the pleaſures of poſſeſſion are inſeparably blended with thoſe of anticipation. Look where the ſpreading branches are loaded with the ſweet ſcented and promiſe giving bloſſom. See the flowery tribes expand their odoriferous leaves—the ſurrounding atmoſphere is richly perfumed—every breeze bears its proportion of the grateful effluvia, and we bleſs the ſalutary gale. The mellow toned warblers of the vernal ſeaſon purſue their azure path, or enchantingly carol in the branches. The orient beams of light ſmile along the ethereal plain; not a view but is ſtampt with the moſt pleaſing impreſſion of which it is ſuſceptible—but is fraught with images of rational pleaſure; nor can we do leſs than partake the general joy.

Juſt returned from a tour of friendſhip, my heart at this moment glows with all thoſe complacent ſenſations inſpired by an extenſive view of nature, garbed in her moſt faſcinating charms. My excurſion has led me through a delightful diviſion of the Union, diverſified by grove crowned hills, romantic vales, enamelled meads, and broad meandering ſtreams. My route lay along Connecticut river, and through that part of the State of Maſſachuſetts, which led me over Charles river, Malden, Beverly, and Eſſex Merrimack bridges. Every obſerver who hath traced this circuit, will readily acknowledge that it takes in a tract abounding with the ſublime and beautiful. The moſt rapt ſenſations ruſhed on my ſoul, while the poverty of words neceſſitated me to remain ſilent.

The

The laſt mentioned bridge pronounces a panegyric on the abilities of the ingenious Mr. Palmer. It is totally different from the others, and appears to me to be a complete piece of architecture. It hath a ſingle arch which meaſures 160 feet from baſe to baſe, and its elevation in the clear is forty feet above high water mark. The liberty, granted by the legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts, for the erecting this bridge, was, I am told, clogged with conditions of a ſingular nature; but the particular ſtipulation deſigned to cruſh it, has given it the nobleſt effect; its ſtability, by a wonderful contrivance, has received an aërial completion; and, while it exhibits every idea of durability of which its materials are ſuſceptible, it happily unites what is not always combined with this fundamental advantage, a light and airy contour; and its finiſhing is truly elegant. Great commendation is due to the meritorious artiſt. With much labour he hath ſince thrown a bridge over that difficult ſtream, commonly known by the name of Bloody Point Ferry; and he is now, we are told, employed in the Federal City, where, we doubt not, his talents and application will receive an adequate recompenſe.

Eſſex Merrimack bridge is uſeful and productive beyond the moſt ſanguine expectations of the proprietors. It joins an enchantingly romantic little iſland to the main land: Its works are ſo wholly detached, as to wear the appearance of two bridges; and the convexity produced by the arches, is extremely beautiful. A commodious houſe of entertainment, containing dancing and dining halls, are frequently the ſcene of thoſe pleaſurable hours which the gentlemen and ladies of Newbury-Port devote to hilarity; it is diſtant from that reſpectable emporium only three miles, on a fine level tract, ornamented on either hand with trees of various growth, elegant ſeats, diſtant hills, and verdant plains. From the window of this convivial tenement, we have a view of a beautiful grove on the right, and the towering bridge on the left; and, I am inclined to think, our country produces few more captivating

captivating ſcenes than are to be found upon Merrimack bridge, and its environs.

I have enjoyed ſome delightful hours in the courſe of my tour; I have brightened the chain of amity, and the heart of confidence is invigorated. My affections expand, they glance comprehenſively on the univerſal family of man; and I feel that humanity, of whatever deſcription, or wherever found, is inſcribed by the finger of Deity, is in poſſeſſion of the unalienable rights of fraternity.

Warmed by the genial heat of a vernal day, the invalid quits the ſolitude in which he hath been immured; he inhales the ſalutary breeze, and he becomes invigorated by the parent beam. The reſurrection of the year is alſo a ſolace to old age, and it is frequently regarded as a figure replete with conſolation. "How fares you, Plato?" cried my friend, "I thought this fine ſeaſon would bring you along; and I am glad to ſee you with all my heart."

Plato is a black man, born in Africa, who has numbered, according to the moſt accurate calculation which can be obtained, one hundred years; and he was for ſixty years of his life the confidential friend and faithful ſervant of his maſter. The good old gentleman, when dying, evinced his high ſenſe of the merit of Plato, by beſtowing on him his liberty, and bequeathing him a piece of land, ſpacious enough to afford him, and a woman whom he had wedded, an ample ſupport. A neat built cottage was upon the ground, it was ſuitably and conveniently furniſhed, and the legacy comprized the neceſſary farming utenſils.—"I am glad to ſee you with all my heart, Plato," ſaid my friend—"*Tanke*, Sir, *tanke*," replied Plato, "I come one *pring* more; I do know if I *eber* come agen; but all winter, when *e cold weder* and *e torms* come one after *anoder*, I *tink* I go and ſee maſer's friends ſoon *eber e come pring*. I got no new *quaintance*, maſer's *quaintance* good enough for Plato; ſo I *go e* ſee *dem*, and *den* Plato *e* go home, make *e* old woman glad to hear *e* friends all well."

Happy

Happy advantage of years, which thus properly throws down thoſe diſtinctions of which we were once ſo tenacious; which gradually ſlopes the way to that equality, reſerved for us in the ſilent tomb; and which may probably, in ſome degree, obtain, in the more perfect ſtate of being on which we verge. Plato's ſpring was a kind of renewal of his youth; and the anticipated regency of the vernal months, helped to cheer and buoy up his ſpirits when the wintry blaſts ſounded fearfully in his ear.

A few weeks ſince, and the trees diſrobed of their verdant foliage, bent beneath their icy burden; the vigour of the ſeaſon arreſting the progreſs of the ready boatman, impoſed upon his induſtry its incontrovertible embargo. How ſtrongly pointed is the captivating reverſe—the jocund ſwain reſumes his agricultural employ; he carols gratefully as he haſtens over the dewy lawn; he turns the fertile glebe; he ſtrews the promiſe giving ſeed; and the golden days of harveſt riſe to his imagination. The roſy milk maid paſſes cheerfully on; ſhe joins the muſic of the groves, warbling, as ſhe trips along, the ruſtic lay. Aurora, with her purple fingers, hath opened the gates of morn; the heavens are fringed with gold; the ſun-beams glitter over the azure vault, and the children of economy reſume their various employments. Again the boatmen ply their oars; the emancipated river invites their efforts; once more it becomes the path of commerce, and a little foreſt floats upon the boſom of the ſilver ſtream.

I love the various excurſion; and the different manners and cuſtoms, obſervable even in neighbouring towns, are to me ſources of inſtruction as well as amuſement. Perhaps, were I to characterize my countrymen from my own experience, I might originate very erroneous ideas; yet the faithful recorder will regiſter as he obſerves; and, impelled by truth, I have to ſay, that as far as hath come under my obſervation, Columbia hath not neglected to acknowledge the claims of the ſtranger. Wherever I have wandered,

dered, hoſpitality hath hailed me welcome; and the grateful greetings of civility, when far diſtant from my native haunts, hath vibrated pleaſantly on my ear. With a contemplative eye I have paſſed on, and the tracing of reſemblances hath been one of my pleaſures: many a dignified matron hath reminded me of my beloved Mary; to the ſympathizing fair one I have recounted the ſtory of her conjugal faith, and the loves of my Margaretta and her Hamilton hath arreſted the attention and intereſted the feelings of the beauteous female, who, unacquainted with their perſonal attractions, could only be influenced by a predilection for intrinſic worth.

But I give place to a lady whoſe tour of pleaſure ſeems not to have correſponded either with her expectations or her merit, and whoſe remarks may ſerve as a proper ſupplement to this Eſſay.

To the GLEANER.

SIR,

AS you have aſſumed an office, (whether properly qualified or not) the duties of which point out a cognizance of, and an effort to correct, as well the petty deviation, as thoſe enormities which eſſentially involve the peace of ſociety, I take the liberty to addreſs you on a ſubject, that, although little attended to, is frequently productive of real inconvenience. That few people poſſeſs the power of *pleaſing*, the experience of every day incontrovertibly pronounces. I could make a thouſand reflections, all very much to the purpoſe; but I will confine myſelf to a ſingle inſtance, being fully convinced that it will preſent both my deſign and its illuſtration.

Embracing the long days of this uncommonly fine ſeaſon, I determined on a jaunt, from which I calculated on receiving a prodigious deal of pleaſure; but to my great diſappointment, I was ſo tormented by the *civilities* with which I was hourly perſecuted, that I was kept in a continual ſtate of vexation. I will confeſs to you, Mr. Gleaner, that the neceſſity of re-

ſuſing any requeſt, importunately urged, agonizes me beyond deſcription; and I have frequently done violence to my moſt favourite wiſhes, and broke in upon plans that have been regularly arranged for a whole year, merely becauſe I had not the firmneſs to withſtand the ſolicitations of thoſe, who did not care three braſs farthings what became of me or my views.

But, to begin my journey—I ſat out, eſcorted by my brother, a modeſt, docile young man, altogether as unequal to oppoſition as myſelf; we had taken places in the ſtage, a front ſeat in which is generally thought the leaſt eligible; but as it was my wiſh to inhale the perfumed breeze, and to indulge myſelf with viewing the beauty of the ſurrounding proſpects, I had ſtipulated for one of thoſe ſeats. I was not, however, permitted to occupy it; my remonſtrances were ineffectual; *the travellers too well underſtood what belonged to politeneſs*, to let me remain in a ſituation expoſed to duſt, wind and ſun; and I was compelled to take my quarters in a back ſeat, where I was abſolutely nearly ſuffocated in the want of air, and had nothing in view but the number of very *civil perſons*, who had thus contrived, with a politeneſs on which they plumed themſelves very highly, to intercept every other proſpect. After many days, during which I was perſecuted with a multiplicity of attentions, all of a nature ſimilar to that which placed me in the rear of the carriage, we arrived at a village in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, whither I had been drawn by my deſire of viſiting a female friend, who had paſt ſome weeks at my father's. My friend is one of the few who is verſed in all thoſe delicate and minute attentions, which ſoothe and aſſiſt, while they neither oppreſs nor embarraſs; but, alas! by hard neceſſity ſhe is dependent on a ſet of beings, whoſe ideas bear no more affinity to her's, than darkneſs to light; and unfortunately ſhe poſſeſſes no power to influence their movements.

I am naturally fond of tranquillity, and that I might be indulged in my own way, I had no ſooner

reached

reached the abode of my friend, than, avowedly for the purpoſe of contributing to my felicity, a numerous family, in all its branches, was thrown into confuſion; a redundancy of apologies poured from every mouth, and they expreſſed, in the moſt moving terms, their regrets that their abilities were not proportioned to my ſuperabounding merit. The children, too, were in diſhabille—Mary's ſlip happened to be the worſt ſhe had; Catharine's holiday ſhoes were immediately ordered out; and the eldeſt ſon, that he might exhibit his parts to the beſt advantage, was directed to pin on thoſe ruffles which were ſewed to tape, and carefully reſerved to ornament his perſon on thoſe gala days, which occaſionally occurred in the family; but a new ſcene of diſorder was thus opened, one of thoſe ſaid ruffles was unfortunately loſt, in ſearch of which the whole houſe was engaged, and every thing turned topſy turvy; yet, although each individual largely ſhared the perplexity produced by this accident, the ſearch proved ineffectual, and maſter Johnny was reduced to the neceſſity of ſetting down to ſupper with only one ſolitary ruffle! The good man of the houſe was thus furniſhed with an admirable opportunity of expatiating on female *nonſicalities* and *primoſities*; and his ſatirical remarks were only ſuſpended for the purpoſe of helping to load my plate. I was importuned to conſider myſelf at home, and I was accuſed of a want of complacency in thoſe viands, which it was *evident* they had with *infinite labour collected for the ſole purpoſe of gratifying my ladyſhip.*

Supper over, I flattered myſelf, fatigued as I was, that I ſhould at length be permitted to make my eſcape to the chamber of repoſe; but, ah me! I found to my inexpreſſible chagrin, that we were then only beginning the fifth act of the drama; the whole family were drawn out, and peremptorily ordered to ſing for my *amuſement;* and their tedious chanſons, love ditties, and ballads, were chanted in rotation, encored and repeated in concert, until, at the inſtance of my ſympathizing friend, I was permitted to retire. On

the

the enſuing day, ſcorched by the intenſe rays of a meridian ſun, I was dragged over grounds, that evinced nothing ſo much as the ill taſte of the owner, and returned to take my ſeat at the dinner table, where the incidents which occurred ſeemed but a continuation of the ſcene opened the preceding evening.

A round of viſits ſucceeded, all of which were in the ſame ſtyle. I recollect one afternoon, a timely ſhower having given a peculiar ſweetneſs to the evening breeze, being on one of theſe ſame viſits, I anticipated the pleaſure of my walk homeward, diſtant about two miles; but this very ſhower, from which I had promiſed myſelf ſo much, proved a new ſource of vexation. The lady of the houſe, fearful that I might take cold after the rain, inſiſted on my accepting a cloak; it was to no purpoſe I aſſured her it would be particularly inconvenient to me; ſhe was not to be outdone in good breeding; the cloak was produced—it was a *thick ſatin, lined, and full trimmed with a rich dark ſable!* I glowed ſpontaneouſly at its approach! but notwithſtanding all my reſiſtance, I was arrayed in this cloak; and I returned to my temporary home in a profuſe perſpiration. I might, Mr. Gleaner, proceed in my narration; but I have nearly got to the bottom of my paper. If I am properly encouraged, you may hear from me again; and, in the mean time, I take the liberty to add, that I have conceived *true politeneſs to conſiſt in making people eaſy, and in permitting our connexions to enjoy themſelves in their own way.* I am, good Mr. Vigillius, your moſt obedient humble ſervant, and conſtant reader,

HARRIOT B——.

A continuation of the favours of Miſs B—— is ſolicited. We truſt her next excurſion will prove more propitious; and we think ſhe would figure with ſingular elegance as a panegyriſt.

No. LXVI.

No. LXVI.

Benevolence—can we too often trace
Thoſe lineaments which mark thy angel face?
Too oft admire that philanthropic glow,
Which feels by ſympathy each human woe?

ALL the energies of benevolence, reſponſive ſympathy, heavenly commiſeration, a heart to conceive the moſt extenſively munificent plans, a head to faſhion, and perſeverance to execute—All theſe I have ſeen contained in the compaſs of one little frame; and this frame, invaded by the deſpoiler, was conſtantly ſtruggling to make head againſt the inroads of an infatiate victor, whoſe deſpotic ſway will continue, until the renovating morning, when He, whoſe government is univerſal, ſhall annihilate the power of a tyrant, who hath hitherto exulted to deſtroy.

Pleaſant were his convivial hours; laughter rejoiced in his preſence; but his mirth was unoffending, and all the ſons of humour flocked to his ſtandard. Amiably tender-hearted man! the ſtroke which ſevered thy beneficent ſpirit from the debilitated tenement it inhabited, gave death to the high-plumed hopes of all thoſe, who, calculating on thy capacious benevolence, were in the habit of expecting from thee emancipation from every difficulty. Thou wert hailed as the friend of the deſtitute, who experienced, as ſurely as they made application, either thy bounty or thy extricating interference. While a ſingle piece remained, thy purſe continued open; and when thy immediate powers of aiding thy ſuffering brethren were exhauſted, thy acceſs to kindred benevolence, facilitated by thy uncommon merit, furniſhed additional ſupplies; and ſuch were thy reſources, that the means of repleniſhing thy own funds were ſtill at thy command. Often have I bleſt thy liberal purpoſes; and well did I know the goodneſs of that heart, which, alas! hath now ceaſed to beat!

It can hardly be neceſſary to name a man, whoſe general celebrity was ſo ſtrongly marked. The ſons of ſorrow will not forget to revere his memory; the liſping tongues of the children of gratitude will ſtill chant the praiſes of the philanthropiſt; and the unbounded benevolence of a Joſeph Ruſſell may wake to extacy the yet unborn admirer of tranſcendent excellence. Doubtleſs, he was a branch of the Shandian family; "*the milk of human kindneſs*," with a never ebbing current, flowed in his veins; nor did any Le Fevre languiſh, within his knowledge, to whom he did not haſten to adminiſter the oil and wine of conſolation. I recollect an anecdote relative to this benevolent man, not perhaps generally known; and, as I conceive it will ſtrikingly evince his affinity to the Shandian ſtock, I feel impelled to produce it. The circumſtance adverted to, took place in his youth, when his pulſe beat high for pleaſure, and the hilarity of his diſpoſition frequently preſented him at the ſhrine of genuine humour.

A party of young men had determined to devote a morning to ſhooting. Ruſſell, the ſoul of every enjoyment, was ſolicited to join in the predatory ſcheme; and, unſkilled in the ſcience of refuſal, the tenderneſs of his diſpoſition was for once ſacrificed to his accommodating temper. The evening preceding the appointment was ſpent in preparation for the important enterprize; and, at the peep of day, accoutred *cap-a-pie* for the occaſion, he joined his depredating comrades. They marched for a time in a compact line; but judging that ſo formidable a body would ſpread the alarm through the little community, againſt whoſe rights they were plotting, they conceived ſome manœuvring neceſſary; and, departing in ſeparate directions, they prepared to ambuſh the little beings, who, alas! poſſeſſed neither policy nor defence, ſufficient to enſhield either their own lives, or that of their beloved neſtlings.

Ruſſell placed himſelf in a cumbent poſture on the velvet margin of a limpid ſtream, almoſt ſurrounded

by

by the tall trees that towered on its banks; his piece, primed for execution, was by his ſide, and ſcarce a breeze interrupted the peaceful ſerenity of the ſcene. The ſun was juſt riſing above the horizon, and its radiant influence, darting through the foliage, ſpangled every dew-drop, and glittered over the azure boſom of the ſlowly winding rivulet. The birds, at length, fluttering in the branches, began the progreſs of the day. A parent robin perched on an extreme bough, impending exactly over the head of our young adventurer, unconſcious of the miſchiefs that awaited him, incautiouſly kept his airy ſtand. The ambuſhed foe preſented his piece, took aim, graſped the trigger, and was on the point of diſcharging his piece, when the unwary warbler, apparently in the moment of his fate, poured forth from his little throat ſuch a ſtream of melody, as was more than ſufficient to arreſt the purpoſe of a much greater adept in the ſcience of bird-killing. The faſcinating notes vibrated on the ear of Ruſſell with ſwan-like efficacy; he dropt his piece, and again reclined perdue; he ſtill liſtened; but his deſign was to *hear*, and not to *deſtroy*. The robin was ſoon joined by numbers of the feathered choir, who, mingling their matin lays, continued melodiouſly chanting; the ambient zephyr echoed the ſtrains; every breath was in uniſon, and the muſic of nature floated around. It was a ſcene worthy of benevolence, and the rapt ſoul of Ruſſell acknowledged its congeniality. "Bleſt innocents!" he cried, "go, war-"ble in the ear of the maternal bird, and glad, by your "ſweeteſt carols, the domeſtic neſt; narrate, my little "flutterers, how you have diſarmed your enemy, and "ſay, that againſt lives ſo unoffending, his hand ſhall "never more be raiſed." The birds, as if obedient to his mandate, or, more ſtrictly ſpeaking, alarmed by the ſound of his voice, ſpreading their party-coloured wings, inſtantly diſperſed; and Ruſſell, ſhouldering his firelock, triumphantly left the grove.

To the raillery conſequent on the tenderneſs of his nature, he was fully equal. His party had, what they termed,

termed, a ſucceſsful morning; and the feathered victims they produced, evinced the *deathful* valour of their exploits. Ruſſell, on that memorable day, feaſted on vegetables, in all their maturity of excellence and rich variety; he conſecrated the era ſacred from the repaſt of blood; and the ripened ſtrawberry, meliorated by refined ſugar and a flowing bowl of cream, crowned his deſſert; nor was he ever after known to attempt aught againſt the defenceleſs and tuneful inhabitants of the grove.

I have thought that Ruſſell's robin was a fit companion for Uncle Toby's fly; and, that the annals of benevolence may no longer record the Shandian ebullition as a ſolitary inſtance, it is here inſerted. I contend alſo, that the benign feelings which preſerved the life of the robin, were original in the boſom of Ruſſell; for, at that period, his eye had never travelled over the heterogeneous pages of Triſtram Shandy.

The action, however trivial, was indicative of the diſpoſition of the man; and it may be viewed as a ſingle thread of that web, the texture of which was equal and conſiſtent. He was, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe, a philanthropiſt; the poet has perfectly delineated him. His ſympathy and humane exertions primarily embraced thoſe whoſe alliance to his blood naturally demanded his aid; but the rays of his beneficence, diverging from a centre ſo virtuouſly inſixed, extended their genial influence to his fellow-citizens at large; and the human being exiſted not, whoſe claim to his regard he refuſed to acknowledge. Nay, his capacious mind, emanating from the Parent of the univerſe, encirtled, by its overflowing aſpirations, every being of every deſcription. He anticipated the extermination of evil; and he ſaw, in imagination, vice, and its concomitant, ſorrow, baniſhed from the wide extenſive circle of all intelligence. No wonder then that earth poſſeſſed, in his eſtimation, ſuperior charms, and that, viewing it as the production of a ſupreme and beneficent Architect, it was dreſſed for him in ſmiles. When the ſevering angel caught from his embraces thoſe he beſt loved, he felt, it is true,

true, a pang; but that pang was tranſient; and, wiping from his cheek the natural tear, his elevated ſpirit rejoiced in the aſſurance, that he alſo was in a ſtate of progreſſion, and that he ſhould ſoon rejoin them in a new and improved ſtate of being. Thus he paſſed on; and, while he bleſſed the bounties of Omnipotence, the virtues of heaven were imaged in his boſom. Spirit of Pope! immortal bard! forgive this appropriating paraphraſe of thy rich and beautiful verſification; a deſcription of the philanthropiſt muſt invariably involve thy well ſelected ideas; and it ſuits with thy munificence to beſtow, from thy abundance, a portion of that thou canſt ſo well ſpare.

Benevolence—philanthropy—The name and character of Mr. Joſeph Ruſſell has been conſidered as ſynonimous with theſe virtues. Should I attempt to particularize his deeds of worth, innumerable inſtances would crowd around. Thronging fellow-citizens, aided by counſel and by pecuniary gratuities—bankrupts reinſtated—the little tenement and houſehold goods of the widow redeemed from the mercileſs graſp of the unfeeling creditor—helpleſs orphans accommodated with paternal friends—public meaſures, tending to the general good, powerfully ſupported—ſtrangers hoſpitably received, and taught to hail a ſecond home.

What were the feelings of the amiable, the youthful La Fayette! How ſwelled the boſom, and how beat the pulſe of his worthy preceptor, when, in the humble guiſe of perſecuted foreigners, their wandering footſteps firſt preſſed the threſhold of the benevolent Ruſſell! firſt met, in that celebrated abode of genial hoſpitality, a reception ſo amply ſuited to their exigencies and their merits.

But vain is my recital. A virtue ſo uncommon, and marked by ſuch a multitude of inſtances, dazzles by its refulgence; and, although many of his philanthropic exertions, which ſhould have been recorded by the living fingers of immortal fame, enveloped by ingratitude, and clouded by a train of ſucceeding circumſtances, are nearly eraſed from the tablets of humanity;

manity; yet they are regiſtered in the archives of heaven; from their imagined obſcurity they ſhall again emerge; and, in the day of retribution, they ſhall blaze forth with additional ſplendor.

But hark! what plaintive ſounds are thoſe which vibrate on the ear? The voice of the penſive Elmira, borne on the ſtream of imagination, ſtrikes ſuddenly on my memory; it breathes the ſweet accents of gratitude. Let us liſten to its pathetic ſtrains.

"Forbear, my friend," ſhe exclaims, "Oh! forbear—cloſe not the page of panegyric, until I pour thereon my tributary ſorrow—until I recite a ſimple tale, and give a liſt of benefits, which demand of acknowledgment the boldeſt note that ever yet hath iſſued from lively gratitude. My days of proſperity were paſſed at a diſtance from the philanthropiſt; I had heard of him by the hearing of the ear, but my eyes had never ſeen him. My morn of life was happy; cheriſhed in the boſom of parental tenderneſs, and bleſt with every requiſite which my ſituation demanded, no rational wiſh remained ungratified. My wedded days ſucceeded; and my power of contributing to the felicity of my connexions, was rendered more various and pleaſing. I dreamed not of portending evils, eſtabliſhed, as I conceived, in life; I looked not for the burſting ſtorm. Suddenly, however, it aroſe, and it deluged all thoſe fair proſpects which had bleſt my youth; ſurrounded by the waves of adverſity, I was nearly overwhelmed by its billows. Writs of attachment; irritated creditors, and ſheriffs' officers ſurrounded thoſe doors that were barricaded with a frightful kind of vigilance. Abridged of liberty, that gem of incalculable value, whoſe cheering influence gilds by its own genial rays, even the cottage of freedom, I ſteeped the hours in tears; and, at the ſhrine of comfortleſs calamity, both my health and my reaſon were alike immolated. My name was unknown to the philanthropiſt, but my ſufferings became its paſſport; and, unſolicited, the benevolent Ruſſell had the goodneſs to plead my cauſe: Perſuaſion dwelt on his tongue; there was a

kind

kind of magic in his virtues which generally operated ſucceſsfully. What mortal could achieve, he did; and, to mitigate thoſe ills he could not cure, he bent his utmoſt efforts. Change of air, exerciſe, a long journey—theſe were propoſed by medical gentlemen for the reſtoration of my proſtrated health and ſpirits. I commenced my melancholy excurſion; my unknown friend met me on my way: It was in the beautiful village of D———, that I firſt ſaw the philanthropiſt; he eſſayed to chaſe ſorrow from my mind, and to rekindle in my boſom the pleaſures of anticipation. His kind interference followed me to the end of this tour of neceſſity; and he mingled with the deareſt of my friends to gratulate my return. Nor did his beneficent efforts ceaſe here; he was indefatigably perſevering in my favour, taking in my fate the deepeſt intereſt, aiding me with genuine delicacy, triumphing in every propitious event, and warding, as far as he might, every adverſe cloud. His acts of goodneſs to me, were the coevals of his being, and the laſt day of his abode in mortality witneſſed his benevolent attentions.

"Cruel was the ſtroke of death; it proſtrated the hopes of the deſolate; it precipitated from the ſummit of felicity to depths of ſorrow the female whom he judged worthy of his confidence; it blaſted the filial expectations of that incomparable young man, who, it is ſaid, inherits with his father's name his uncommon virtues; and it clad in mourning the PUBLIC MIND. Benevolent Man! Matchleſs Citizen! and now, indeed, *Divine Philanthropiſt!* Let the tears that marked thy exit, proclaim thy value. But *reflection* arreſts the tide of ſorrow; it impoſes ſilence on my lips, and I bow obedient to the beheſts of THE ALMIGHTY."

Poor Elmira!—yet we believe her gratitude hath not too far emblazoned; and we therefore conſtitute her ſketch a true ſpecimen of the benevolent and uncommonly uſeful life of the late uniformly philanthropic and *virtue honoured* JOSEPH RUSSELL.

No. LXVII.

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Again a Ruſſell lends the copious theme,
To the ſame fount we trace the kindred ſtream;
From God himſelf the ſacred ſpark was caught,
With philanthropic fervour amply fraught.
I knew him not, ſave by the voice of fame,
Which dwells enraptur'd on his ſplendid name;
Yet, will I ſweep for him my humble lyre,
Virtues like his muſt every heart inſpire.
Yea, though contending panegyriſts riſe,
While worth, exhauſtleſs worth, the page ſupplies—
Though Rev'rend THATCHER lifts the voice of praiſe,
And MORSE the votive tribute joins to raiſe;
Though WARREN mingles in the pious train,
Moulding the claſſic, eulogizing ſtrain;
Though countleſs bards with emulative zeal,
Pour forth the ſorrows they ſo keenly feel—
Though GARDINER's magic verſe, attun'd by worth,
Offers ſweet incenſe at the ſhrine of truth,
Forbears to ſatirize, and joins the throng,
Mounting the pinions of immortal ſong—
Though e'en PHILENIA decks the honour'd bier,
And graceful drops the rich embalming tear,
Twining thoſe peerleſs lines that ſhall endure,
From mouldering time and death itſelf ſecure—
Yet, unappal'd, I here devote the lay,
Echo applauſe, and ready homage pay;
The little ſtream the monarch river ſwells,
And the ſmall ray a flood of light impels.

WITH the ſubject of my laſt number I was intimately acquainted; his virtues were daily under my obſervation, and I was familiar with his deeds of worth. But, to the Honorable *Thomas Ruſſell*, whoſe name I am ambitious of inſerting in my liſt of worthies, I was perſonally unknown; yet, I have frequently liſtened with rapture to the authentic narrator of his meritorious deeds. The record of his life, is a record of ſplendid actions—of actions, which, gemmed by compaſſion, and its attendant ſympathies, uniformly gave to his character the higheſt luſtre. With admirable propriety has the energetic Divine

adapted

adapted the ſacred text; and a paraphraſe thereon might be entitled, an admeaſurement of the virtues and the uſefulneſs of this univerſal benefactor.

"*When the ear heard me, then it bleſſed me.*" Forlorn and diſconſolate, the children of adverſity were encompaſſed about by ſorrow; they looked, and there was no one to help, when ſuddenly the renovating voice of commiſeration vibrated gratefully on the ear. Cheer up, ye ſons and daughters of ſorrow, behold the almoner of your God! Our common Father hath entruſted me with a portion of his property, that I may diſtribute to the neceſſities of the deſtitute: Come, therefore, my friends, and permit me to beſtow that, to which your claims are indubitable. "*When the ear heard me, then it bleſſed me;*" nor is this ſtrange, ſince ſo few people know how to approach the children of penury, with that conſideration which their circumſtances demand; no wonder that the voice of him who was exerciſed in acts of benevolence, ſhould extort applauſe, even from the perception of frigidity.

"*When the eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me.*" Yea, verily, from the contemplation of benignity, we derive ſenſations truly pleaſurable; we trace, with a kind of conſcious pride, thoſe actions which confer a dignity on humanity; and, if ſickening envy is compoſed by the powerful opiates of ſelf-intereſt, we give full ſcope to our admiration; our eyes are ſuffuſed by the tear of rapture; they delight to mark the philanthropiſt, and they follow, with ineffable complacency, ſo illuſtrious an ornament to humanity. "*When the eye ſaw me, it gave witneſs to me*"—the reaſon is obvious—"*Becauſe I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him.*" Excellent motives of complacency! indiſputable teſtimonies of tranſcendent merit! he bent an ear to the lamentations of poverty—he preſented the means of living, and thus cut aſunder the bands of affliction—he protected the fatherleſs—he hailed, with the gentle ſoothings of paternal conſolation, the bereaved orphan—he became the guide of his youth—he conſtituted the fund from which he

drew an ample ſupport—in one word, he was the patron of his life.

"*The bleſſing of him that was ready to periſh came upon me.*" Do we not ſee the deſolate ſtranger?—he has not where to lay his head—he is an exile from the place of his nativity—his natural connexions are no more—his ſpirit is broken by infirmities—the ſorrows of his heart have invaded the ſeat of life—his brow is furrowed by thoſe cares, which, alas! have proved ineffectual—his pallid cheeks are hollowed by the excavating hand of agonizing woe—his frame is emaciated—he trembles on the brink of the grave—"*he is ready to periſh.*" But Ruſſell was the friend of the friendleſs—"*of him that had none to help him.*" Hark! do we not hear the benedictions of gratitude?—they are wafted upon the perfumed gale of fame—"*he who was ready to periſh*" now ſwells high the notes of praiſe—exiſtence aſſumes to him another aſpect—hope is reſtored to his boſom—motives for attachment to life are ſuddenly multiplied unto him—his wants are liberally ſupplied—and, upon the head of his munificent benefactor, his tongue invoketh bleſſings.

"*And I cauſed the widow's heart to ſing for joy!*" Poor, deſolate mourner! at the period which inhumed in the gloomy manſions of the grave, him in whom her ſoul delighted, her widowed ſpirit calculated on an unbroken ſucceſſion of melancholy days; but the heart of the good man ſtill beat compaſſionately. In the boſom of Ruſſell dwelt the virtues of commiſeration—pleaſant is the voice of amity, its honied accents ſounded grateful on her ear, and her heart once more "*ſings for joy.*" Yes, undoubtedly, the path of Ruſſell was the path of rectitude; it was pointed by righteouſneſs, and wiſdom influenced his election; for admirable is the judgment of that philanthropiſt, who becomes "*eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor;*" who inveſtigateth the cauſe of the oppreſſed; who "*ſearcheth it out,*" and arreſts the deciſion of iniquity; who procureth a righteous hearing, and becometh an advocate for the afflicted. Such actions are indeed "*as a robe and a diadem;*"

dem;" they are productive of general benefit, and they are entitled to univerſal applauſe.

That Mr. Ruſſell richly merited the eulogy of virtue, the unaffected ſorrow with which all ranks of people regarded his exit, fully evinceth. To repeat, that he well diſcharged the filial duties, and was the principal prop of a venerable parent, who ſtill lives to mourn his departure; to celebrate his attachment to the orphan children of a deceaſed brother; to dwell on his delicate and faithful affection to the amiable females who ſucceſſively became the partners of his heart; to deſcant on his paternal goodneſs to thoſe of whoſe exiſtence he was the author; or, to expatiate on his beneficent regards to the individuals who compoſed his houſehold, would be but a ſuperfluous attempt to diſtinguiſh and dignify propenſities, which are the reſidents of almoſt every boſom; and, had Mr. Ruſſell poſſeſſed only theſe common attachments of humanity, which are but a *refined modification* of *ſelf-love*, he would have merited no tributary lay, and his panegyriſts would have incurred the charge of adulation. But to the *friend of the friendleſs*, to the univerſal benefactor, the bard of integrity ſpontaneouſly raiſeth the ſong; and, although the ear of death is heavy, that it cannot hear, yet we pleaſingly believe, that the immortal ſpirit ſleepeth not; nor is it irrational to ſuppoſe, that it ſometimes bends from its etherial elevation, liſtening with complacency to the effuſions of gratitude, to the expreſſed commendations of thoſe virtuous children of men, whoſe approbation it once delighted to merit.

To communicate benefits is truly godlike; and, in proportion as we are made inſtrumental in diſſeminating happineſs to our fellow-creatures, exactly in ſuch proportion we imitate Him who went about doing good. The exerciſe of munificence is invariably regarded with a glow of ſatisfaction; and perhaps this veſtige of an illuſtrious and divine original, is never totally obliterated from the heaven-born mind. That Mr. Ruſſell was eminently conſpicuous for the *number* and *value* of his beneficent acts, the concurrent teſtimonies

nies of those who best knew him unanimously proclaim. Seldom have we known a character who hath so fully united the suffrages of all ranks in this particular; and it is, we conceive, on this ground, that the splendor and eclat of his life is chiefly rested.

His integrity and punctuality as a merchant; his extensive commercial knowledge, with the vast advantages which accrued from his mercantile career, were but the appendages of sound policy, ingenuity, habit and application. The easy manners, the gracefully elevated deportment, the freedom of access, and genuine politeness, attributed to Mr. Russell, but designate the gentleman. Early introduced to, and making a respectable part of, the most genteel circles, it would have been rather surprising, if his deportment had not been that of a man thoroughly well bred. His wealth, and consequent importance, might possibly place him at the head of those societies, over which he presided with honour to himself, and advantage to them; and his opulence may be supposed to have been his passport to many other honorary distinctions. But it has been presumed, that affectionate sympathy and unreserved sincerity are not *generally* the *necessary result of an intercourse with what is called high life*; and for these productive virtues, we are inclined to give the deceased philanthropist full credit; they were unquestionably inherent in his bosom; and hence issued those fertilizing streams, which made glad the sons and daughters of sorrow; hence originated that cheerful and equal disposition of mind, and that frankness of temper, which banished suspicion, and authorized the most unequivocal confidence; and, to the same source we may likewise trace his unbounded hospitality, and that manly and grateful welcome, with which he ever greeted the footsteps of the stranger.

Religion diffused over the excellent qualities of his heart her meliorating influence; he reverenced her laws, and bent in humble acquiescence and filial obedience to her dictates. Her ministers possessed his respectful and distinguishing regards; he constantly lent them

them his countenance; he was particularly fond of patronizing men of merit in this line; and the handſome benefaction which he beſtowed on the fund appropriated to the relief of thoſe among their widows, whoſe circumſtances are embarraſſed, is evincive of his attachment to, and conſideration for, this venerable body. Here again we are brought round to a contemplation of that liberality, on which we have choſen principally to rear the ſuperſtructure of his fame. It is ſaid that Mr. Ruſſell annually appropriated *twelve thouſand dollars* to private charities! What an ample relief muſt this ſum, diſtributed by the hand of economy, have afforded to thoſe indigent ſufferers, who were the penſioners of his bounty! How do the virtues which give birth to ſuch liberal arrangements command eſteem! how do they endear the man, and exalt the citizen! And who but muſt painfully regret the exit of a perſonage, by whoſe departure ſuch rich and copious ſtreams are, alas! ſuddenly dried up? Who but muſt ſupplicate the Fountain of munificence, that they may again ſpring forth in the lives of his deſcendants? who, if they purſue the path marked out for them by their illuſtrious anceſtors, will unqueſtionably inſure to themſelves the higheſt poſſible honours, the eſteem, confidence and approbation of their fellowmen, the peace of their own boſoms, and the plaudit of their Creator.

But the munificence of Mr. Ruſſell was not *excluſively* ſhared by thoſe claimants, to whom his judgment apportioned occaſional gratuities; nor was it wholly confined to the citizens of Columbia. Mankind in general, according to their neceſſities, ſeemed to be the object of his beneficence, while his diffuſive and equal regards extended their genial influence to the far diſtant ſhore. Inſtances of his generoſity are, queſtionleſs, echoed in many a clime; but a recent example, ſtrikingly in point, may ſerve as a cloſe to this ſketch.

A reſpectable houſe in a celebrated European emporium, (the capital of which was ſuppoſed immenſe) celebrated for punctuality and probity, ſuddenly ſtop-

ped payment, and aſtoniſhment pervaded every deſcription of our merchants. This misfortune was not attributed to ill conduct, but rather to a ſucceſſion of adverſe accidents; and an arrangement was ſpeedily produced, which enabled one of the firm to viſit America, for the purpoſe of collecting outſtanding debts. This gentleman arrived in the town of Boſton, the metropolis of Maſſachuſetts, (which place Mr. Ruſſell then dignified by his preſence) under the preſſure of very unpleaſant circumſtances. Both the houſe and heart of the generouſly hoſpitable Ruſſell were open for his reception. A travelling prince could ſcarcely have been received with higher marks of reſpectful attention; and he found in the boſom of this worthy family, during his abode there, an elegantly pleaſing aſylum. But this was not enough—the kindneſs of the American merchant ſtopped not here. From the period which announced the failure of the European houſe, no commercial negociation had been entruſted to its firm. Under ſuch a cloud the wary trader ſtood aloof; but the boſom of Mr. Ruſſell poſſeſſed a ſympathetic chord, which, as ſurely as his eye glanced on the children of adverſity, uniformly vibrated to pity; he regarded the claims of misfortune as ſacred; and he conceived, that the ſuffering individual impoſed on him duties which were indiſpenſable. Through the *powerful aid* and *extenſive influence* of Mr. Ruſſell, two ſhips, richly laden with Weſt-India productions, and calculated, with their cargoes, to amount to not leſs than *forty thouſand pounds*, were conſigned to the proſtrate houſe! The emoluments ariſing from the ſale of theſe valuable appropriations, let the arithmetician compute. What an advantageous re-commencement of buſineſs was thus furniſhed! and what a benign luſtre is thereby thrown over the American name! But a further act of beneficence remains to be recounted.

On the departure of the European, Mr. Ruſſell, with that delicacy which is the appendage of munificent actions, preſented him with bills, for his ſeparate

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and ſole uſe, to the amount of *five hundred pounds ſterling*; incloſing, alſo, like ſums for ſimilar purpoſes, to the unfortunate gentlemen with whom he ſtood connected!!! To throw the veil of ſilence over virtues thus ſplendid, would, we conceive, betray a phlegmatic or an envious mind; and the advantages reſulting from eulogizing the meritorious dead, are too obvious to need enumeration.

The panegyriſt of the everlaſtingly abſent, if he levies no tax on ſurvivors, cannot be accuſed of intereſted motives; he has but expreſſed his admiration of what he has conceived *abſtractedly good*; he does not do homage to the creature, for he regards every virtue as emanating from Deity; and he is morally and religiouſly certain, that he riſks nothing by proſtrating before the image of his Creator, wherever it may conſiſt with the arrangements of Omnipotence to impreſs it.

N°. LXVIII.

Who can the coming moment deſignate,
Or to enjoyments give a certain date?
Thoſe ſcenes that promiſe moſt, by fancy wrought,
And with enthuſiaſtic ardour ſought,
Full oft diſguſt the fond believing heart,
While diſappointment tops her blighting part.
Again—when wrap'd in clouds the view appears,
And on its diſk no pleaſing promiſe wears,
When cluſt'ring joys come not within our plan,
And, to *endure* it, is the moſt we can,
Then—mark the caprice—tip-toe pleaſures ſpring,
Thick o'er our path the richeſt flowers to fling;
The unexpected good we grateful bleſs,
And all its magic influence confeſs.

THE experience of every day evinces that humanity is ſubject to error; thoſe calculations that we fancy we have made with the greateſt accuracy, frequently, by proving the reverſe of truth, betray our total ignorance both of cauſes and effects. I have

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ſometimes feaſted, by anticipation, for many days, on the refined and genuine pleaſures which I confidently believed would reſult from the collection of a ſelect party of ſentimentaliſts, who were, by appointment, to devote a few hours to the ſocial enjoyments of converſation. My heart has beat high with expectation, and I have haſted with avidity to the place of rendezvous; but, in vain have I watched for the moment of ſentiment; in vain ſighed for the richly enrobed thought, which I might bear as a trophy from a ſcene where I had calculated to partake the feaſt of reaſon; for, ſtrange to tell, the gems of intellect were muffled in the thickeſt clouds—not a ray was elanced—and the company have ſeparated without a ſingle obſervation which could merit an inſcription upon the tablets of memory!

But, if I have been neceſſitated to confeſs that expectations, originating in reaſon, have proved fallacious, my mortification has been amply balanced by opportunities from which I have reaped a large ſupply of intellectual enjoyments, where I have looked for taſteleſs ſilence, or noiſy mirth.

Conſiderations of intereſt, the duties of good neighbourhood, or motives of general civility, have frequently introduced me to parties, that, but for the obligations thus impoſed, I ſhould have avoided. Yet, in theſe reſorts, a rich repaſt has awaited me! Nature, unadulterated, and replete with ſterling worth, has ſtood confeſſed; ſilence, impreſſed by reſpectful attention, has hung on the lips of the hearers, and thus endowed with energy even the *timid ſpeaker*. Inquiry has produced inquiry; a ſubject of converſation has obtained the general ear; individuals have alternately expreſſed their ſentiments; rational concluſions have been deduced; and I have returned home, informed, complacent and happy.

"*We are to have a pantomimical exhibition at the Theatre—will you go, Mr. Vigillius?*" ſaid an inquirer; No, Sir—I deteſt pantomimes. Speech was beſtowed on man as a diſtinguiſhing mark of ſuperiority; and

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it is, methinks, a ſtrange depravity of taſte, which, rejecting this dignifying advantage, confineth the performer to dumb ſhew: Beſides, I have an inſuperable averſion to the degradation of the "*human form divine.*" *Man was made in the image of his Maker*, and I regard the debaſement of this image, as abſolute profanity. The antic geſtures which the pantomimical performer frequently aſſumes, in my opinion, do violence to every idea of propriety; and I pity the mind which is ſufficiently vitiated to draw amuſement from ſuch fantaſtical ſources.

"*I will not diſpute the correctneſs of your taſte, Mr. Gleaner,*" returned the gentleman, "*but the pantomime is to be preceded by Shakeſpear's Tempeſt, or Enchanted Iſland.*" What lover of the drama but feels his boſom glow at the mention of this immortal bard? I had read the Tempeſt, but I had never ſeen it on the ſtage; and a friend, whoſe judgment no votary of ſcience hath ever yet impeached, had informed me its *ſtage effect* was wonderful.

Yes, I will go by all means; and, elated by the moſt ſanguine expectations, in a front box I obtained a front ſeat. The curtain drew up; and the tempeſted ſhip—the billowy waves—the ſtorm of thunder and lightning—the affrighted mariners—the craſh of the falling maſt, all together, obtained their full effect; and I could ſcarcely have believed it in the power of fiction to have raiſed ſuch a hurricane in my breaſt. But, from this moment, I experienced little elſe but diſappointment and diſguſt. Some of the fineſt ſentiments were ſo mangled and mutilated, that it became impoſſible to re-unite them, or to endow them with that divine energy, thus extinguiſhed by their diſſolution, which was breathed into them by the creative bard, when they firſt received the vital principle. Whole ſpeeches were ſo mouthed and miſrepreſented, that we ſmiled were we ſhould have wept; and were fretting with vexation, when the genuine wit of the inimitable author ſhould have excited the moſt mirthful approbation! Yet the part of Proſpero was well ſupported; he

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ſeemed apprized of the gravity of his character, and he ſeldom forgot his dignity. Ariel, alſo, the ſpirit Ariel, her ſylph like movements would indeed have become an inhabitant of the blue expanſe; ſhe was exactly what we could have wiſhed her, as near celeſtial as the habiliments of mortality would permit; not a ſoul but bleſt the winged viſion, and not a hand but was raiſed to approbate her emancipating aſcenſion. Her "*follow, follow, follow,*" ſtill vibrates melodiouſly on my ear; indeed, even the moſt phlegmatic muſt confeſs that Miſs Harding is a very lovely and a very promiſing child. With reſpect to the other performers, they generally overtopped or undervalued their parts; and, although Dorinda and Miranda were very engaging women, yet they ſeemed to have little idea of that artleſs ſimplicity with which the education they were ſuppoſed to receive, ſhould have inveſted them; and I ſuſpect it will be ſome time before they will be qualified for an aſſumption of Shakeſpear's capital characters.

The play over, I was hurrying away, with the painful reflection that I had loſt an evening; but in the moment of my intended departure, I was arreſted by the obſervation, that a *ſerious pantomime* was to be preſented. *A ſerious pantomime!* repeated I. I will ſtay then, and ſee of what ſtuff a *ſerious pantomime* is compoſed. La Forete Noire, or the Picture Diſcovered—this was the title of the piece; and, to my great aſtoniſhment, it poſſeſſed every feature of a well conceived and regular comedy. The plot was evident and ſtrikingly worked up; it had its *Protaſis*, its *Epitaſis*, and its *Cataſtaſis*; and theſe introduced a moſt happy *cataſtrophe*. Whether the *unities* are ſtrictly preſerved, I cannot exactly determine; but if they are not, while Shakeſpear abounds with precedents of the utmoſt latitude in this reſpect, an inferior author will hardly become inconſolable for ſuch defects. On the drawing up of the curtain, Madame G—— was diſcovered at her toilette; from her work-bag ſhe drew a parcel of letters, from which, ſelecting one, ſhe ſeemed almoſt

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to devour the contents; and while ſhe traced and retraced the lines, we read, in her agitated countenance, the ſtrongeſt emotions: Suddenly ſhe aroſe, and now, with quick and perturbed ſteps, anon ſolemn and ſlow, ſhe traverſed the ſtage, evidently ſtruggling to obtain that ſelf-command, which may put her in poſſeſſion of ſome degree of calmneſs—her efforts prove ineffectual, and ſhe haſtens to the wainſcot, where, touching a ſecret ſpring, the pannel flies back, and exhibits a portrait, to which ſhe addreſſes the moſt impaſſioned aſpirations. Every one readily concluded that the picture was the reſemblance of a perſon whoſe image was unqueſtionably engraven on her heart, and whoſe letters ſhe had been ſo fervidly peruſing. On the approach of footſteps ſhe retouched the ſpring, and the friendly pannel again concealed the object to whom ſhe had been breathing her tributary ſighs. A figure, on whoſe brow the dignity of manhood ſat enthroned, next approached; ſhe haſtened to meet him; and we heſitated not to pronounce him the original of the portrait, the writer of the letters, and the man of her affections. A tender interview having ſucceeded, the almoſt diſtracted fair one warned him of approaching danger; and, ſo irreſiſtible, ſo heart affecting were her pleadings, that, yielding to her energetically enforced wiſhes, and tearing himſelf from her embraces, he reluctantly made his eſcape from the open caſement to which ſhe had conducted him. Our heroine then approached an apartment, and a particular ſignal produced from thence a beautiful boy, whom ſhe embraced with ſuch animated tranſport, as induced us to pronounce, without heſitation, that ſhe preſſed him to a maternal boſom: After ſhe had evinced, by a variety of animated geſtures the inherent claim he poſſeſſed to her protection, ſhe led him, all agitated and trembling, to her toilette, and, putting into his hands a letter, the peruſal of which produces in the child the unequivocal expreſſions of ſurpriſe, affection and filial duty, ſhe has once more recourſe to her treaſure behind the wainſcot; ſhe points it out to the little

cherub,

cherub, who, in a tranſport of duteous attachment, aſſays to graſp the reſpected figure, leaps on his feet, throws abroad his hands, claſps them in a petitioning attitude, as if ſoliciting a father's benediction; and, in ſhort, demonſtrates, beyond the power of language, every emotion which could be ſuppoſed to triumph in the affectionate boſom of innocence, on an unexpected diſcovery of the author of its being. Juſt at this juncture, a loud noiſe interrupted the ſweet and amiable effuſions of young attachment; the boy was hurried to his place of concealment, the picture veiled, and the lady prepared to meet the approaching ſtorm; nor was ſhe long held in ſuſpenſe. Her father entered, and, ignorant of the marriage ſhe had clandeſtinely procured, he was accompanied by a perſon, whom from his dreſs we conclude to be an eccleſiaſtic, whom he commands her to receive as her future huſband. The authority of this father was marked by auſtere ſeverity; he enjoined with unrelenting ſternneſs, and it was evident that he would admit of no appeal. The lady entreated, but her ſupplications were ineffectual; her tyrannic father continued obdurate. It appears he is one of thoſe grey beards, againſt whom Octavian, in the Mountaineers, is ſo juſtly exaſperated; and of courſe he is peremptory and deſpotic, and his weeping daughter is left to receive the man in black as her intended lord and maſter. He, good ſoul, appears to poſſeſs a comfortable ſhare of *ſang-froid*, and a moſt ludicrous ſcene enſues, to which the lady puts an end by making her eſcape; when her would be lover ſneaks off in a manner which may be termed mock heroic.

The ſecreted child then preſents himſelf, who, peeping from his confinement, and finding no one to croſs his path, is compelled, by a very natural curioſity, to retrace the lines which had given him ſuch ſurprizing information; he ſeizes the work-bag, and, ſkipping with it to the front of the ſtage, places himſelf in a convenient attitude for examination; one letter is taken out, and another, and another,

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which, not proving the paper he wiſhed, are careleſsly toſſed about, until, with childiſh impetuoſity, he graſps the whole parcel, and after throwing them promiſcuouſly over the floor, relinquiſhing the purſuit, he haſtes to catch one more glance at the beloved portrait, by which he had been ſo much captivated. With ſkilful hand he touches the ready ſpring, the obedient pannel yields to his preſſure, and he again exhibits thoſe teſtimonies of a duteous heart which are ſo becoming, and in him ſo hazardous. But as the tremendous thunder and the lightning's glare, to him who had promiſed himſelf a ſerene ſky, or as the roar of the hungry lion, to the traveller who dreamed of ſecurity, thus fearfully portentous ſounded the tread of authority in the ear of the poor affrighted victim, who, all trembling and appalled, flew to his place of ſhelter, regardleſs of the letters that ſtrewed the floor, and utterly forgetting to veil the treaſured portrait. The old gentleman entered, and, ſtarting with aſtoniſhment at the lettered floor, he happened to ſtumble upon the explanatory paper which the boy had overlooked; he reads, and a hurricane of the paſſions ſucceeds; all is revealed; the clandeſtine marriage, the child, his ſecret reſidence, the pannel—he raiſes his eyes, and the uncovered picture vouches the authenticity of every ſyllable! He traverſes the ſtage, ſtamps, diſtorts his figure, and acts a part proper for the madman, which ſurpriſe and unrelenting cruelty had rendered him. With demonſtrations of ungovernable rage, he makes his way to the ſanctuary of innocence; and, rudely ſeizing the little ſufferer, he ſeems about to ſacrifice him to his vengeance; but the uproar producing the entrance of two ill-looking fellows, the beauteous boy, with expreſſions of ſavage barbarity, is committed to them! In vain the little unfortunate kneels and ſupplicates; his pleadings avail him not; and the appearance of his mother, while it heightens the agony of the ſcene, procures no relenting in the breaſt of the grandfather! She weeps, proſtrates and implores;

but had ſhe aſſailed the rude winds, or the impenetrable rock, her interceſſions had been as effectual; driven to deſperation, ſhe ſeizes the lovely child, and once more preſſes him to her maternal boſom; by command of her ſavage parent, he is torn from her embraces, and forcibly hurried away by the ruffians to whom he is committed! while the diſtreſſed lady, fainting in the arms of her attendant, is borne off, and the ſcene is thus terminated.

We were next introduced to a dreary foreſt, where we met the little exile, for whom we were ſo deeply intereſted, with the two ruffians, who ſeem on the point of imbruing their hands in innocent blood!! By the moſt heart-affecting geſtures, the little mourner diſcovers the agony of his ſoul; but mercy is denied him, and he trembles on the verge of eternity, when he is ſuddenly reſcued by the captain of a banditti, who, putting thoſe *authorized* aſſaſſins to flight, takes the boy under his protection. The robber's deſign to guard the child was unequivocally expreſſed, by his wrapping him in his enormous cloak; and when the ſucceeding ſcene preſents the aſſembled banditti, producing their various booty, we are prepared to admire their chief, who uncovers the reſcued innocent as the fruits of his expedition. The diſguſt expreſſed by the nefarious fraternity, is the conſequent reſult of their depravity; and we cannot but tremble for the little wanderer, although apprized that his protector is at hand, when we find him on the point of being ſacrificed to the turpitude of their feelings. His ſecond reſcue by the commander of theſe atrocious offenders —his ſubſequent pleadings for him whoſe hand was raiſed to take his life—the appeal of the chief to his ſubordinates—his ſtriking compariſon between the unmerited clemency of that infant, and their unmanly and groundleſs malice—with the extorted applauſe and reconciliation which enſued, were finely imagined, and a moſt wonderful piece of acting.

On the diſperſion of the robbers, we are called to witneſs a ſtruggle in the boſom of the little hero, be-

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tween his gratitude to his preſerver and his filial affection. He wore on his breaſt the miniature of his mother; this picture captivated the robber, and he endeavoured to prevail on the boy to relinquiſh it. Agitated to an extreme, he entreats permiſſion to retain it—any thing elſe he would part with—but that picture, claſping it to his heart, that picture muſt ſtill remain with him. The robber offers him in exchange an elegant watch—this charms him—he ſeizes it with avidity, views it over and over, admires it much, claps it to his ear—and then, catching the picture, preſſes it to his lips, and, with a ſmile of ſelf-complacency, delivers up the watch. The robber, (I can hardly prevail on myſelf ſo frequently to beſtow on him this deteſtable epithet) charmed by the ſtrength of his filial affection, and admiring ſo much firmneſs in a mind ſo young, made him a preſent of the watch, and led him off in triumph.

The eventful foreſt then preſents the lady herſelf, ſurrounded by the banditti. Either a voluntary exile from her father's houſe, or driven thence by his ſavage cruelty, ſhe had wandered forth, and, ere ſhe was aware, her trembling ſteps had led her to thoſe haunts of horror!! All the energies of commiſeration are now rouſed to action. A female—in a thick foreſt—ſurrounded by the moſt hardened wretches—no eye to pity, and no hand to protect. The abandoned villains evidently meditate the worſt of purpoſes—rudely they graſp her hands—they ſeem to confer on a diviſion of their prize—and, like ſavage beaſts of prey, they exult over their agonized victim. The diſtreſs of the lady is beyond deſcription—her fine treſſes hang in diſordered ringlets on her well-formed ſhoulders—anguiſh riots in her pallid countenance—and ſuccour, alas! is placed beyond all rational hope. At this moment, the captain of the banditti, accompanied by his little favourite, makes his appearance—a tranſient gleam of joy illumes the grief-worn countenance of the lady—ſhe ſnatches her child to her boſom—but alas! the chief, more enchanted by the original than the picture,

immediately

immediately prefers his ferocious ſuit—he is rejected with ſpontaneous marks of deteſtation—a pointed poniard ſeems to be the alternative, to which, preſenting her defenceleſs boſom, ſhe ſmiles beneath the expected ſtroke. The mode of attack was then changed; and, while her beloved child is held by two of the moſt hardened of the banditti, a ſword is pointed at his breaſt, which, it appears, her continued refuſal will pierce with the ſtroke of death! Is it poſſible to imagine a ſituation more ſhockingly intereſting? Her feelings were wrought up to a degree of frenzy—deſpair nerved her efforts—and, with more than mortal courage, ſhe flew, and, ſnatching the boy, fled with him from her purſuers! Again, however, ſhe was overtaken; but in the ſtruggle, the general attention being arreſted by the lady, the boy eſcaped, and ſhe is borne off by the banditti.

But the pantomime draws towards a cloſe, and hope begins to dawn. We are preſented with the hero of the piece; his figure is commanding, and his countenance unites the traits of thoſe virtues, which go to the conformation of the gentleman and the ſoldier. His company is drawn up on the ſtage, and he is in the act of performing the manual exerciſe, when ſuddenly a little cherub, agitated and trembling, ruſhes forward, and, kneeling at the feet of the military commander, ſupplicates his extricating hand; and, to make certain the aſſiſtance which he ſolicited, he preſents the picture of his mother, then a ſuffering captive in the hands of the moſt abandoned of the human race. The picture was inſtantly recognized; and aſtoniſhment, paternal affection, joy, grief, love, deteſtation, pity, indignation, tender apprehenſion, and determined bravery, in one pathetically intereſting and tumultuous contraſt, were ſtrikingly grouped. But no time was to be loſt. Inſtantly, in a manner expreſſive of the hurricane in his breaſt, catching his ſon in his arms, and followed by his ſoldiers, he purſued his way to that receſs of atrocious villany, to which his little guide directed. The conſequences were preciſely

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what might have been expected; the robbers were surprised in those haunts which they had believed secure; a skirmish ensued; fire-arms were employed; success declared on the side of rectitude; the banditti were completely defeated; and the victor, when in the moment of plunging his sword into the bosom of their chief, finds his arm arrested by his heroic boy, who forcibly representing the obligations he was under to this generous delinquent, who had repeatedly rescued him from the stroke of death, induced his father to raise him from the despairing attitude he had assumed, and to extend unto him the hand of forgiveness.

The parent of the lady now enters. Sorrow had meliorated his breast, and he seeks his daughter in that forest whither he supposes she had wandered. Transports unutterable grew in his soul at this rencountre; reconciliation and pardon dwelt on every feature and in every expressive gesture; and the piece concludes with an act of general amnesty, which possesses the power of conferring happiness upon every worthy individual.

I will not say that I have given an accurate sketch of *La Forete Noire*. I saw it only once—some months have since elapsed, and my memory may have been treacherous; but, during its presentation, I was interested, alarmed and soothed, and the finest feelings of my heart were in exercise. From Shakespear's Tempest I expected much, but I had the mortification to witness its murder! Pantomimical mummery I abhored—yet the pantomime proved a rich entertainment; and, felicitating myself on the various talents with which humanity is endowed, I was happy they could be thus called into action; and I rejoiced in that accommodating pliability which bestowed the power of embodying the feelings, even without the aid of language.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.